

CHATS ON FEATURE WRITING

By Members of the *Blue Pencil Club*
of *Professional Writers*, including a
Selection of Special Articles,
with Interpretative Comment

BY

H. F. HARRINGTON

*Director of the Medill School of
Journalism of Northwestern University*



HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

1942

CHATS ON FEATURE WRITING

Copyright, 1925

By Harper & Brothers

Printed in the United States
of America

K-R

*All rights in this book are reserved.
It may not be used for dramatic, motion- or
talking-picture purposes without written
authorization. Nor may the text or part
thereof be reproduced in any manner what-
soever without permission in writing from
Harper & Brothers, New York*

PART I

THE BLUE PENCIL CLUB IN SESSION

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
PART I.—THE BLUE PENCIL CLUB IN SESSION	
I. PUTTING IMPULSE TO WORK	3
II. GERMINATING IDEAS	8
III. DEVELOPING A SPECIALTY	23
IV. HANDLING MATERIAL	30
V. INTERESTING THE READER	40
VI. MANUSCRIPT REVISION	74
VII. MARKETING THE MANUSCRIPT	91
VIII. WRITING AS A BUSINESS	106
PART II.—TYPES OF FEATURE ARTICLES	
IX. BRIGHT LITTLE STORIES	135
X. THE HUMAN QUALITY IN THE NEWS . . .	162
XI. STORIES WITH PICTURESQUE SETTINGS . .	200
XII. STORIES OFF THE BEATEN TRACK . . .	279
XIII. PEOPLE WORTH KNOWING	340
XIV. YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, TO-MORROW . . .	374
XV. CONFESSIONS	401
XVI. HUMANIZING THE ABSTRACT	448
XVII. SPECIAL INFORMATIONAL ARTICLES . . .	494
XVIII. THE FRIENDLY COUNSELOR	531
XIX. SYNDICATES AND SYNDICATING	557

CHATS ON FEATURE WRITING

I

PUTTING IMPULSE TO WORK

YOUNG Chase Harding has in turn played the rôle of college student, sailor on the Great Lakes, commercial artist, ambulance driver (that was in France), ranchman, newspaper reporter, and more recently consultant in advertising. As a rolling stone he has acquired the polish of many human contacts—which makes him a unique personality.

I respect Chase's talents in each of the occupations he has served, but I think I honor him most as a friend because it is as a friend that I enter into his ambitions, problems, and dreams. Best of all I like to waylay him in his cozy bachelor quarters after the day's work, for there he drops the persuasive urbanity of the business man and becomes a literary enthusiast.

And the thing that interests me most—once I have settled myself in one of Chase's big comfortable chairs—is to discover what new photograph has been added to his gallery of celebrities. When Chase likes a book he likes the man, and generally expresses his admiration by writing the author a letter, with the adroit suggestion that an engrossed photograph would look well on his library wall. Up to date

there are forty or fifty signed likenesses—men such as Christopher Morley, Booth Tarkington, James Norman Hall—that peer out from odd corners to greet the visitor.

I say *corners*, because Chase's den is chiefly a storage room for bookcases, built in the irregular sectional plan like bureau drawers. Just now he needs more shelving, for books and magazines are sprawled everywhere all about the place. But that doesn't bother him; he thrives on bookish disorder.

The other night we sat smoking and philosophizing, and as usual the conversation swung into the business of writing; I mean serious, professional writing.

"Here you are an advertising expert, and a successful one," I began, "and all the while you're fighting desperately the impulse to write. Why don't you allow yourself to let go?"

"Because I'm not good enough," came back the ready answer. "I'm tremendously fond of books and magazines, and I've gathered a nest of ideas, but if I can't write top-notch stuff I won't write at all."

"What's your idea of top-notch stuff?"

"Oh, stuff that has thought and polish, that shows a sort of loving care on the part of the author—stuff like Joseph Conrad or Rudyard Kipling."

"You mean novels?" I countered.

"Yes, novels—maybe short stories, poems, essays, such as *Harper's* or the *Atlantic* prints. And then some day I want to write a stunning play, not one of these catch-penny melodramas, but a real literary achievement, as clever as Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan," Chase explained, zestfully.

"Oh, I see! You want to produce Great Literature with a large G and a capital L," said I, "and all without the trouble of learning your trade by doing these lesser things—

not fiction or playwriting—that are quite as worth while and not so difficult to accomplish.”

“What do you mean by lesser things?” Chase put in.

“I mean glimpses of actual life, experiences of interesting people, the human quality that lurks behind the drab walls of a smoking factory, all the absorbing facts of life around us. To get these into good “copy,” doesn’t require the nimble invention of an imaginative novelist mellowed by years of training, or the artistry of a jeweler in words—and you, Chase, are neither—just the ability to tell truthfully and engagingly what interests you profoundly. You’re the first man to be pleased.”

“Whew! Where did you get this sudden rush of exhortation? Sounds like an evangelist. Well, for the sake of argument suppose I did have such an article up my sleeve, what publisher would take it and who would read it?” (Chase is hard to convince on any subject.)

“I’ll venture to say that if the article struck a common chord you could sell it to such a paper as the *Kansas City Star* or the *New York Times*, perhaps to one of the popular magazines that specializes in stories of ordinary life, perhaps to a newspaper syndicate,” I continued, heatedly. “It’s been done by scores of amateur writers before, even by students in college. Why, take the *American Magazine* for instance! There’s scarcely an article in it that you could not have written, once you set yourself to collecting the material and dressing it up attractively. It doesn’t require the finished art of a Joseph Conrad or a Stephen Crane to break into print.”

Chase knocked out the ashes from his dead pipe and grunted disbelief.

“Well, maybe you’re right. If it weren’t that I was so confounded busy making a living, I’d have a try at it. Ever since I can remember I’ve wanted to tinker with ideas. It’s

my one consuming passion; I'd rather do it than eat. I believe I know the difference between a comma and an exclamation point, and I rather think I can make a noun and a verb trot in the same sentence—but what leisure have I for the gentle pursuit of authorship, granted that I'd get a lot of fun out of it?"

"You've as much spare time as most busy men. Literary achievement isn't a 'gentle pursuit' carried on by a bookish hermit cultivating beautiful words in a forest retreat. It's rigorous work done by hard fighters before the mast like William McFee, your Joseph Conrad—and by doers like you." (I stopped, out of breath.) "Keep an evening or two free for writing. Think out the natural divisions of your story, then hammer it into shape on your typewriter as fast as you can, write while the stuff is hot. Let the first draft cool for a week or so. Then revise carefully, and send the manuscript to an editor. You may get some helpful suggestions if you read your article to a discriminating friend, very much as Robert Louis Stevenson read his tales to his wife."

Chase was still unconvinced. "Sounds plausible—provided I have something that people want to read. There's nothing wildly exciting about describing an advertising campaign for a new brand of safety razor."

"Something to write about!" I exploded. "And from you, of all men! Why, you've had enough racy experiences to produce a five-foot shelf. And you have made acquaintances in almost every bypath of life. What you need to do is to take a mental inventory of your capital, your stock in trade—then plunge in. I think you're plain lazy."

"Well, perhaps I am," rejoined Chase, who is used to my heavy bombardments, "but I'm not so conceited that I think I can match wits with chaps who make writing a bread-and-butter job. As a friend of mine said the other day, 'Any-

body can make marks on paper, if he has two good fingers—or even one—and a typewriter; but the difficulty is to find something that is really worth writing.' The world is full of self-confessed geniuses who play with words."

"Oh, don't let the imitations trouble you," I replied. "The point is that you have something to say, for I've heard you tell many a fine yarn. And some editor will gladly pay you for some of your good talk put into the English of living. . . . As a starter why don't you write up your adventures in securing all these autographed photographs of celebrities that hang on your walls?"

The suggestion came like an inspiration, and was instantly accepted as such. (Many a great book finds its roots in situations equally obvious.)

"Now that's an idea," Chase drawled, forgetting to puff his brier. "I've had a lot of satisfaction doing it—and it would make rather an interesting article. All right, I'll try it. Thanks."

I left Chase Harding's den about ten o'clock. He may have started to write his article that night or the next. At any rate, you'll find it gorgeously illustrated on the magazine page of a Boston newspaper if you care to investigate the back files.

II

GERMINATING IDEAS

"**H**ow would you like to attend a session of the Blue Pencil Club next Thursday noon?" I asked Chase Harding one morning.

"Blue Pencil Club?" came Chase's voice over the wire. "Is that one of those luncheon clubs for successful business men?"

"Well, hardly," I replied. "The Blue Pencil Club is made up of newspapermen, editors, free-lance writers. They get together every week or so to talk about literature and life, to discuss articles they are doing and where they expect to sell them. It's a very informal sort of crowd—and sometimes we have as our guests quite a number of rather well known out-of-town writers. They've taken as their emblem a huge blue pencil which hangs just outside the door of the clubroom," I hastened to explain. "Better come over. You'll enjoy it a lot."

The telephone was silent for a moment.

"That's nice of you, but you know I'm just the rankest amateur in this scribbling game," acknowledged Chase, "and of course I couldn't offer anything of value, but I should like to hear some professional writers talk. All right, count on me. Where shall I meet you?"

So I told him—and the engagement went down on my calendar pad. . . .

We met at the Meridian Building, were whizzed up the

elevator shaft, and presently found our way to the headquarters of the Blue Pencil Club.

As clubs go it is not pretentious—merely a small room furnished with a long heavy-timbered table and expansive man-sized chairs. A couple of folding doors lead into a big public dining room; but as far as the Blue Pencilers are concerned we enjoy the privacy of a telephone booth.

All of the local celebrities were already there—likewise a dozen or so distinguished visitors who had dropped in for a bite to eat and a happy-go-lucky exchange of experiences. Writing folk are as gregarious as buffaloes; they enjoy one another's comradeship, a fact that accounts for the free-masonry of interest that is making the Blue Pencil Club a national institution.

We shook hands all around. Chase, I could see, was greatly impressed in meeting Samuel Hopkins Adams, that brilliant New York *Sun* man whose disclosures of the patent-medicine frauds, published some years ago, made a sensation—nor was he any the less interested in seeing face to face Walter Prichard Eaton, Stanley Frost, James H. Collins, Fred C. Kelly, Gregory Mason, René Bache, Samuel Crowther, Will Irwin, Irvin S. Cobb, Kenneth L. Roberts—to mention just a few of the better known feature writers who are represented by special articles in scores of magazines and newspapers, throughout the United States.

It happened to be my turn to act as official pilot for the shop talk that followed luncheon. We have discovered that unless somebody supervises the charting of the course discussion is apt to run into heavy seas of argument or upon the rocks of irrelevancy. And so I began:

"The thing that worries all of us is not so much how to dress up ideas for publication, but how to germinate them. Some days our fingers fly over the typewriter keys as the thoughts multiply on paper; writing is a joy. And at other

times our heads are as barren of ideas as old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. We hate the very sight of a typewriter. What do you do when you can't start your mental engine?"

"I try priming it," suggested Elmo Scott Watson, a young writer who specializes in feature stories with an historical setting, which he sells to a syndicate. "First I begin to take an inventory of ideas I already have, then try to relate them to some passing event. If I see that a certain date is the anniversary of a noteworthy happening—Lincoln's birthday, the landing of the Pilgrims, the entrance of a territory into statehood, for instance—I use this as a frame on which to hang my yarn. For years I have kept scrap-books of clippings on subjects that interest me, and if my available information is inadequate for the article, I add to it by writing letters, interviewing people, gathering data in books. Let me illustrate my method.

"I had material for a sketch of one Navajo Bill, who lived among the Navajo Indians down in New Mexico, and whom I once interviewed when he visited Colorado Springs. In looking over that published interview I noticed that he was born in Indiana. So I wrote a feature yarn on the 'Hoosier who was adopted by the Navajo Indians,' and sold it to the Indianapolis *Star*. I also sold that paper a story on the Modoc War in which I featured several white participants who were born in Indiana. This happened to be a timely one also, for the editor used it on a date which was the fiftieth anniversary of one of the important events in the Modoc War."

"I endorse what Watson had just said," remarked Paul R. Leach, special writer for the Chicago *Daily News*. "While I don't depend so much on newspaper clippings and events of the calendar, I do lay great store on active service on a newspaper as a live source of feature ideas. Reporting takes a man out into the streets and into the lives of people.

The reporter observes something he thinks will make a story, or the city editor has an idea which he thinks will develop into a feature yarn, particularly if it has 'color' that will touch up the pages of the daily grist of routine news.

"Suppose, to take an example, there is to be a convention at one of the local hotels, a convention of canary-bird breeders. As news the chronicling of this event is worth possibly one hundred and fifty words—just the bare statement that the association is meeting, where it is meeting, how long it will be holding the convention, what it proposes to do in this meeting, and who is present of unusual interest—who speaks, and how many persons present and where they are from.

"That is all the news story of such a convention is worth. But the idea of a convention of canary-bird breeders might interest the city editor; he sees the possibility of a three hundred or four hundred word story in such an event. The city editor's idea is probably hazy. He believes a feature story is there—feels it by some seventh editorial sense known as 'hunch'—but he has several pages to fill in a short space of time, and he has people on his staff paid to do that sort of thinking. He selects a feature writer, and simply tells him to go over to the hotel and see if there's a good yarn in the canary breeders.

"On such an assignment the news writer would find out the facts and return to the office and write them for one hundred to two hundred words. The feature writer's imagination gets to work on the way from the office to the hotel. He thinks of possibilities that might be of interest to him. Probably he has never seen such a convention, never known a canary breeder. Maybe they will have some birds there. His imagination is going. And therein lies the difference between the news writer and the feature writer—imagination. The feature man goes to the hotel and enters the door of the convention room and finds it dark . . . and

somebody hisses at him to keep quiet because the birds will not sing if light is permitted to enter the room. The feature man knows he has a story and a good one. He sees a story because it has interested him and, being alive, he knows it will interest others. He remains, finds somebody to talk to him for a few minutes, returns to the office, and writes four hundred words. The story goes under a feature head on page one. As a news item it would have dropped well back into the advertising pages.

"That happened in our office not long ago. A young chap named Levin saw the possibilities and wrote the story, and it was a fine one. And there you have, too, the combination news and feature treatment. As news the canary breeders were worth at most two hundred words; as a combination of news and information about the birds and the people who handle them it was worth four hundred words. It told all the essential facts of the convention—'where, what, why, who, when; but it was made interesting by a feature writer."

This unique contribution of daily journalism in uncovering news "leads" and in whetting the writing instinct was also affirmed by others of the club.

Bella Cohen, who had just completed a series of vivid word pictures of conditions in the lower East Side, said that her "idea is automatically developed by a seasoned news sense and an undulled perception of the picturesque"; René Bache confessed he found his subjects in the current news; Percy S. Bullen, foreign press correspondent, thought his ideas came "chiefly by intuition, the main asset of a newspaperman, aided by years of experience and training."

Will Irwin, Mary B. Mullett, Irvin S. Cobb, Gregory Mason, Walter Prichard Eaton, Frank Ward O'Malley, and Karl Kitchen, all of whom have had exacting training on American newspapers, expressed similar judgments.

"I grant that newspapers often give me valuable 'tips,'" warned Waldemar Kaempffert, contributor to scientific and engineering periodicals, at this juncture, "but I feel strongly that newspapers are far behind the times in chronicling the advance of science. For me the best sources of material are the French, German and English scientific periodicals and the proceedings of scientific societies, although most of the articles I write are assigned me by editors."

At this turnstile of the discussion I ventured to inject a remark of my own.

"I believe a man may acquire many ideas quite aside from following the trade of a reporter," I reminded the members. "If he has a good pair of eyes and a keen curiosity about life, many interesting facts will land in his net. Coming home on the train the other night I talked with a man who had just completed a house built on his own plans. The contractor had told him that he could not erect the building for less than \$18,000, including land and interior furnishings. My companion thought differently and proceeded to be his own architect—his wife co-operating. In the course of a few months he had purchased at bargain prices lumber, roofing, hardware, plumbing, paint, lighting fixtures, and the like. Under his watchful eye carpenters built the house in record time, and on a spring morning he moved all his household goods into the new home. The completed cost was \$12,700—he assured me—and in the process he had found the tang of adventure. I call that a corking good story."

"So do I," agreed Fred C. Kelly, "and that's how I get many of my stories, just by conversation. I believe nothing is so interesting as human nature, not as it shows up in laboratory tests, but in everyday affairs—and that's the kind of thing I've tried to put into my books, *Human Nature in Business* and *The Fun of Knowing Folks*. I got these facts from listening to the casual talk of average men and women and watching them at their work."

"That's all very well," rejoined James H. Collins, writer on business topics, "but a man ought to be sure that his informant is well informed and therefore reliable. With experience an author makes many friends who know his style of writing and frequently volunteer good suggestions. I read and clip a good deal, and then go out and get people to humanize the dry facts."

"That's my method, too," heartily agreed Arthur H. Little, editor of *Business*, "I get my 'hunches' from successful folks in business; from officers—particularly secretary-managers of associations, boards, bureaus, and the like. If I'm hunting 'blind,' I ask them frankly for tips, ideas, suggestions. If I'm following some particular line of inquiry, I quiz them, of course, along that special line. I've found that, among business men at least, the chap closest to a darned good story often is the last person to suspect that story's existence."

And so the comments eddied back and forth, and yet all centered on this interesting question of germinating ideas for articles. Chase Harding played Boswell throughout the table talk, and a little later we pieced together some of the outstanding remarks, which ran in this wise:

STANLEY FROST: "My ideas come chiefly from careful watch of the fringes of current news, by which undercurrents of interest can be detected before it is too late to get and publish material at the time the interest becomes acute. They also come from wide acquaintance, carefully selected among men who are likely to know of important events in advance. The main thing is to find what the public will be interested in before it knows it."

KENNETH L. ROBERTS: "I get the idea by looking around. There seems to me to be a feature story in everything. The majority of articles which I write for the *Saturday Evening Post* are suggested by the editor, however."

MARY GRAHAM BONNER: "I accumulate ideas by sensing the possibility of developing into a story of general human interest the record of unusual achievement by any person; by contrasting past and present conditions if the subject is a place of interest; the idea being suggested by a newspaper paragraph, by personal observation while traveling, or by my own experience or those of my friends."

BURGES JOHNSON: "I watch for ideas. Some people get their suggestions entirely from within and some from without. I think that actual happenings give me my ideas for articles, however fanciful the thing may become in actual working out."

WALTER B. PITKIN: "Ideas for articles or editorials come to me usually from some discussion with a man in touch with the special events. Ideas for stories almost invariably come from something I see or overhear."

FRANK WARD O'MALLEY: "The wise young reporter will not be content to wait for assignments; he will also suggest them to his chief. Then when he ascends (or descends) to the magazines, he will have acquired the habit of digging an idea for an article out of everything he reads, sees, hears, smells, or feels.

"The scientist, even the painter or musician, may be a narrow specialist—the scientist usually is; but the writer, more than any other craftsman, must try to know—really to *understand*—as much about as many things as his mind is capable of encompassing. Inasmuch as the subject matter of his job is all life itself, the scope of his interests must be so broad that no room is left within him for bigotries. He should not be a religious bigot, a political bigot, an æsthetic bigot, or any other sort of bigot. He should not be bigoted against bigots; bigots are, alas! always with him, and, being a common phase of common life, are also worth his sincere interest.

"A sincere interest in any phenomenon of life that he stumbles into—that's his job. And I don't know of any better way, of any way so good, in which to get all messed up with all kinds of life so thoroughly and in so short a time than to get a job on a daily newspaper. Then when he does lasso his daily short-horn of life on the hoof, he can't moon around telling the world that 'some day' he is going to make a play or a book out of it. He has to sit right down in the city room and tell it to his typewriter keys. *That* is good for his bump of articulation. And then the soulless editor man probably will put the last paragraph first and the first last and generally kick the everlasting daylights out of the young cub's stuff—and *that* is good for his soul."

IRVIN S. COBB: "I get the idea from something seen or heard—usually from something seen."

RENÉ BACHE: "As for me, I usually get my ideas from the current news. Chiefly, the way to get ideas is to scan the newspapers every day carefully. Often a little item, which the casual reader might overlook, will contain the germ of a feature story.

"Ideas often suggest themselves to the feature writer through conversation or his casual observation. Now and then they pop out of his subconscious mind; even a dream may suggest one. To grasp them when they turn up is a matter of cultivated habit of mind. The feature writer 'sees' an idea for a story in something which to most folks would be barren of suggestiveness.

"If the idea be really novel, it does not need to be timely. It furnishes its own 'news peg,' because it is new in itself. But where novelty and timeliness are combined, there is the greatest advantage."

JAMES H. COLLINS: "'Leads' for special articles come in many ways. Editors suggest subjects. Things worth following up for magazine articles crop up in the day's news.

I keep track of business affairs by reading several dozen trade journals weekly, alternating them, and find interesting business trends. Another kind of tip coming from such people is that of the self-interested business man or concern that wants an article written for publicity purposes—it may be an entirely unobjectionable article designed to correct some bad tendency in business.”

SAMUEL CROWTHER: “Ideas are everywhere. The American and foreign newspapers, magazines, books, going about the country and talking with men—all contribute. There is such a wealth of things to write about that the trouble is not in getting ideas, but in keeping one’s head out of the water and above them.”

WILL PAYNE: “I get my ideas from the newspapers, from conversations, sometimes from a government report, sometimes simply from out of the air. With some training and experience if you look for an idea you will always get it.”

HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT: “I get my first idea in many ways. I keep a ‘suggestion folder’ in my file in which I put, first, newspaper clippings; second, hearsay stories—that is anything that anyone has told me that sounds like a lead; third, things I think up—out of my own head—by sitting down and reviewing life as expressed in personal contacts, and by reading lectures and plays.”

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS: “Sometimes I get the idea by direct suggestion from an editor or from some one interested in the topic, often through casual conversation with some authority on the subjects in which I am myself specially interested.”

WILL IRWIN: “The idea comes like any other creative idea—out of the air, suddenly. Of course ideas spring from experience; and one who is doing feature work should seek conversation with all sorts of men and keep his mind open.

My most fruitful source of feature material is conversation with men who talk shop interestingly about their specialties."

JAMES B. CONNOLLY: "I had many interesting trips, underwent many experiences before I ever wrote a short story, but after I took up authorship for a living that writing for years meant not much more to me than the easiest and pleasantest way I knew of to be able to go where I wanted to go.

"I used to read from time to time, in some literary journal generally, how I was off to this or that place or had been off to get atmosphere or 'local color.' All bunk. I was off because I wanted to be off to see or do something. Writing is fine work. When I feel like it I do not know what I like to do better. I have gotten as much kick out of writing when in good form as I ever got out of an athletic competition, but by and large, to be living is more fun than writing about it.

"My mother with twelve children on her hands took time now and then to translate some old Gaelic poems. We used to find them tucked away behind the kitchen clock or some mantel vase. And my father could tell a story pretty well—he was a bank fisherman—but I noticed as I got older that when he warmed up to a good one, talking to old cronies, that one language was not enough for it. He generally finished up in Gaelic."

WALTER PRICHARD EATON: "I get the idea, if possible, from the editor, because he is more kindly disposed toward his own ideas than other peoples'. This is a mere matter of business. Every story I evolve for myself has a different conception. Some writers find help in scanning the news columns for items which make them say, 'I'd like to know more about that.' Personally, however, I have seldom got leads that way. They have mostly come out of the blue, as it were, with a sudden realization that so and so 'would

make a good story.' The cause for the sudden kindling of my interest is often obscure, but is probably due to some feature of the subject catching hold of my imagination. I get a kind of glow, an emotional reaction, and then I know this is my subject.

"When I was on a newspaper, I found that attendance at conventions of scientific men, educators, etc., was a fruitful source of copy. You frequently hear, at such gatherings, new theories or discoveries, which can be made interesting to the public. To get the stories, however, you must yourself be able to talk with the scientists, or other specialists, intelligently. They will not open up to you otherwise.

"A real interest in many fields of thought and some practical knowledge of them is an invaluable equipment of the feature writer, and will open the doors to many stories for him. Cultivate a lively mind, and the world will be full of subjects."

FULLERTON WALDO: "I get my first idea from personal contact and direct observation—sometimes from reverie and reminiscence."

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING: "Here are exact data upon where I got the first ideas for thirty articles, long and short, sold in the past year. Eighteen originated in assignments from editors; six, in tips I gathered by circulating around and talking with numerous acquaintances; four, by reading carefully such stanch old-fashioned sheets as the *New York Times* and the *Kansas City Star*, whose editors persist in printing news; two, from suggestions found in recently published books."

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT: "I get my ideas by keeping my eyes open for any subject that I hear on either the realities or the poetry of existence. They are all around us. To read Cervantes and Fielding—notably—is to comprehend that fact."

ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE: "My inspirations come to me through wide traveling and the constant meeting with interesting or unique characters as well as by choosing to visit places off the beaten track of the commonplace. I keep my ears open for the unusual and surprising in places and people."

WILLIAM L. CHENERY: "I think the recognition of the similarity of the plot in one of Shaw's plays with the development in a police-court case in Chicago gave me my first idea for a really good feature story."

MARY B. MULLETT: "Dozens of ideas come to me all the time. I have a list as long as your arm! I read something in the paper, or hear some one say something, or see something on the street—and it suggests a story."

FREDERICK L. COLLINS: "I keep moving, and that brings me ideas. I am a habitual traveler and collect ideas the way some people do postcards."

JOHN PALMER GAVIT: "Sometimes I get my ideas by assignments from the editor, sometimes by direct inspiration—things I am interested in, myself. Generally I have the belief that one thing is as interesting as another, if only you know how to tell about it."

EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY: "I come at my ideas mainly through the study of people. During the last ten years my work has dealt largely with phases of life bearing on the struggle of existence and the attainment of at least a moderate independence. Therefore my ideas have been secured in the main from acquaintance with men and women of varied types, who have given me their experiences. For example, it seemed to me that the inside story of a great merchant would be of value to the readers of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Therefore, I made the acquaintance of such a merchant and secured my main ideas for an article—in

which his identity was disguised but the type faithfully depicted."

SIDNEY F. WICKS: "Ideas jump out of subconsciousness stored with passionate interest in human life. The theme is noted and gradually develops—ideas should not be forced."

A. B. MACDONALD: "Many of my feature stories are assigned to me by the editors for whom I write. Those which I suggest I get by scanning regularly many newspapers, magazines, trade papers, bulletins, books, all sorts of printed matter; I observe, listen, keep in touch with events and news. Ideas come."

FORREST CRISSEY: "I usually get my ideas from personal acquaintances; sometimes from newspapers."

CHARMÉ SEEDS: "Ideas for future stories like ideas for anything else are elusive and whimsical and fleeting—they have to be chased and caught. If you are writing two or three stories a week you don't have much chance to cater to the whims of ideas."

"Well, what did you get out of it?" I asked Chase as we strolled up the Avenue, following the adjournment of the Blue Pencil Club.

"Oh, a good deal; and it gave me renewed confidence in myself," he answered. "I liked it because there was no buncombe about it. Every writer there spoke out of his own heart. As I see it, writing ideas come out of one's own hobbies, experience, and specialties; out of actual workaday contact with news; out of conversation, hard application, patient delving—and a lot of them are suggested by intelligent reading and filing. It all means that originality is a mighty rare accomplishment, that most of us wear borrowed dress suits. We bag ideas as we go gunning for them. And we get more of them as we grow older and wiser.

Somehow the whole discussion reminded me of Chris Morley's suggestive epigram that literature is an attempt to make life stand still long enough to be looked at. I think that's equally true of the making of feature stories."

"Will you come to the Blue Pencil again?" I asked, as we came to a cross street.

"If you'll have me," Chase replied with a smile. "Those fellows certainly know what they are talking about."

III

DEVELOPING A SPECIALTY

"I THINK the trouble with a lot of us professional writers is that we try to imitate spiders and spin story-webs exclusively out of our own mental insides," spoke up Harry R. O'Brien, just back from an automobile ramble through the Iowa farming country, where he had been collecting material for a series of articles ordered by *The Country Gentleman*.

"What we need to do is to take stock of our resources, perhaps concentrate on one kind of article that interests us particularly, then build up a reputation as authorities on that subject. My hobby is farm stuff. And that means acquiring fresh material through reading and investigation every day of my life. In a way, specialization simplifies and intensifies my working program."

"I quite agree"—this from Edward Hungerford—"for that is what I've been doing for years. In my case it's railroads, although gradually I have broadened into the entire field of transportation. Having a specialty and knowing it thoroughly means that a man can take the technical papers of that specialty and inform himself generally as to the progress being made in it. If he does this and also maintains active contacts with the men who are forward leaders in it, he ought to get plenty of 'leads' for articles of every sort. Moreover, if he is good at all, the editors will, after a time, begin to think of him almost automatically in con-

nection with his specialty and to call on him to write in regard to it.

"To do the thing this way seems to me to be a vast economy of time and of effort. If an editor asks me to write on some topic away from my specialty, I have to do a great deal of what I call foundation work, studying basic principles and background that probably will not come directly into the article at all. But when the editor asks me for a transportation article, I have the foundation already laid. I merely need to build the superstructure that is necessary for that particular article.

"It is hardly necessary for me to add that for a man to be recognized as an authority in his specialty, he must have not merely a thorough and an intelligent idea of its past, its present, and its future, but he must be known to be fair and accurate in every way. If there are controversial phases of the specialty of which he writes, he will need these qualities more than ever."

Walter B. Pitkin, college professor and working practitioner in the art of the short story, caught up the word and added his own philosophy to it:

"Specialize, specialize, specialize—that's the secret. And then do it some more. Too many fair miscellaneous 'feature-ists' are loose on earth, and too few men and women who know some large subject well enough so they can talk intelligently to leaders in that field and thus establish strong contacts."

Whereupon Waldemar Kaempffert, authority on scientific topics, proceeded to pack the entire matter into two or three brisk paragraphs, each emphasizing the fact that a successful writer of to-day must know one thing pre-eminently well.

Said he: "A feature man who writes on the immortality of the soul to-day and on shoe buttons to-morrow cannot hope

to command editorial respect. Editors turn to men whose names are identified with certain subjects—sports, politics, business, music, art. No man ought to write about a subject in which he is not well acquainted. When I build a house I go to an architect who knows all about building and plumbing. Why should an editor publish an article on houses by a man who knows nothing about architecture? And yet this constantly happens.

"The most successful writers of the day are all specialists—even the novelists. The gentleman who rejoices in the pseudonym 'Marquise de Fontenoy' confines himself to the doings of the European nobility; H. Addington Bruce discusses chiefly psychology; Dr. Frank Crane is an uplift specialist; Octavus Cohen and Montague Glass, among novelists, are character-story specialists. And so it goes.

"The specialist can command twice the remuneration of the ordinary universal genius whose ready pen will write on anything. But like nobility, specialization imposes obligations. The specialists must never make a grievous error. Thus Doctor Saleeby came to grief some years ago because he boldly asserted that a cure for cancer had been discovered, his assertion being based on some promising experiments conducted with rats. How can the experimenter avoid the pitfalls in his path? By submitting his articles to the most competent authorities before the editor ever sees them. He must be sure that he has behind him the best opinion available. If I were to write an article on the electric incandescent lamp I could easily annihilate some backwoods critics by saying: "Man, do you know more about this subject than Edison, the greatest authority to be found? Well, Edison read this article before it appeared, and approved every word of it." The specialist assumes responsibilities; he cannot shirk them either in his own interest or in that of his readers," Kaempffert concluded.

The opportunity to card index some of the special interests and views of the writers present was too alluring to resist, so I projected a suggestion into the smoky framework of the talk.

"Suppose we take a census on some of the things you fellows do best—the specialties that are generally associated with your names. How about you, O'Malley?"

"Oh, I'm tarred with the fatal stick of humor," came the reply; "most of the magazine editors want me to size up the funny human race. More specifically, particular groups of persons, the individuals of which have a common interest, usually supply me with copy—the village-gossip group, the volunteer-fireman group, the Broadway 'first-nighters' group, the English cricket-fan group, the professional-prominent-citizen group, the Paris night-life group, Greenwich Villagers, chorus girls, after-dinner speakers, magazine writers, and journalists."

And then in quick succession the opinions came, almost too fast for Chase to record. Here are some bits of helpful counsel:

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS: "My advice to a young writer is to pick out the broad topic in which he is by temperament most interested, and keep constantly in touch with its progressive developments, both by reading and—even more important—by personal contact with those who possess authoritative information. Science and medicine are my two specialties."

FULLERTON WALDO: "I think I get greatest stimulus out of a journey. But I have the feeling that the journey may be made around the walls of one's own room if one can't go to Jericho."

KENNETH L. ROBERTS: "My most fruitful source of material? I can answer it in a word—*Europe*."

BELLA COHEN: "Places that are very much out of the

way or very much in the way, and people who have done things and people who want to do things, always furnish me with plenty of 'copy.' In my own experience, to be exact, the lower East Side has been my most fruitful source of feature material. Art exhibitions, artists, musical organizations, Moscow, and other European spots, have been pretty fertile sources as well."

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING: "Geographically speaking, my most fruitful field is the Middle West. For the most part I write about people and what they are doing."

WALTER PRICHARD EATON: "The theater is my most prolific source of feature material. My advice is to specialize in some one important field of human endeavor; this will not only give a writer an inside track in writing about that subject, but it will teach him, if he is thorough in his study, how quickly and surely to get at the facts and significance in other subjects. Then let him meet and talk with all the interesting people he can."

SAMUEL CROWTHER: "I think that most young writers fall down by not keeping sufficiently informed. A man ought to know enough of what is going on everywhere in the world to have a perspective. He ought to know who people are and how their names are spelled. It is all well enough for a fiction writer to move like Alice in Wonderland—indeed some of our best fiction is produced out of sheer ingenuousness—but the man who expects to write articles ought to know at least a little about everything and a good deal about several things. For instance, no interview can be successful unless the interviewer not only knows so much about his man that he can avoid asking fool questions, but also he ought to be able to talk on the same plane as the man talks, no matter who he is."

FORREST CRISSEY: "I get most of my ideas for feature stories from men in industry."

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT: "Men and women give me most of my ideas for feature stories; the sketching of personalities in relation to their work in the world."

ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE: "Men are my most fruitful sources of feature material."

EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY: "Observation of men who are doing things in invention and industry have been the source of my articles."

WILLIAM L. CHENERY: "When I was writing feature material I think the conversation and suggestions of friends and acquaintances offered the most fruitful source of material."

A. B. MACDONALD: "I have kept an indexed set of clippings and ideas and thoughts for many years and I often turn to it as a source of ideas for stories."

JOHN PALMER GAVIT: "Reading and funny things I see people do give me my ideas for feature stories."

MARY B. MULLETT: "My imagination is my most fruitful source of feature material. Imagination is the *sine qua non* of the successful writer. It means that faculty of the mind which sees beyond the surface of things, the faculty of associating one idea with others, the faculty of insatiable curiosity."

CHARMÉ SEEDS: "News is the most fruitful source of feature material. But no outside help is quite so good to the feature writer as what he already has in his own mind. It is your own real ideas that give quality to your story."

FREDERICK L. COLLINS: "Travel furnishes me with most of my ideas on feature stories. I've been in twelve European countries and forty of the forty-eight states. Yesterday I returned from San Francisco. To-morrow I sail for Havre."

When Chase handed me the budget on Developing a

Specialty for use in this book, he remarked: "I think, too, that most writers spread themselves out pretty thin. Do you remember the words of Saint Paul: 'This *one* thing I do'?"

"Yes," I replied, "Saint Paul has many counterparts to-day across the sea, if not in our own native land. The most cursory examination of English and continental newspapers shows how well the article on special subjects is done and what ripe knowledge often enters into its composition. Have you noticed the diverse subjects that appear in these journals by experts who have given a lifetime to their study? Glance at the list some time—social psychology, agriculture, engineering, law, electricity, history, literature, architecture, art, and the drama. Men of the intellectual stature of H. G. Wells are frequently consulted by writers in the preparation of press material. In fact, many a distinguished specialist exacts a consultation fee when his opinions are sought by a staff writer."

IV

HANDLING MATERIAL

THE Rev. John Alden Gregory is one of the best sermonizers I know. He has none of the stained-glass vocabulary of the professionalized preacher, and he is thoroughly up-to-date in his interpretation of religious movements. But what most impresses me is not his invigorating philosophy of life, but his artistry in presenting his subject matter. The text and main thought divisions fit together as snugly as a jig-saw puzzle. When he has come to the end of his discourse the listener feels that the sermon is a finished entity.

Recently I dropped into Doctor Gregory's study to seek his counsel in making plans for a community celebration, and found him deeply engrossed in one of the season's "best sellers." The situation was so self-revealing that, reporter-like, I presently ventured to question him on how he went about building a sermon.

"I've often been impressed with the fine workman-like pattern of your talks and addresses," I said, "especially the number and freshness of your illustrations that reinforce your message. How do you get them?"

"Oh, that's giving away some of my trade secrets," he replied, smilingly. "But don't get the idea that they are inspired. I never made an extemporaneous speech in my life; almost every paragraph and reference is planned well ahead of time. I don't believe much in thinking on your feet. Have a look at this book, for instance."

He passed over to me his "best seller," opened midway. As I ruffled the pages I came upon pencil citations scribbled on the margin, sometimes a long black stroke bordering a particular group of sentences. On the final leaf my eye encountered a compilation of notes with page references.

"That's the way I levy upon every book and magazine that interests me," Gregory explained. "Then my secretary goes over my stuff, types the matter I want to keep, and files away my comments under the proper labels. She knows pretty well by this time how I like to have things done. . . . See here, let's try out a subject. Suppose I'm preaching on modern divorce. Let's see what we have in the graveyard."

Whereupon he walked over to one of his tall files, pulled out the "D" drawer, and commandeered a bulky envelope filled with newspaper and magazine clippings, notes on books, apt illustrations culled from conversation, observation, and daily experience.

"Of course I don't put these unchanged into my sermons, but use them for seed corn to grow my own crops. More and more I refuse to depend on my memory for accurate facts. Most of my best ideas come originally out of these envelopes. I never allow an evening to pass by without adding some material to my scrap book."

My visit to Doctor Gregory's study cast such an interpretative sidelight upon his personality (and in a way accounted for his great success as a human and convincing speaker), that I took occasion to tell Chase Harding about it.

"That's a good story," he continued. "Why not report it at the next session of the Blue Pencil Club? Maybe it will start some brisk shop talk on how writers salt down their ideas, once they have their specialties well enough in hand to know the kind of articles they want to do. Let's try it out."

And so at the next talk-fest of the Blue Pencilers I painted

the picture of the Rev. John Alden Gregory busily at work in his library, and, as we had anticipated, it started the wheels revolving.

"That's mighty interesting—coming from another profession," remarked Samuel Crowther. "I too keep rather an extensive graveyard. It now runs through four stacks of files, with nearly eight hundred headings. In all my newspaper and periodical reading I have a crayon handy and mark whatever I think I may want. These are later clipped and filed. These headings are by subjects and by people. This gives me up-to-date information on nearly every subject on which I am apt to write and also it gives me at least something and often quite a good deal about any man I am apt to interview."

Frank Ward O'Malley approached it from a slightly different angle: "I have no formula for collecting material for an article. In a humorous article or any other form of writing (fiction, for instance) that depends chiefly upon imagination for its effects, the writer assembles in his mind those human experiences—his own experiences or his neighbor's—that have to do with the subject in hand. These he burlesques, caricatures, satirizes, or beautifies. When, however, the feature story is purely descriptive or informative, the writer must adopt a fundamental of good reporting—he must seek authority, the source, and ask questions. He must learn to use also a library, which is an art in itself. A trained writer who knows how to use a library can write well on any subject on earth."

"I'm strong for reading up thoroughly on the subject," added Fred C. Kelly, "but reading doesn't seem nearly so essential as talking to folks—though it's often a good short cut to a bin of information." His opinion was shared by Irvin S. Cobb, who said that he secures most of his facts as any trained reporter does—"by direct approach."

Discussion relating to the collecting and cataloguing of material speedily left the realm of mere method and centered upon the larger problems of effective handling of information prefatory to actual writing, for most of the members were firmly of the opinion that preliminary organization of one's facts is quite as important as acquisition of them.

"Once the feature writer has gotten together the notes for his article, he will do well to skeletonize them on slips of paper, thereupon arranging the slips in order according to their relative interest and importance," suggested René Bache. "One advantage of this is that in making the notes and arranging the slips the writer will incidentally rough out the story in his own mind. It will, in other words, have composed itself, so that actual writing is easier. On the first slip will necessarily be a word or two relating to his news peg, or to the most novel or striking thing he has to say; for his opening paragraph must always contain that peg, even though the writer finds it expedient to postpone extended discussion of the article until later. Having thus captured the attention of the reader, the writer should have the paragraphs follow in proper order, not allowing the interest to sag. Here is where much of the artistry of the feature story comes in, and much help in grouping the material is given by a preliminary arrangement of the notes."

Harry R. O'Brien was also full of the subject and gave us a good insight into his working methods. Said he:

"Before I write an article or series of articles on a topic, I sometimes spend a week or two weeks going through my gathered material, reading and rereading it, sorting it out to fit each article. If I have five articles to write in this series, I make five piles on my desk and into each put the interview, clipping, or bulletin that seems to belong. Then I take up one pile and rearrange it into its most logical

order. From this, I usually make some sort of brief outline. After this is all done and a good lead figured out, the actual writing takes but a little while.

"No feature article can be successful unless it has a lead that catches the eye of the reader and then draws him right on into the story. I search for some human-interest angle of the story, for some striking statement, for a big fact that just hits you right in the face, for something with a bit of mystery that leads the reader on to see its solution, for something that is unusual. Sometimes the best possible lead is a plain summary lead such as one would write for an Associated Press story. As a rule, the lead in reality covers several paragraphs—especially when the lead is an anecdote or human-interest incident.

"In writing the story, I let the men who gave it to me tell a good part of it. I put it in quotation marks and strive to get the exact language of the man I quote, especially if he uses some striking, some homely or provincial phrase that smacks of downright honesty or flavor of the soil, farm, or countryside. But I never use any grammatical error or phrase that would bring ridicule on the man I am quoting.

"I always search for the background, for the motives, for the beginnings. For instance, I wrote a story for the *Country Gentleman* about the Ohio farmer who grew a world's-record crop of corn in a ten-acre contest. The story of this crop and the contest would have been a good feature. But on interviewing the man, I found that his story really began twenty-five years ago when he was a student in the state college of agriculture and that he had been working all the years since to achieve success as a winner in corn-growing. This and the banquet his neighbors gave him after he won were just as much a part of the story and gave the interest to carry along the details of his crop rotation and fertility methods.

"Accuracy comes from getting the facts from as many angles as possible. Not only did I talk with the farmer who grew the crop of corn, but with his wife, his family, his neighbors, with the county agricultural agent, with the men at the agricultural college, with his banker. Sometimes the man in the near-by village restaurant whom I set to gossiping as I eat lunch gives me the most valuable hunch of all. I always gather up and bring home all printed or written documents that bear on the assignment."

Whereupon almost every member of the club offered some illuminating comments on his own methods of collecting and assembling material for his articles.

I can do no better here than to erect a row of guide-posts along a few of the most important trails:

EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY: "Where financially possible I go to the highest original source. I believe in the personal interview with the man who knows the most about the subject at issue. I go to Chicago, New Orleans, or even to San Francisco if the article is big enough to warrant. Of course I arrange with the magazine for the expense.

"Where a large number of original sources are involved I often use the questionnaire to good advantage. Thus in a special article on the cost of living and salaries in different parts of the United States, I sent out many questionnaires to the heads of large business concerns, securing satisfactory returns.

"I use the public library freely, and have found class magazines and trade papers valuable in my search for sources of more intimate information."

BURGES JOHNSON: "I keep a notebook or a scrap of paper in an overcrowded coat pocket. I keep the subject in the back of my mind, ready to be brought forward at intervals, or subject it to unconscious consideration until I get down to the job of writing it."

WALTER PRICHARD EATON: "If facts are of vital importance, the first thing is to go to the authoritative sources and get these facts at once. Have all your facts before you begin to write the article. The right fact to start off with is important. If the facts have to be collected from people, not books or reports, be sure in each case you know what you are after before you ask questions. That is, have your general scheme well in mind. Otherwise, especially if you are dealing not with scientists, but with laymen or politicians, you will merely amass words."

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS: "I read carefully all available published material which I believe trustworthy and sometimes which I believe to be untrustworthy, to get at the bias of interested parties, if the subject is a controversial one; then I go to the men whom I know to be informed and reliable."

KENNETH L. ROBERTS: "I soak up background and general information for two or three days, and then devote several days to interviewing people to whom I have been recommended by reliable persons."

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT: "I collect my material by listening and watching. Let people talk. They love it. All you have to do is to drop the occasional pebble in the pool."

WILLIAM L. CHENERY: "After obtaining the first idea, I read as much as I can bearing upon the subject in question and 'cover' the story as accurately as possible in the field."

A. B. MACDONALD: "I go to where the material is and get it there, at first hand. I travel from 25,000 to 50,000 miles a year to gather material for feature stories."

MARY B. MULLETT: "Go after your material and get it. Don't bother with 'laying wires' and 'indirect approaches.' Be sure what you want to get—and take the shortest and quickest means of getting it."

JOHN PALMER GAVIT: "I get my material mainly by

talking with people who know, or think they know, about what I want to write about."

FORREST CRISSEY: "I collect my material by correspondence when personal contact is not practicable for the preliminary research. When a prospective subject becomes an assignment I go after the information by personal contact."

FREDERICK L. COLLINS: "Like Stephen Leacock's warrior, I mount my horse and ride off in every direction in search of material."

SIDNEY F. WICKS: "I think—and think—and think—and then and not until then—I read."

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER: "First, I fix upon the particular aspect of the particular subject which I wish to treat. Second, I outline the questions which require to be answered in treating this subject. Third, I supply from my own resources what part of the answers I can. Fourth, I complete the answers by additional study and by personal investigation—inquiry from competent persons, or personal visits to whatever places may be necessary. When all the questions are answered satisfactorily, the material is ready to be organized and written out."

ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE: "Go to the source and get all the facts, then go to confirmatory sources for verification of those facts. If verification is not entirely complete there can be no article."

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING: "I keep on the go, and I'm always talking with people about their trades and hobbies. When I'm sent out on an interview, I dig up all I can about my subject *before* I see my man. Most of the magazines for which I work are illustrated; recognizing this fact, I think it no more than fair to furnish illustrations, even if I have to go out with a camera and take the pictures myself."

FRANK THAYER: "In covering a business story for such a publication as the *Dry Goods Reporter* I usually follow

one or two definite methods: First, in order to open up the mind of the business man to the possibilities in his own department I usually ask him to take me around the store.

"An experience of mine is evidence that many business men are mistaken in thinking they do not have an interesting story in their own store or manufacturing plant.

"One merchant may insist that there is nothing interesting, but in walking with him through his store he will say: 'That notion department was a good idea of mine. I used to have that department under the stairs, but I found, when the ten-cent store came in next door, that my notion sales dropped off considerably. Something had to be done, so I moved my notion counter to the front part of the store, where I was able to increase my sales even in the face of competition.'

"My second method is to have some vision of the story I want to obtain. It may be a question of decreasing turnover or reducing overhead expenses. Sometimes my preconceived idea is upset by actual conditions. It often happens, however, that if a writer has an idea of the story he wants before he visits the store he will be able to obtain his material much more easily.

"My third method comes into play after I have talked with the manager or president of the organization and have inspected the place of business. It is then that I endeavor to formulate two or three points which will serve to illustrate my story."

FULLERTON WALDO: "I like to talk with people who were on the scene long before I invaded it."

JAMES H. COLLINS: "Some articles are written after a single interview with one man; others require interviews with several men; still others questionnaire letters. There is a particular kind of article I like very much—that which starts with a subject and an envelope in a file, and grows

as I read, clip, and interview people. Very often interesting facts and incidents for such articles will come from the most unlikely sources."

GREGORY MASON: "Other things being equal, I prefer human sources to libraries. The knack of interviewing is perhaps the greatest asset for such work."

"Well, they all seem to have their own methods," acknowledged Chase Harding afterward. "I thought at first they were all going to confess life-and-death devotion to a filing cabinet as their best friend, but others, particularly the reporters, seem to depend for their facts mostly on people they interview. Probably both sources will clinch authority—making a kind of double grip. It seems to me, though, that well-informed men and women who are doing things are a lot more up-to-date than books.

"But what impressed me most was that all the Blue Pencilers really had a well-outlined working plan to guide them in compiling their facts, that there wasn't anything haphazard or inspirational about the whole business.

"By the way, I wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to bring up, some day, the question on how members of the club revise their stuff for the esteemed but hard-hearted editor?"

V

INTERESTING THE READER

OCCASIONALLY we read brief papers at the sessions of the Blue Pencil Club, in that way showing our intellectual kinship to the Wednesday Afternoon Woman's Club. There is this difference: the women cull most of their facts from a variety of books and magazines; we find ours in the pages of experience, and although our opinions may be dressed up in rather formal prose, they are none the less the honest expressions of our own work-desk philosophy. So I rather welcomed the idea to gather together some reflections on Interesting the Reader, even though I knew I had a hard job ahead of me. It is something of a task to condense into a ten-minute speech a store of observations gathered from some years' critical reading of manuscripts submitted by young writers. But when the president of the Blue Pencil issues a command, all of us respond.

"I remember distinctly the first feature story I ever wrote," ran my confession. "It was swung around a visit I had made to a Workingman's Club, established by some philanthropic citizens down in the Bad Lands of our city. I spent two hours in the company of Comrade Joe Collins, who was in charge, and he escorted me over the establishment from cellar to attic. Then I went back to my newspaper office and produced sheaves of copy on the ideals and plans of the club. You may be sure I was very proud of

the yarn, and I must have looked it when I laid the 'master-piece' in the city editor's copy basket.

"Ten minutes later I was called to the desk by Captain Paul Mason, as capable an editor as ever shoved a pencil.

" 'What's this treatise all about?' he asked, with quizzical chilliness.

" 'It's a description of that Workingman's Club you sent me to get,' I replied, quickly on the defensive.

" 'But all I find here is furniture, billiard tables, brick walls. Where're these workingmen?' he asked.

" 'The men are all at work,' I shot back, with unconscious humor. 'They're only there at night.'

" 'Well, in Heaven's name why didn't you wait until the place is inhabited? Now you go back there to-night, watch those down-and-outers at the dinner table and around the checker-boards. Listen to their stories and nab some names and particulars. We can't print this sort of dead fish.'

" 'Dead fish!' (I've never forgotten his trade-mark.)

" 'Let me tell you one thing about a feature story,' Mason continued. 'Always snap your picture in its most characteristic moment and at a point when it has reached its summit of dramatic interest. If it hasn't some human contacts it isn't so very valuable as newspaper copy.'

" 'So I wrote the story, which began, as I recall, with a picture of Comrades Zeb Larimore and Pete Rambo silently playing chess in the front office of the Workingman's Club, surrounded by a knot of heavy-jowled onlookers.

" 'I mention this incident here because association with amateur writers leads me to believe that many of them fall down not because they are unsupplied with facts, but rather because they fail to build a smooth roadway over which ideas may quickly pass to the minds of their readers. And this roadway consists first of all of an opening sentence that immediately invites the attention of a roving reader.

"Sometimes the inexperienced writer begins with a block of fantastic description totally unrelated to the theme of his story; sometimes elaborated contrasts and conceits eclipse the meaning; often he soliloquizes on some useful moral to be deduced from the facts; in his careless moments he allows multiplicity of details to destroy a clear-cut announcement of purpose. As a result the reader and the story do not come into live contact.

"Do you remember the woman who sent a manuscript to Walter Hines Page when he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*? She had carefully gummed the pages together, out of their regular order, so that she might determine whether the manuscript had been scanned in its entirety. When it came back 'with regrets' she wrote Mr. Page an irate letter in which she declared that he had not finished her article before rejecting it. Mr. Page acknowledged he had not read all of it, but added that it was not necessary for him to eat *all* of a bad egg to know that it was bad.

"Recently I had a striking example of how a story, otherwise good, may start off in the wrong direction. It was written by a young woman in charge of a bureau of vocational training for disabled soldiers. The article began by citing a long statistical extract from a newspaper in which it was laboriously pointed out that the doors of employment are not shut to the cripple, information undoubtedly true, but scarcely applicable to a real situation. She then proceeded to describe crippled Leo, despondent and out of a job, and how he finally bought an artificial leg, won a fine position, and became 'just like any other fellah.' The only thing necessary to make it an absorbing article was to introduce at the outset the thump-thump-thump of Leo's cane as he hobbled across the office floor to recount his troubles to his sympathetic friend; the rest of the narrative, hinged

upon that vivid picture of Leo framed in the initial sentence, moved forward with increasing ease and interest."

At this juncture of the proceedings I picked up one of the "exhibits" I had brought along to illustrate some well-constructed beginning sentences.

Said I: "Here's a direct-hit sentence from the New York *Times* that illustrates how the theme of the entire story may be clearly epitomized in the first ten words or so:

"Character-reading by means of the pencils that people use is a hobby of Miss Gertrude Smith, employment manager for a large company that manufactures pencils. Miss Smith has learned, through long observation and through contact with several hundred employees, to read men and women by their taste in pencil selection. 'Your pencil, like your clothes or your house,' she says, 'is an expression of your personality.'

"There are just as many styles and fads in pencils, according to Miss Smith, as there are in women's hats and stockings. Every new idea has a pencil to match. For instance, the recent uncovering of King Tut's tomb and the revival of interest in Egyptology have produced the Rameses pencil. It is shaped like an obelisk and is beautifully colored in red, green, and blue on polished black. It bears the imprint of the Sphinx and is surmounted by a pyramid eraser."

"Contrast this news lead with another one from *Business*, which just as adroitly cracks open the hard husk of the cocoanut and instantly displays the meat of the story:

"The city of Miami, Florida, is governed by a commission consisting of five men. Those five men are the presidents of the city's biggest five banks. Miami likes the idea—and the effect.

"Miami's liking, in fact, is attended and proclaimed with an enthusiasm that verges upon downright bragging. Three years ago Miami elected her five banker-commissioners for a term of two years. Then, in the summer of 1923, when their term expired, Miami promptly re-elected them by a two-to-one majority. Miami, plainly, is satisfied. And the story of the conditions and events

that led Miami to draft her leading five bankers and force them into office against their will is the story of a little town that became a big town so suddenly that it outgrew its political organization, lost patience with political rule, discharged its politicians, and turned to its business men for leadership."

"It is the great plow of the straight news that makes a furrow for feature facts somewhat lacking in immediacy," I continued, as I took up a copy of the *Christian Science Monitor*. "For instance, in this narrative observe how a live local reference growing out of an actual event gives background for an extended description of how former prison inmates 'beat their way back:'

"Forty men, all of them former prison inmates, dined last night with half a dozen judges from the New York courts, several wealthy newspaper publishers, business men, and bankers, and other men of free society. No policemen were present, no hostile glares were exchanged, and seven of the erstwhile desperadoes rose to admit that 'getting without giving is all wrong' and that since leaving prison they have lived honest and industrious lives."

Watson had been eyeing me askance, and when I laid down the paper he quickly spoke up:

"I like a lead that faces in both directions—toward the past and toward the present—because I find it beautifully adapted for an anniversary story. First I state that to-morrow or next week marks the birthday of a great man or an institution, and that gives me sufficient excuse for the insertion of contrasting historical data which never in the world would be printed unless swept in by the current of a news happening that permits the writer to reminisce."

"There's no doubt but that the regular news lead is one of the best pilots to steer the facts," I rejoined. "All of us reporters schooled to answer Why? Where? When? What? Who? in the first sentence know how that instinct operates

to the reader's advantage when we set out to fashion a feature yarn. We strip our first sentence for action, and introduce our big idea as soon as we can." But to continue—

"I've found also that a strong, emphatic, somewhat epigrammatic statement generally arrests the eye and rivets attention to what the writer has to say. Of course, it must announce the real text of the story and not trick the reader. Take this fine overture from the Dearborn *Independent*:

"The most famous street in the world is Broadway. A thousand artists have sought by word or color to catch its surge and din, its pavements swarming with men like ants, its lust for money, even its bit of heaven hacked into grotesque outlines by impudent skyscrapers. And yet, where the tide runs swiftest, between Fulton and Vesey streets, is a haven where grass grows and ivy entwines crumbling stones, and once proud monuments, worn into hollows, serve as bird baths after every shower. Serene in its churchyard, Saint Paul's lifts its head, patiently pointing upward with spire blackened by age and smoke, as if strained by the sins of those who pass beneath its shadow."

"An isolated incident, intimately related to the main pathway of the story, instantly waylays the reader by reason of its pictorial vividness, as Gregory Mason has proved in this opening sentence attached to his article 'Chautauqua: Its Technique,' published in the *American Mercury*:

"'What will you have?' asked the tall, sallow waitress in the Fundamentalist 'eating place.'

"'Is your service *à la carte* or *table d'hôte*?' I asked, cheerfully.

"The waitress looked puzzled, then hurt.

"'We serve a regular dinner for forty cents,' she said, sharply, and patted the masses of hair which hid her ears.

"The thin young man across the table chuckled.

"'Gwendolyn don't get your French,' he observed, smiling at her with the restrained condescension of one who knows his own superiority but tries hard to hide it.

"'You shet up, Perfesser,' retorted Gwendolyn. 'You never got no nearer to French culchooer yourself than last night at the Chautauqua when you heard the band play the Mayonnaise.'"

"The Perfesser roared and winked at me. Gwendolyn moved off majestically to get the 'regular dinner.' She was immensely pleased with having put the Perfesser in his place.

"A moment later that gentleman confided to me that he was the local Superintendent of Schools. He ate here occasionally, he said, as a relief from the monotony of his boarding-house. Between large bites of canned pork and beans he discussed the insoluble problems of the day. War had just blazed out in Europe. Most of America was amazed, mildly indignant, that such a thing could happen in the twentieth century. The Perfesser reflected this frame of mind."

"The illustrative episode—perhaps an appropriate anecdote—is greatly favored by many writers of articles published in the *American Magazine*, as this excerpt from 'It Took Roberta Arnold Eight Weeks to Open a Door,' signed by Allan Harding, will indicate:

"One afternoon last September a tired, weak, dispirited girl was riding in a taxicab from the railway station to the hotel in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Only three days before this, in New York, she had cut her right hand so severely that a surgeon had been called in to sew up the wound. She was still carrying the disabled arm in a sling.

"The accident and the operation had sapped her strength. Yet night and day she had gone right on with her work, rehearsing a play which was to open for its 'try-out' in Wilkes-Barre.

"As the taxi sped up the street she sat back with closed eyes, wondering forlornly how she could possibly go through the ordeal of a first night. This inner prospect not being a very cheering one, she soon got tired of contemplating it, opened her eyes, and looked out of the window instead.

"Then, suddenly, she sat up with a gasp of excitement, her gaze riveted on a billboard at the side of the street. In starting letters it bore the announcement:

CHICKEN FEED

WITH

ROBERTA ARNOLD

"Instantly, all her pain and fatigue were forgotten. Eyes shining, she sank back with a thrill of satisfaction; for she herself was Roberta Arnold. This was the first time she ever had seen her name in those staring letters. They were the visible measure of the progress she had achieved. They meant that she had 'arrived'; that at last she was recognized as one of the stars of the stage."

"Perhaps I may herd together some other types of effective opening sentences just to save time, for I want the rest of you fellows to have your say.

"Here's an interrogation that introduces Walter Prichard Eaton's article 'What's Wrong With the Theater? Real Estate!' as published in *McClure's*:

"If you engaged in a commercial undertaking where half your gross earnings were absorbed in rent, you would regard it as a pretty shaky business, wouldn't you?

"If you kept a store in which from half to two-thirds of the new goods you stocked each season were tolerably sure not to sell, you would regard it as a pretty shaky business, wouldn't you?

"If you had to move your store into a different building every time you stocked up, and had to appeal to a new and wholly problematic set of buyers, you would regard it as a pretty shaky business, wouldn't you?

"The production of plays in New York, for most of the people engaged in it, is just that sort of business. It is probably the most inefficiently conducted, the most wasteful and extravagant and uncertain, business in the world—for most of the people engaged in it. For a few it appears to be a gold mine. Only most of the few aren't really in it. They are in the real-estate business. If anybody asks you, 'What's the matter with our theater?' look him calmly in the eye and answer, 'Real Estate.'

"Here's another one that brings in the chief actor and uncoils like a spring from the very beginning—novel-like—as published in *Business* under the title 'Old Shoes Sell New Ones':

"J. W. Mills used to stand in his Schenectady store and watch the old shoes go by. They worried him, because his business is to sell new shoes. Especially did they worry him during the latter part of the summers and the ends of the winters. In those weeks shoes get along toward the end of their service. But as long as they aren't quite worn down, business in new shoes for the moment is slack. Every store knows these pre-season slumps, particularly the single-line shops like shoe stores.

"'There must be a way to get people to buy right now,' Mills used to muse, along toward the lazy end of August. 'Doggone those old shoes, anyway! People are entitled to all the wear there is in them, of course, but they do hold up business.'

"Then, one day, he conceived an idea that would bring business to the Kelley-Mills Company's shoe store without depriving anybody of the fag-end value of his shoes."

"How's this for interpretative setting, as pictured in the *World's Work*, under the headline 'The Immigration Peril':

"Up in New Hampshire, where the foothills of the great mountains go to meet the Connecticut, there is a long ledge of green pastures. At one end, within a stone inclosure, some old evergreens shade a dozen tombstones, thickly lichenized but upstanding despite their age. In the center of this little company of the dead rises a simple shaft with this inscription:

"'CALEB KENDALL,

Born at Preston, Conn.

Dec. 2, 1732.

Settled in Fairfield,

N. H., in 1764,

Was the First Proprietor of
a Farm in the County.

A Soldier in the
Revolution
He fought at Fort
Ticonderoga, in 1776.

A successful Hunter and a
good neighbor,
He enclosed this Acre and
dedicated it to God.
Died October 2, 1821, aged
89 years.'

"This brief recital of a life's service grippingly brings face to face with the character and manhood which forged the American democracy. Such as he gave its breadth and vision, and shaped its special national genius."

"There's another style of lead sentence which I like to call the you-and-I variety because of its familiar, comradely contact with the life, hobbies, and pursuits of average men and women. Perhaps this example, culled from the Boston *Evening Transcript*, may be taken as a fair specimen:

"Could you always, as a small child, coax from your elders satisfactory explanations of how the rocks were made, what was the first animal on earth, how Jack Frost engraved the window-panes, and what the ants did in those mysterious little pyramids of dirt which you were so careful to walk around if you were a considerate child, or trampled down ruthlessly if you were a young barbarian? Perhaps you were among the fortunate whose curiosity was appeased, but it is not at all unlikely that you were, at times, and more or less politely, requested not to ask so many questions!

"To-day's child is particularly blessed if he lives anywhere near a children's museum, for there his craving for scientific knowledge may be both whetted and satisfied. Certain it is that small people of Boston have a most delightful world opened up for them at the Children's Museum in Olmstead Park, easily reached from the city and surrounding towns."

"And now, in conclusion, this whole discussion of various methods of getting the story successfully on its way means that every writer is called upon to use every legitimate literary device that successfully gets the camel's head into the tent. Suppose we put a story to the test of close analysis, just as a scientist assays a chemical compound in his laboratory. The article is entitled 'A Business Girl Looks for a Job in Los Angeles,' and it was written by Mary E. Walter and printed in the Dearborn *Independent*:

Notice the immediate and clear-cut announcement of the theme and its broad appeal. The rhetorical question establishes a friendly contact. The rest of the story "follows through" logically.

The writer at once gives a specific instance to catch the interest. Direct quotation enhances the appeal.

"Constant 'don'ts' are broadcast from Los Angeles to the movie-mad who would migrate thither, but how about the vast multitude in other lines of work—especially the business girl—who yearn toward the land of sunshine and gold-paved streets?

"An efficient woman stenographer with five years' experience in a railroad company of an Eastern metropolis wished to quit the snow and seek the fruits and flowers of Southern California. So she wrote an employment agency in Los Angeles for a position.

"The answer she got, on the testimony of employment agents and others in Los Angeles, from whom come the following facts and figures, sums up the employment situation there for business girls and about every one else, with shining exceptions. It says:

"There are altogether too many high-grade stenographers and secretaries in Los Angeles out of work to permit us to encourage your coming here in search of employment—this because of the overplus of girls who have flocked to this city and who continue to arrive on every train and steamer. Unless you have friends—unless

Here the writer fixes the tone of the story, and paints a picture crowded with incident.

you have a position already lined up—unless you possess extraordinary ability—do not expect readily to find employment in your line in California, especially in the vicinity of Los Angeles.’

“After interviewing numerous employment bureaus one visualizes Los Angeles as a golden magnet attracting from all America steady streams of people, on trains, in autos, on foot, planning to settle in the West and find work, or stay for a season—and find work. Due proportion of these are girls hoping for business positions.

“Many of these step off the train and go straight to an employment agency, confident of work waiting for them.

“Lately such an ‘Eastern’—as the ‘Westerners’ say—faced a sympathetic woman managing a free employment bureau in Los Angeles who counts her average of weekly applicants 400 to 500, with probably 30 girls to every employer’s call. The girl said, hungrily:

The quick interchange of conversation is more interesting and to the point than paragraphs of conventional explanation.

“‘I must have work or starve!’ In all particulars she failed pathetically of the requirements of employers described below.

“‘Have you a ticket home?’ asked the woman. The girl had.

“‘Use it. Go back to your home town job and stay. Why did you come here?’

“‘Climate! Sunshine!’

“‘But at meal time you need a real ham sandwich!’

“Because she listens to such tales of woe daily, because she hasn’t positions to go round, because she lets ’em weep on her shoulder, this manager, like others, goes home at night, ‘like a rag.’

“‘And yet they come!’ she sighs.

“They come, it seems, ‘having heard of fortunes made in Western oil and real

See how easy reading is achieved through liberal use of paragraphs.

estate'; for 'cheaper living' and 'better money' in salary and investments.

"Many girls seem to be told in the East that they can get positions easily"—foolish little things who fancy the advertisements about the possibilities of California apply to them. 'Others lack common sense,' suggests a woman to whom many apply daily. 'They think things here are different—jobs for all served on a silver platter; and—the tragedy of it—they fancy everyone here wants them to come. And when they arrive, out of their own environment, they are pitifully dazed.'

"Many girls are drawn by the suppressed yearning toward 'movies,' seeking temporary employment till they are placed as stars or near-stars; others seek secretaryships among the dozen or so stars that have secretaries; or dream of the neatly written scenarios tucked in their trunks—blighted buds that never blossom.

"Some come for the fruit—work mostly out of town, where 'fruit tramps' follow the seasons through orchards, canneries, and packing houses.

"The eternal climate draws thousands—like the girl from New Jersey who sold her furs and flannels and migrated West. She got no work, but November, on coast points, found her chilled to the bone—another example of the ignorance of the East for the West.

"Applicants outnumber positions, declare agents, in varying percentages from thirty to one in the free typewriter bureau; two to one in a specialized bureau. A woman's vocational alliance places one out of five applicants, a low percentage, the manager avows, but fills eighty per cent of orders, which is high. Miss May E. Gray, com-

Quotation, particular instances, definite references, add to the trustworthiness of the narrative.

mercial employment secretary of the Y. W. C. A., shows that 3,000 girls and women registered with her last year and she placed 500 for 700 positions open. That statement tells the whole story.

"The information desk of the Chamber of Commerce—which has no placement bureau—gets from five to twenty-five applications for work a day. A typewriter concern maintaining a free bureau placed 449 last autumn against some 1,000 applicants, and called it a dull season.

"Of all these seekers, the 'Eastern' and Canadian percentage is given variously from fifty to ninety-five per cent. Miss Gray made a special count for January and found forty-five per cent had been in town less than three months.

"'And twenty per cent of the Easterners come broke'! is the general verdict.

"The 1920 national census gives, as the number of women employed in Los Angeles in the various occupations, 68,402. Contrast these figures with the immigration westward over all routes. Three hundred sixty-seven thousand persons came to Los Angeles in 1922 by rail, 90,000 by auto; in 1923 came 796,250 by rail and 450,000 by auto. Others arrived by water over the sixty-seven lines that touch at the harbor. Of these the stable increase, based on building statistics, is 200,000 for the year, bringing the population to a million last Thanksgiving, with steady increase since.

"Those are figures for adventurous little girls and their parents to ponder.

"Another stumbling-block in the way of the migrant work-seeking girl—local employers prefer local references, due partly to the shifting nature of the incoming tide, sight-seers, excursionists, who arrive with

Just enough statistics are inserted here to give the reader confidence in the basic accuracy of the information.

round-trip tickets in their pockets, declaring themselves 'permanent.' Employers are wary of 'transients' who waste time and money. Again, some employers are Easterners and want office help familiar with local conditions and Spanish names.

"The immigrant girl, confident she is a good 'steno-maid,' facing unemployment and her last nickel, naturally becomes resentful toward employers and town, while the remissness is her own, as she will guess if she reads to the end of the chapter.

"There are many jobless girls in Los Angeles because from the oversupply employers can pick as they choose. Hence come repeated calls for legal stenographers, at twenty dollars 'because nobody has to pay thirty dollars.' So, likewise, business offices demand 'well-dressed girls with pleasing personality,' with 'marcels and smart attire.' One lawyer asked for a stenographer who 'went well with mahogany furniture.' Another rejected a brilliant applicant who 'had a little grease spot' on her otherwise immaculate costume. This definition of type is confirmed by many bureaus.

"The age limit, set by Los Angeles, as elsewhere, brings heartache to older women who go West.

"'Efficient older women come to me in tears, hungry, penniless,' said a woman agent—but they are cursed with the 'over thirty' look, which to many an employer means 'hopeless.'"

"According to all witnesses, girls and women in Los Angeles offices and department stores are of a better class than in many other cities—and better looking. The reason—oversupply. Employers can choose the best. Many accept lower positions than

they held elsewhere—teachers, secretaries, buyers, nurses, clerking in stores or serving as waitresses, biding advancement to their own lines. Others have come with their savings to settle and are satisfied with less. Thus is lowered the scale of wages for professional and higher educated and there is competition, too great for the comfort of the newcomer.

"Yet, 'the men who have made Los Angeles want people to come,' said an official of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, 'and I am amazed at the absorbing power of the city as to employment of the incoming horde.' This is due to the rapid growth.

"What newcomers are wanted and under what conditions is announced daily in form and personal letters broadcast by employment agencies, the Y. W. C. A. and city institutions, to inquirers throughout the United States and Canada and the rest of the world, who exhibit little understanding of Western conditions as to employment and salary.

"One placement manager who deals only with high grades attributes the oversupply to influx of the mediocre and incompetent, saying there is plenty of room at the top for exceptional people. He had a list of thirty-two positions in his office for two weeks, unfilled, all with salaries from \$2,400 to \$15,000. He sent East to fill some of these, he said.

"The efficient girl can get work anywhere,' say such as he, yet who admits herself inefficient? Employment bureaus proclaim her less likely to fall into unemployed mediocrity if she has taken the precaution to come West with (1) money on hand, (2) a return ticket in her purse, (3) patience to

Advice is here
snugly compressed into
capsules.

The style is smooth and informal, with no attempt to be impressive or "preachy." Notice the brisk movement.

A note of authority, to give added weight to the conclusions offered by the author.

wait, (4) a string on the home-town job she 'left behind.'

"Don't, above all things, go West without money! is the warning of all. Too many arrive with funds for a week, 'to be taken care of by the city and so make taxes higher.'

"One fond mamma wrote the 'Y.' She was sending her daughter from Canada, 'with just enough money to get there, and you will have to take care of her when she comes.' Another girl from somewhere wrote an agent to advance her fare West. A third said 'just telegraph and I'll come.' Hundreds of girls a month apply to the 'Y' for aid.

"Money for three or four months or for 'an indefinite' period is vital—no one pinched for cash can look confidently for work.

"Los Angeles invites the best. What has she to offer them?

"Housing for the influx girls into Los Angeles is entirely inadequate,' said Miss Charlotte Davis, general secretary of the Y. W. C. A., referring to institutional housing. Homes and hotels maintained by such institutions 'are not a drop in the bucket to fill the housing needs,' said she. 'We all feel tremendous responsibility in the matter and earnestly desire expansion, but we never can house all this remarkable migration westward.' As long ago as year before last 18,000 girls applied to the Clark Memorial Home, who could not be taken in. This is said to be the loveliest home of its kind in the world, the last word in comfort and beauty, but it houses only 200. For the past three years, an average of 5,000 girls a year applied at the 'Y' room registry alone, and it reports 11,896 housed

last year. The cheaper living quarters in rented rooms and apartments are far from the business center and street cars exhibit the rush-hour tragedy.

"Among other things, Los Angeles offers the newcomer industrial expansion which is increasing demand for office help. But most manufacturing is suburban, eighteen to twenty-five miles from the city.

"Hard-luck stories are plentiful of Eastern girls with too much hope and too little money, even trained professionals—girls, widows, and old maids, but the widows are more helpless than the old maids, it is said.

"‘I have been in town an hour and I’ll land a job before night,’ is the boast of Flossie Smith, grocery clerk from Corn Center, or of Mary Jones, whose fond folks believe her the wonder of the age. But verily, Los Angeles is a million-people metropolis, ‘different’ and ‘unique’ to the small-town girl.

"‘You have to have sympathy with ’em,’ said a man agent who showed a supply of face towels for those that came to work and remained to weep.

"Then there is the awful loneliness of the big city which is no longer the homey town outlanders are liable to think it. A million from all parts of the globe do not make for sociability. Los Angeles is un-Western in this respect, far from its free-and-easy early days.

"‘It is a pity,’ said a ‘Y’ secretary, ‘that girls come thinking it is the ideal friendly place, when friends are hard to make and unsafe to pick up. Many a girl confides to me she is tired of going to the movies alone on sixteen dollars a week—“Where and how can I meet nice people?”’

"Here, in a word, is the gist of this yarn:

Los Angeles welcomes workers, but a job is not hatched for the aspirant as soon as she steps off the train; the more efficient she is the sooner she may be placed, but she should write in advance.

The whole philosophy of the story is summed up in this final paragraph.

"Most of all, money, money, money for three months and a return ticket are the best antidotes for disappointment in this glorious playground of all the world."

George Martin, editor of *Farm and Fireside*, had been listening intently to my pedagogical analysis, and when I had finished he launched into a shop talk of his own, based on his years of service as conductor of a magazine that had won wide popularity. Chase Harding jotted down some of Martin's telling paragraphs, which shaped themselves in this wise:

"What people like to read is not dead facts, but living experience. The Encyclopedia Britannica is all facts; it is seldom read, though often referred to. It has to be revised every ten years. The Bible is all life. It is widely read and has endured, without great revision, through many centuries.

"Good editing, to me, is never a mere presentation of facts. It is the dramatization of human experience—the putting of the lives of people on paper. We editors have learned a few things about what our readers like—and if you don't mind I'll pass them on to you.

"Everyone likes to swallow even his rock-ribbed facts with a little sugar coating. There is nothing so serious but that it may be interestingly and entertainingly, and at the same time soundly and usefully, presented. No one likes to be scolded, preached at, or talked down to. It is always logical and useful to tell what you have done or what some one you know has done, but it is always dangerous and ineffective to tell the other fellow what he ought to do.

"The nearer you can come to putting the things you print into everyday language, the more cordial will its reception be with the vast majority of people. We try to make the headlines and articles in *Farm and Fireside* read as much like a person talking as we can. We call this a talking book. If it orates, that is bad. If it talks, we think most folks will be glad to listen.

"We consider headlines, captions, titles, and pictures almost as important as the article itself, because these things constitute the front door and show window which catch the eye and interest of the persons to whom you want to sell the ideas in your article. The human animal is lazy, and everything he buys, except food, clothing, and shelter, has to be taken out and sold to him, even though he needs it and knows he ought to have it. If you don't believe that just ask yourself how long you delayed going to the dentist the last time you realized you should go. Remind yourself of all the books you've got stacked up at home that you have been intending to read. We are all as lazy as we think we dare to be, and, in publishing, good titles, pictures, captions, and headlines help overcome the reader's innate human inertia.

"We try to put every article in story form, as human and entertaining as possible. If a man grows 125 bushels of corn to the acre we don't confine his story to the mere telling of how he grew the corn—we dig back into his life and see if he didn't have a pretty hard struggle in getting started, see if he didn't meet with a lot of reverses before he got the equipment and experience to produce such a crop. A little of the story of his life scattered through the corn story takes it out of the class of a mere recitation and makes it an inspiration to everyone who reads it no matter who or where or what he or she may be."

Editor Martin's straight-from-the-shoulder talk on cultivating the interest of the average reader opened up a rich

vein of comment and opinion. Some of the Blue Pencilers frankly confessed that they visualized their prospective readers as they set out to write; others declared that they used no device whatever to ensnare the buyer of literary wares. All any man can do is to ticket the contrasting conclusions as they march back and forth—confident that wise counsel will be found lurking within both camps. First, the men who deliberately aim their arrows at a definite target:

HARRY R. O'BRIEN: "A successful feature always has a definite audience in mind. I always try to catch interest by human-interest angles, direct quotations, putting striking facts in a way that they stand out and catch the reader's attention, but employ unusual phrasing and attempt clever statements only when the subject matter can be so handled.

EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY: "I have given much thought to the psychology of the reader. I have experimented with different methods of treatment, and have found that some methods produce more letters from readers and more comment from other publications. Wherever possible I have avoided the purely abstract form or essay. I have made my articles replete with episodes and anecdotes. It has been my policy to translate heavy and uninteresting facts into little stories—even if I had to create hypothetical people on which to hand them. I believe in putting as many people as possible on my stage—making them pass in and out of the scene. I know that my readers like real people on the film, and on the printed page as well."

HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT: "I study beginnings all the time, run over all kinds of articles to find out how other people challenge and hold the attention. I do not seem to have much trouble holding the article up to a certain level; no editor complains of anything but the way I start out."

WILL PAYNE: "I have never written technical articles—

only for the general public—so I keep the general public in mind and try to write in clear, simple language, as though I were sitting beside a man who looked fairly intelligent in a Pullman smoking room, and telling him about it.”

FULLERTON WALDO: “The devices that count most are to be human and to be sincere.”

FRANK WARD O'MALLEY: “While writing an article for a particular magazine I try to keep in mind the general mental attainments of the class of readers to which that particular magazine makes its chief appeal. The writer may be subtle, for instance, in one magazine, but he must not attempt subtlety in another.

“As to devices for arousing and keeping interest, I can answer only in the general way that I first select a topic which I think is of general interest to the reading public. Then, like all other reporters, I try to arouse immediate interest by jumping into my subject right at the kick-off. Also I believe—and virtually all editors agree with me—that the first part of the article, the first few hundred words, especially, should be presented in fairly short paragraphs, composed of short, direct sentences. When possible I also try to put something inside quotation marks very early in the article. All this has to do, of course, with the mere mechanics of type—a physical effect of lightness to the eye. Then, after I have tried to get early attention, there is nothing left to do except to pray and sweat, especially sweat, while striving for interesting ideas expressed in an interesting way.”

BURGES JOHNSON: “Anyone who writes much must instinctively visualize his readers, but it ceases to be a conscious act. The same is true of arousing and holding interest. The effort, whether successful or not, is instinctive.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON: “After reading up on the subject and digesting the material thoroughly, consider carefully what is

the most striking feature, what is most likely to interest the general reader. Look out of the window and pick out a particular man in the street and think what you would first say to him in order to catch his attention and impress him with the importance of the subject. Having selected your central theme, put that in the title and first sentence and write the rest of the story around that.

"Speaking of the article in which I am particularly interested—the science article—here are a few general instructions that I would suggest:

"Don't overestimate the reader's knowledge and don't underestimate the reader's intelligence. He may not know as much as you about this particular thing—let's hope not, anyway—but otherwise he may be as bright as you are—let's hope so, anyway.

"Don't leave out the human interest. Your reader is a human being even if you are only a scientist.

"Don't fail to put your best foot forward. Otherwise you won't have a chance to use the other foot. Note the construction of the news story in any first-class paper. It is built up on the same logical system as the symphony or opera."

FREDERICK L. COLLINS: "I spend all my waking minutes with my readers. They are their own best devices."

MARY B. MULLETT: "I do visualize my readers. Perhaps it is not so much visualizing them as putting myself in their place and trying to hear myself *saying* what I write. I believe in stuff that *talks* as if a person were actually speaking."

JOHN PALMER GAVIT: "I always write with a vision of an intelligent, eager minded high-school boy or girl of about eighteen years—no matter what I am writing about."

WILLIAM L. CHENERY: "I attempt to keep in mind generally the character of the audience assembled by the particu-

lar paper or magazine in which I expect to obtain publication. I think, however, that the method does not vary widely, whatever publication. The variation lies in the selection of the material rather than in the literary treatment."

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT: "I always keep my reader in mind. I show this in my writing by using the second person, and bearing the subject in upon the reader as a matter of urgency to him. But the use of the second person pronoun can be overdone, and it then grows tiresome. Above all respect the reader."

FORREST CRISSEY: "All of my articles for the *Saturday Evening Post* are written from the viewpoint of the consumer. The more anecdotal I can make them the more popular they seem to be."

SIDNEY F. WICKS: "I believe it is essential to visualize your reader. I imagine I'm writing to a dear friend. There is no device—there is only style. These accounts should be vivid, concrete, personal—with an undercurrent of love of life."

CHARMÉ SEEDS: "I always visualize my readers while I write. Else how could I talk to them? And I remember always that, no matter how little I may know on the subject at hand, my average reader knows a great deal less. I've done some interviewing and research in libraries or newspaper morgues. How should my readers know offhand what I have been some time in collecting?

"To arouse interest I use questions, like the Moxie ad which points a deterring finger at you. I use questions asking my readers if they have ever done thus or so or what they might do if such and such befell them. I try to make my ideas concrete. In order to bring my ideas directly to my readers I use figures and illustrations that they understand—cases and words from their daily lives. And every idea

that I consider of any importance whatever I repeat three times in three different ways.

"I am given to short sentences. For the most part my readers lead staccato lives. I have no right to bore them with poetry of prose, even though myself I love the fine cadence of music."

HAROLD T. PULSIFER: "A writer who can catch the attention of his reader in the first paragraph of his article shows that he knows his business. Very often in publishing articles in the *Outlook*, we ask permission to leave the first page of a manuscript off entirely. The less skilled a writer the more he is likely to spend too much time and space in 'winding up' before he pitches the ball."

PERCY S. BULLEN: "Writing for British readers I place myself in the position of the average reader in London and not New York."

GREGORY MASON: "Much lecturing helps me visualize my audience. To imagine one is writing a letter to a friend is useful sometimes. Dr. Lyman Abbott, former editor of the *Outlook*, taught me that."

FRANK FARRINGTON: "By the exercise of imagination I place myself in the position of the characters involved in the story. My only thought of my readers is to make the matter of interest to the class of readers for whom I am writing."

FRED C. KELLY: "I think of myself as a spieler, such as one sees on street corners, and my readers as folks who have paused to hear what I've got. I know they'll walk away if I don't keep on telling them something. If they hear something they didn't know before, but *want* to know, they'll stick."

W. P. BEAZELL: "The best rule I know for arousing and keeping the interest of the reader is to write the story exactly as if it were being told by word of mouth. If it does not interest the writer to begin with, it is not likely to interest

the reader. If it is not written in as direct and simple and as engaging form as it would be put if it were being told, it is not likely to be successful."

MARY GRAHAM BONNER: "As far as possible try to escort the reader through the paths you are traveling. For example, if you are writing an article on an Indian baseball game in the Canadian Rockies for a Chicago newspaper, bring into the story some Chicago baseball references in common use. This enlists sympathetic attention because of its familiar notes and holds the interest of the reader. A few years ago I happened to be visiting in Zion City. This was an old story to the Chicago friends who were showing me about; they saw nothing new in the Voliva eccentricities. But it was brand new to an Easterner. At that time New York was agitated by certain 'blue law' legislative proposals. The result was a feature story, 'Where Blue Laws Are the Bluest,' and the New York *World* syndicated it all over the country because it was possible to draw, in the story, pointed references of contrast between the proposed New York blue laws and those already existing in Zion City. I believe it was even published in Chicago, mainly because a New York angle distinctly helps any story, in my judgment, in any part of the country."

PAUL R. LEACH: "I usually have some individual in mind when writing a feature story—generally some one who typifies to me the person who should be interested in that particular story . . . and the story is written with the idea in mind of interesting that individual. The result should be a story interesting to many."

And now we have some contrasting viewpoints expressed by writers equally successful in their own fields:

WALTER PRICHARD EATON: "I think very few writers visualize their audience. When writing either fact or fiction, the mind should be centered entirely on the object written

about, with the utmost possible concentration. Decide, before you begin, what general style you will adopt, that is, what grade of readers you hope to reach (as *Atlantic Monthly* subscribers, or New York *Evening Journal* readers), fall into that style of presentation and selection of material, and then forget everything except the job of being clear.

"Never think of literary devices. A device which is consciously adopted is applied ornament, not structural, and it will be found out. Arouse interest by having something to say and saying it clearly and briskly, as you would like to talk, or be talked to. Interest can best be sustained by the logical development of your article."

ALBERT W. ATWOOD: "Maybe I try to visualize my readers, but I think I am pretty much a failure at it, and most other writers are also, except the great ones, who seem to be mostly dead."

WILL IRWIN: "I think of my readers only, I think, to the extent of seeing that I make myself clear. As for devices, I use, so far as my capacity goes, all the devices that make for good writing."

JAMES B. CONNOLLY: "What influence have my readers had on my work? Very little. I sometimes get a letter that tickles me. I am glad to know that somebody in California or Australia got a kick out of something I wrote, but there is not much more than that to me. I write the stories I feel like writing.

"I have written stories that I should never have written, or at least I should have let them lay until I was in better form to do them. But the butcher and the baker and their colleagues had to be appeased and I had to write, and write quickly, too often. Some of my stories were started and put in the mail in three mornings. I wish I had them to do over again; but even so I prefer the story written with some

vigor, in a hurry, to the overlabored thing wherein you can see the author laboring like a wheel-horse uphill.

"There is too much word chasing among our writers today. Instead of the force of the thought driving out the inevitable word, they write as if they spent their time digging out precious words, trusting to the connotation of the word to produce thought in the minds of the readers. Did you ever notice how little flow there is in the narration of many of our fiction writers? There is no sweeping on, and you have to sweep on in great narration."

RENÉ BACHE: "Never mind the people. One writes for the editor. But the stuff must have popular appeal by reason of novelty or strikingness."

SAMUEL CROWTHER: "I think it is dangerous to attempt too much visualization of the audience, for the very reason that one cannot possibly know what the audience is. Of course, any advertising department will give you a picture of the circulation in terms of the positions and the purchasing power of the readers. These lists are mostly bunk and give no idea of the interests or intellectual capacity of the audience.

"I think the great danger is in under-estimating intelligence and attempting to write down. I have heard a great many writers speak about the dangers of writing over the heads of the readers, but with most of these men, when I came to look at their writings, I could not conceive how possibly they could write over the heads of anything. They were mostly puzzle-minded men who became so involved in words that they mistook them for thoughts.

"Clear, simple, straightforward statement will do for any audience. Neither writing down to people nor writing up to people has anything to do with real writing. As far as I know, there is only one way to write—that is, first have something to say, then say it, and then look back to see if you

really have said it. I think it is rather unfortunate for a writer to conceive of writing in terms of literary devices, for that man accumulates a little box of tricks and quite soon he has nothing but his box of tricks.

"The form of an article is largely determined by its subject matter. A great number of short sentences in a row is apt to be tiring to the eye. So also is a great succession of long sentences. Breaking into quotations here and there relieves the page a bit, but there has to be some reason for the quotation and it should rarely extend beyond a couple of paragraphs."

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING: "I do not visualize my readers as I write; neither do I consciously write down to the 'moron level' of intelligence which certain of our high-brow friends would have us believe is the norm in this land. For the limited number of readers of a 'quality group' magazine or for a million or more of circulation, I simply make the picture as vivid as I can within the bounds of truth, and write the article in the only style I know, which is the one I was taught as a cub reporter on the *Kansas City Star*. Usually I get as much absorbed in a feature story, after I've plugged away at it for a while, as I could get in writing about the hero of a novel; after that, I use dialogue and local color, characterizations and appeals to the senses as freely as I would in fiction—if that is what you mean by 'literary devices.' But one thing I try hard never to forget, and that is that what I'm being paid for is, first of all, to do a piece of honest reporting. I don't work for publications that demand anything else of me."

EDWARD PRICE BELL: "Try to understand what readers need to know, and *avoid* all literary tricks."

JAMES H. COLLINS: "I do not visualize my readers. Writing about technical matters, with thousands of readers better informed on details than myself, that would be terrify-

ing! But I do use devices to arouse and hold interest. The use of stories is one, the selection of good titles another—it is a mistake to think that technical writing must be done 'down' to the reader—make it interesting to read, and it can be kept on the highest technical level short of technical phraseology."

WALTER B. PITKIN: "I think in terms of the general type of reader which the magazine I am aiming at appeals to. The technique here varies so widely according to the reader class that it cannot be summed up."

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS: "My only literary device is to present my material in its most interesting and readily comprehensible phases, and in the most vivid manner of which I am capable."

STANLEY FROST: "I think of my reader only in a limited way. Each article is written for a particular magazine, and I keep in mind a generalized idea of its class of readers. The less they are given to close thinking, the more illustrations and incidents are used, and the more the material is diluted."

KENNETH L. ROBERTS: "I try to please myself as much as possible, and make an effort to avoid making my material so dull that I wouldn't bother to read it if somebody else had written it."

BELLA COHEN: "No, I'm afraid I don't visualize my readers."

ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE: "I don't visualize my readers; the editor does that when he rejects or accepts the article. The literary devices depend solely on the type of article. One device is standard for all—simplicity."

A. B. McDONALD: "I have no literary devices. I know my facts thoroughly before I begin to write, and then I try to tell the story in the best way I can."

WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT: "Visualization helps me but little. I try merely to make everything so plain that only an

imbecile would miss the point. To keep alive interest one must resort to all the devices of the good novelist and essayist—namely, similes, humor, poetic touches, etc. The average reader constantly asks: 'What of it? What does this mean to me?' It is hard to answer such questions when dealing with the Einstein theory, for example; and yet they can and must be answered."

ELMER H. DAVIS: "If the subject matter is not interesting and the writer can't write well enough to interest the reader, literary devices won't help."

"I think some of the men got the wrong impression about literary devices used to interest the reader," commented Chase Harding, as we sped down the elevator after the meeting of the Blue Pencil had adjourned. "I believe that a writer may get a popular appeal without descending to the sleight-of-hand practices of the literary charlatan by talking in terms of his reader's experience, whoever that reader may be. It means he must deal with the human emotions and instincts, and if he is successful in getting his article read and believed he has obeyed most of the laws of reader-interest whether he has consciously had them in mind or not. Furthermore, I think all of us need some training in the psychology of reaching an audience in the best and easiest way, and I'm glad you brought up the whole discussion. Wasn't it lively? I'll send you a transcript of my notes for the book. So long!"

That was not the end of the matter. For several days I found myself examining most critically types of opening sentences. Perhaps I had been too dogmatic in my pronouncements on interesting the reader; perhaps I had not allowed large enough leeway for individuality. So I determined to test it out by submitting the same brief schedule of a possible feature story to four members of the club,

with the request that each try his hand at molding a key sentence that would start the story on its way.

This was my outline, based on a press clipping:

Professor Fielding Ogburn, of the department of sociology, Columbia University, says:

"I am not saying that the world we live in hasn't changed in a cultural or social sense, or that a man doesn't develop culturally or socially during a lifetime, but that it is doubtful whether natural or biological man is fundamentally different from the Cro-Magnon man or cave man.

"The evidence of biological evolution as seen in the anatomical measurements, since the last ice age, is certainly very slight if existing at all.

"Social evolution is, of course, dependent on human endeavor. That is, the invention of the steam engine may bring with it (and has brought with it) changes with which human endeavor has nothing directly to do.

"For example, the instability of the modern family and the recent changes in the family as a functioning organization may be explained wholly on a cultural basis. These changes are due largely to the discovery of the uses of steam and its application to mechanical industry, the rise of cities, the introduction of women into industry. Changes in the family may thus be explained without reference to causes due to changes in the biological nature of man. Man may remain biologically the same, yet important changes in a social organization occur.

"Certainly human nature is at the bottom of many of our social and individual ills in the sense that if human nature were only different these problems would not exist. If we were less selfish, less pugnacious, less passionate, more reasonable, more kindly, and tolerant, our social problems would not be so numerous nor so difficult and it is quite possible that certain standards of civilization are set rather high for our primitive nature to conform to.

"How else is one to account for the fact that the insane in our hospitals between 1880 and 1920 increased 468 per cent while our population increased 111 per cent during the same period?"

The feature "leads" for the story which later reached my desk are listed herewith for study and in order of their receipt. (I think they constitute rather a valuable object lesson.)

FRED C. KELLY: "When falling off a stepladder we still gyrate our arms, trying to grab a limb for support, in much the same manner that our savage ancestors behaved when falling out of trees. The truth is that basic human nature has shown little change since the cave man. We may introduce white spats, radio, and bobbed hair, or by other means so change our environment that human nature *seems* different.

"But there is scientific authority for declaring that fundamentally we are just as selfish, pugnacious, unreasonable,

and ornery as ever. Professor Fielding Ogburn, of the department of sociology, Columbia University, says: 'Evidence of biological evolution as seen in anatomical measurements since the last ice age is certainly very slight, if existing at all.'"

WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT: "For all his subways, steamships, skyscrapers, and power houses, man remains the same old incorrigible Adam, according to Professor Fielding Ogburn, of the department of sociology of Columbia University.

"Man may have ascended from some primitive form of hairy ape, but he has not yet triumphantly evolved away from his savage self. When the scientists scrape away the varnish of civilization they find the same old ax-wielding skull-splitter, the same old ruffian, who, forty thousand years ago, dragged off by the hair the woman that he wanted as his lawful, wedded wife to sweep out a cave in what is now southern France.

"Civilization has changed his manners and his mode of living for the better, but has not improved his physique or curbed his passions. In fact, he is still so much of a cave man, still so badly adjusted to his crowded cities and the dizzy speed at which his inventions compel him to live that he is more apt to become insane than he was when berries and half-roasted meat constituted his chief nourishment and the fur of a wolf served him as both a business suit and a dinner coat.

"'I am not saying that the world we live in hasn't changed in a cultural or social sense, or that a man doesn't develop culturally or socially during a lifetime, but that it is doubtful whether natural or biological man is fundamentally different from the Cro-Magnon or cave man,' is Professor Ogburn's more scientifically expressed verdict."

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING: "From cave-men fore-

fathers we inherit bodies which have changed but slightly if at all since the last ice age, and traits of primitive 'human nature' which are to blame for a number of our modern social problems and individual ills. This is a view expressed by Professor Fielding Ogburn, of the department of sociology, Columbia University.

"I am not saying that the world we live in hasn't changed in a cultural or social sense. . . ."

MARY GRAHAM BONNER: "Was the cave man of prehistoric times fundamentally different from members of society to-day?"

"Very little, asserts Professor Fielding Ogburn, the noted sociologist of Columbia University. But while man has changed little biologically during the centuries, says the professor, he has changed too fast socially. The big increase in insanity during the past forty years Doctor Ogburn attributes to the fact that 'certain standards of civilization are set rather too high for our primitive nature to conform to.'

"The professor, who incidentally explains the 'instability of the modern family,' says: . . ."

VI

MANUSCRIPT REVISION

THE thing that always attracts the casual visitor once he has crossed the threshold of the Blue Pencil Club is our display of authors' manuscripts, framed and ticketed and ranged along the wall at the level of the eyes.

I suspect the favorite of the collection is a page of one of O. Henry's stories, disclosing as it does the movement of his corrective pencil across the first draft of the manuscript, and dispelling once and for all the smug criticism that he took little pains in revising his copy. In fact, almost every one of the pages exhibited shows that the author had taken scrupulous care to capture that elusive shade of meaning and that fine edge of precision so characteristic of an artist's best work. Every scrawling pen stroke crowded between the typewritten lines has rare significance when contrasted with the words and sentences it displaces. The corrections show how the author has strengthened and synthesized his first fugitive impressions, and brought into strong relief the picture but dimly visible in the early stages of composition.

I remember discussing the matter once with Fred C. Kelly, who writes with the ease of the practiced reporter, in fact often gives the impression that he has not found it necessary to mend a phrase once it has typed itself on paper. I found that he did submit his stuff to exacting and ruthless editing; in fact, he proved it conclusively by showing me the original copy of an article and the revised version as forwarded to his publisher. With his permission I offer two

of the original pages of manuscript, showing corrections, omissions, and additions made by the author in his work of revision.

But I fear all this is a bit detached from our manuscript display at the Blue Pencil Club; and yet not so foreign as to prove unrelated to the activities that make up the life of a writing man.

Accepting Chase Harding's suggestion that we discuss the revision of manuscripts before postage stamps hurry them away to editorial judgment, I steered the talk into that channel one noon, and then settled back and allowed the confessions to swirl around my chair. Chase said afterward that he never knew before what "to sweat blood" really meant, but that now he associates it with the business of getting a writer's brain children all dressed up in their best clothes to please the fancy of a critical reader.

Of the little monologues on the doctoring of manuscript offered by the members I like the point of view of Frank Ward O'Malley best of all, because it gave such an insight into his daily program of practice. Said he:

"I revise words, I revise sentences, paragraphs, the whole doggone works! I believe so much in revision that I now make the final 'clean copy' myself, painfully picking it out instead of having the final manuscript typed, as I once did, by a professional typist. I first make a rough copy, paying almost no attention to the number of pages I fill. Each morning I first read over what I wrote the day before, interlining penciled changes here, crossing out words or sentences there, and frequently elaborating into a paragraph what originally was only hinted at in a word or sentence.

"Almost always that first completed copy has from one thousand to three thousand words more in it than it should have. I then make a second copy, now attempting the paradoxical job of elaborating to a safe limit the various ideas

The Question of Incentive

By Fred C. Kelly

#

~~One morning I wasted much valuable~~

precious hours

¶ For years I had wasted ^{valuable} time by ^{lying in bed}~~in bed in the morning mornings even when wide awake.~~mornings, long ~~after~~ even when wide awake, solely because of my reluctance to

go in and face the ordeal of a cold bath. One morning at

~~nine o'clock,~~

¶ I bluntly asked myself:

¶ "Just why do you take these cold baths ^{when you hate them so?}"¶ ~~It is~~

true

¶ Right offhand I couldn't think of the / answer. My

first impulse was to say: Because it's good for my health. But

~~honesty compelled me to reject that because I well knew that cold~~~~baths didn't seem to have much~~

I reflected that my health had been just as good when I didn't take them.

Cold / bath didn't seem to effect my health one way or the other.

~~Was it then because of a hangover from some childish~~~~Was it then a hangover of an old Putitanical notion that, ^{one} ought to~~~~do a few things that are disagreeable because anything pleasant~~

while

~~—whether vile-tasting medicine or cold baths—is~~is wicked / ~~and~~ anything unpleasant, just naturally / bound to be morally and

physically beneficial?

¶ That may have partly explained it, but not entirely.

~~Now, when seated in a boat fishing,~~

¶ With fishing, the situation is altogether different.

~~I not only~~I not only am able to maintain my usual ^{migh} lofty moral plane,

thrifty

but can satisfy the demands of my / Scotch ancestors who seem to have

THE FIRST DRAFT

Fred C. Kelly
8 Lenox Street,
Chevy Chase, Md.

About 1500
Words

THE QUESTION OF INCENTIVE

By
Fred C. Kelly

For years I had wasted precious hours lying in bed mornings, even when wide awake, solely because of my reluctance to go in and face the ordeal of a cold bath. One morning at nine o'clock I bluntly asked myself:

"Just why do you take those cold baths when you hate them so?"

Right offhand I couldn't think of the true answer. My first impulse was to say: Because it's good for my health. But I reflected that my health had been just as good when I didn't take them. Cold baths didn't seem to affect my health one way or the other. Was it then a hangover of an old Puritanical notion that anything pleasant is wicked while anything unpleasant--whether vile-tasting medicine or cold baths--is just naturally bound to be morally and physically beneficial?

That may have partly explained it, but not entirely.

With fishing, the situation is altogether different. I not only am able to maintain my usual lofty moral plane, but can satisfy the demands of my thrifty Scotch ancestors who seem to have said to me: "Fred, old boy, be useful even at your play." I have no difficulty fooling myself into the firm conviction, when seated in a boat casting a fly wherever I see a likely ripple, that I am turning my recreation to profit. One has to have food doesn't he? If I can catch a fish and eat it, thus playing a joke on the

said to me: "Fred, old boy, be useful even at your play." I have no difficulty fooling myself into the firm conviction, ~~when neglecting my regular occupation~~ seated in a boat, casting a fly hit wherever I see a likely ripple, that I am ~~being~~ turning my recreation to profit. One has to have food doesn't he? If I can catch a fish and eat it, thus ~~having~~ ^{playing}

joke on the man at the meat market, my day ~~hasn't~~ been in vain. My conscience freely admits that I haven't been wasting my time, the way I ~~have satisfied a basic want and my con~~ And this is exactly what mere golfers do. And I frequently do succeed in catching a fish. ~~I often succeed in doing.~~ Of course I ~~can't catch a fish every day.~~ can't count on this every day. It isn't my fault if they're too silly to ~~But by sticking at it, I usually succeed sooner or later.~~ snap up the pretty flies I offer them. But by sticking at it, I

^{simple little} employing my / \$80 rod and \$15 reel to best advantage, ^{eventually, before the} ~~season is over, I am almost sure to land a toothsome little trout.~~ ~~bring in a trout trout that will come me ten or fifteen cents in feedstuffs.~~

(at any good fish market)
Indeed, if I were to order it in a New York hotel easily worth ten or fifteen cents, ^{Indeed, compared with the prices}

in New York hotels, the saving is even more. I frequently go to a place on Madison avenue and order brook trout at \$1.60 each, just to ~~permanently~~ assist myself in reaffirming the conviction that my fishing is by no means wasted. / Of course if I wished to ignore the

^{to my system}
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ great value / of the ozone I quietly inhale while trying to sneak up on my annual fish, and were to compare the actual intrinsic value of the fish to the worth to society of

THE FIRST DRAFT

(if any!) in the first copy and at the same time making the second copy only about two-thirds, say, as long as the original jumble. Finally, I start in again and make the 'clean copy' that is to go to the editor, again elaborating or cutting, but now to a less degree. I make the final copy myself because I have found that not infrequently the idea or turn of thought or quip that seemed to interest editors or readers

man at the meat market, my day hasn't been in vain. My conscience freely admits that I haven't been wasting my time, the way mere golfers do. And I frequently do succeed in catching a fish. Of course I can't count on this every day. It isn't my fault if they're too silly to snap up the pretty flies I offer them. But by sticking at it, employing my simple little \$80 rod and \$15 reel to best advantage, eventually, before the season is over, I am almost sure to land a toothsome little trout easily worth ten or fifteen cents at any good fish market. Indeed, compared with the prices in New York hotels, the saving is even more. I frequently go to a place on Madison avenue and order brook trout at \$1.60 each, just to assist myself in reaffirming the conviction that my fishing is by no means time wasted.

THE FINAL COPY

was a last-minute idea that had not occurred to me until I was pegging along on the final 'clean' version."

O'Malley's meticulous methods interested me greatly because I have frequently been called upon to edit the copy of "inspired" reporters who regard speed as the chief requisite of successful writing, a view shared by other dashing "geniuses" who submit manuscript frightfully besmeared by misspelled words, clogged typewriter keys, and numerous between-the-lines afterthoughts, in all, a most uninviting mess that advertises a bumptious unwillingness to take time and pains.

But let us listen to some of the other returns, each adding to the unanimity of opinion that intelligent revision is a necessary adjunct to the writer's craft:

EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY: "I dictate the first 'rough' from longhand or typewritten notes from the material. These notes first are carefully classified. I rework the first crude version, revising some of it with a pencil and redictating other parts. I then have a fresh copy made, and repeat the process several times if necessary."

HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT: "I revise more and more as I go on. When I began, it seemed to me the first draft was perfect—it could not be improved. Now it seems raw, and yet it is in substance the finished product. I usually write once and rewrite once, now and then edit as many times as I can. When I am so thoroughly bored with repetition that I become facetious, I have done all I can at that time."

JOHN PALMER GAVIT: "Generally I rewrite the whole business two or three times—if I have opportunity."

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING: "I revise anywhere from three to ten times. My specialty is the article of short length; for this sort of work I'm paid more than the average rates for long articles. My output in words is considerably less than that of most other professional writers. Fair-minded editors take this into account and pay accordingly."

SAMUEL CROWTHER: "I dictate all of my stuff for the most part directly to the typewriter. I do not know how to use any of these talking machines and do not want to know how. Then I revise the manuscript to whatever extent seems necessary, and slightly revise the finished manuscript—although most of this revision is carried through by my wife, who talks over the changes with me. Then, since the manuscript is nearly always late, it is sent out. I do not ordinarily read my proofs, although they are usually read for me. Also, I rarely read my articles when published and never read my books.

"I find that too much revision takes the life out of a story.

Some twenty years ago I made rather an interesting walking tour through the Balkans and I planned three articles which were going to be absolutely perfect. I wrote them and I rewrote them, and to-day they are not yet finished, and never will be. I think that a good deal of revision is made necessary through either not knowing what to say in the first place or having adopted the wrong form. For instance, these celebrated stories were being done on the model of Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*—than which no worse model could have been selected. The *Travels with a Donkey* depend for their charm on the exquisite telling of little things. I was trying to jam the life of a strange, unfamiliar people into that mold, and of course I could not do it."

JAMES H. COLLINS: "In the past, using a typewriter, I usually revised as I went along, winding up with the finished. Now I use a dictaphone and dictate rough notes without much thought to final arrangement, the purpose being to get ideas on the paper where they can be seen, revised, and arranged. Usually the revision makes the article, though sometimes it is revised again. Articles are written in the brain rather than on paper."

FULLERTON WALDO: "I revise as much as the hustling preoccupations of my calling will allow. The 'first fine careless rapture' of inspiration is not likely to be harmed by cold-blooded retrospects."

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS: "I practically always rewrite an article; but this process may amount only to a recasting of the order of the presentment, or it may involve the complete rewording of passages. I cannot recall ever having let an article go out for publication which I had not at least attempted to improve and strengthen by revision."

BURGES JOHNSON: "I revise constantly; each rereading of manuscript means some changing. The only way for me to stop revising manuscript is to send it away. There is

always a better word than some word I have used. There is always some awkwardness of phrasing that exposes itself for the first time in each rereading."

ELMO S. WATSON: "I make a first draft in long hand, then I rewrite on the typewriter, then edit carefully and make a final draft."

WILL IRWIN: "The structure I revise very little. In detail, I go over the work several times, 'touching up' and tightening the sentences and paragraphs."

STANLEY FROST: "After the material is gathered, I spend most of my time on preparation of outline and lead. This may take days and is done in great detail, but in my head. The story is written at a sitting and revised at least twice for style. Unless I have slipped, there is no need of rearrangement."

EDWARD PRICE BELL: "I revise very thoroughly—after as much thought as possible."

ARTHUR H. LITTLE: "Generally I write the first draft of the story rather carefully, but not so 'fussily' as to stop or divert the current of thought. Then I copyread as mercilessly—and as happily—as if the thing had been written by some one against whom I nourished a personal grudge. If I type the final draft myself, I find—even after the drastic copyreading—additional little matters to be changed and improved. If a stenographer types the final draft I go over it as if I'd never seen the manuscript before—and she gets another typing task."

ALBERT W. ATWOOD: "I revise twice always—*i.e.*, reread. I never actually rewrite all of a piece, only portions."

RENÉ BACHE: "Practically I revise not at all. Practice should enable a writer to do his best offhand, if he skeletonizes his notes as a preliminary."

PAUL R. LEACH: "On staff work for a newspaper there is scarcely any time to revise. The story is written once,

usually hurriedly, and corrected in pencil. For magazines it may be revised more; it may be revised a dozen times before being submitted, depending upon the mood in which written, new ideas discovered after original was written, and many other conditions."

HARRY R. O'BRIEN: "I write with inspiration and revise with perspiration. It takes constant revision and rewriting. I have rewritten as much as five times and often go over a story eight or ten times before the final copy goes in the mail. Often a careful outline is needed."

BELLA COHEN: "I hardly ever revise the body of the story. Occasionally, I change a lead."

FRED C. KELLY: "I rarely rewrite the entire article, but always rearrange it with a new lead and go over it sentence by sentence to simplify and cut out every needless word. I try not to say 'the sum of ten dollars' when I mean ten dollars."

WALTER PRICHARD EATON: "My own experience is that revision becomes more and more desirable the more complicated the subject treated is, in the interest of clarity. Revision for English style is a personal matter. Some writers say what they want as they want to the first time; some do not. If you are not confident that your sentences go smoothly, always read over what you have written aloud, and revise."

WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT: "I revise as often as I am given an opportunity, four or five times in typewritten form, and sometimes as many in printed form. And when an article is published I often wish I had written it differently."

BRUCE BLIVEN: "I keep on rewriting until I am (reasonably) well satisfied. This means, always, one careful revision and condensation."

PERCY S. BULLEN: "I revise very little, but dictate the copy to the stenographer, giving paragraphs, periods, punctuation."

W. P. BEAZELL: "Revision is entirely a matter between the writer and his professional conscience."

MARY GRAHAM BONNER: "I think it is bad policy to revise as one goes along. It is better to write rapidly so as not to lose spontaneity; then go over the story carefully, polishing it and recasting paragraphs which have been too hastily written before making the final copy. A newspaper-staff man may with impunity delete and interline copy; an outside contributor is helped if his or her copy is as legible as possible."

KENNETH L. ROBERTS: "I write in longhand entirely, revising as I go along, so that one of my manuscript pages makes a stenographer burst into tears and add five cents a page to her charges."

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER: "I revise very little, because I plan carefully in advance and write slowly. Whenever I find revision necessary, it is because of some flaw in the original plan. I ought to add, however, that I revise a good deal as I go along, striking out words and phrases and condensing sentences. Also, as it sometimes takes me twenty or thirty minutes to get warmed up to my work, I am frequently obliged to rewrite my first paragraphs."

CHARMÉ SEEDS: "In my work I have had no time to revise. The best part of my story is in my mind before it goes on paper. Anything that I rewrite seems to lose by the process."

SIDNEY F. WICKS: "I revise very little, but I often delete the first one-third of everything I write."

FORREST CRISSEY: "Sometimes I revise very little and sometimes very much. It depends mainly upon the subject treated. Generally my revision is in the nature of condensation. To my sense the free writing of a subject followed by careful condensation gives the best result."

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT: "I revise once. If I

did it twice I would hate the stuff. The best way is to do the revising before the writing. Think it out. Then compose."

WILLIAM L. CHENERY: "For a newspaper I revise in pencil two or three times, provided there is sufficient time, while for a magazine or book I am much more painstaking."

MARY B. MULLETT: "I never revise. My 'first draft' is my final one. But this is not common among writers. As an editor I have to revise and rewrite three-fourths of our material. More's the pity!"

FREDERICK L. COLLINS: "To what extent do I revise? Eternally."

A. B. MACDONALD: "Before I begin to write I have been studying my story from every possible angle, assembling it in my mind. Then I gather my notes, facts, clippings, books, etc., on my table; work over them until I am saturated; gradually the story takes shape in my mind. I write it all first with pencil; often make many revisions, write a page over six or a dozen times. When I have finished it I typewrite it and often write it all over again."

ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE: "I write very slowly and revise as I go. When the last paragraph is written the story is finished. There can be too much revision to rob a piece of writing of all its spontaneity."

While the members were speaking I could see that Chase Harding was chafing at the bit, although in previous sessions of the Blue Pencil Club he, as a newcomer, had taken little part in the discussions. Finally he took his courage in hand and interjected a suggestion, and a good one.

"I see several editors of magazines here to-day," he observed, "and I feel that our 'friendly enemies' probably can tell us more about the gentle art of preparing a salable manuscript than the professional writer. Maybe all of us are guilty of too much sand-papering of the rough edges.

I'd like to hear from Mr. George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. He has helped develop more top-notch writers than any man in America."

All eyes were fastened upon the Philadelphia editor.

"I've been very much interested in the discussion," responded Mr. Lorimer, "but I fear most of you have over-emphasized the importance of textual niceties when the main issue is whether a writer offers interesting material that fits into the editor's conception of what his publication stands for.

"The form in which a manuscript is submitted is, after all, a matter of secondary importance. A magazine editor is always glad to read a manuscript provided it is neat and legible. Typewritten copy is preferred, but any handwritten manuscript will be read just as carefully if the author has taken reasonable pains.

"We do not attach any particular importance to the introductory sentence; that is, we do not believe it is necessary for the author to sum up his theme at the very start. This may be necessary in writing a news story, but it certainly does not apply to magazine copy," concluded Mr. Lorimer.

To this answer Barton W. Currie, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, a sister publication, gave ready assent. He said:

"Mechanical details, such as typewritten copy or form, are of minor importance. Everything will be read, no matter how it is written, even the handwritten, rolled manuscripts which cause us to groan whenever we see them unwrapped. Personally, I, too, attach very little importance to the introductory sentence, except that it may be so bad that you need not read beyond."

Other editors present ventured similar morsels of practical advice, suggestions which may best be displayed under their own names, in this fashion:

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE (Sunday editor, New York *World*): "Typewritten manuscripts by all means—as clean and clear as possible.

"The problem for every writer is to get himself read, first by the editor, then by the person who purchases the publication in which his contribution appears.

"For a just attitude to the subject, the writer should put himself in the reader's place. Let him turn over the pages of any periodical or Sunday magazine and observe his own attitude. Does he not prefer the spectacles of the series of articles and pictures to the type? Is it not as though he said to the book: 'I dare you to make me read a line. There are too many other pleasant things to do.' It is the editor's office, by means of clever captions, suggestive titles, and attractive typography, to stop the wandering eye of this indifferent quarry as often as possible. Thereafter the writer's obligation begins.

"An eye has been caught; it must be held.

"The first sentence, the first paragraph, are all-important. They must justify the curiosity that has been excited and take it into the body of the narrative.

"The angle of approach is the initial problem. There is nothing new, but no two episodes occur in the same way. It is not essential to tell the story in that first crucial paragraph, but enough of the facts should be set forth there to dramatize the possibilities of their development for the reader. The drama may lie in the divergence of the incident from common experience; it may be in the personalities involved, in an especial news interest or novelty. One may begin at the end of one's tale, or with an exclamation from the middle of it, or with a decisive summing up. Whatever it be, it must be made out of the material of the story.

"Let us assume that the writer has covered the ground, the personalities involved, and has found a story worth

telling. It is then so much raw material and must be given form. Space limitations must be realized. To represent the lights and shadows and all the contours of the facts is impossible. The writer should select that phase of the whole episode which is most liable to interest the greatest number of people. The approach may be direct or indirect, but it must carry into the theme. Whatever enthusiasm one's idea generates should be given expression in the copy.

"Sometimes I have suggested to my staff the idea of telling their stories aloud to the group of people in our own editorial office. Each has his own work and is busy and indifferent to the other's problems. What sort of statement would make them look up and listen? Or imagine yourself on a soap box and pitch your case in such fashion as to make the man who is hurrying by stop. Really, there are no rules other than to get oneself read.

"Western writers attempting to produce material for sale in New York, or in Eastern cities, are warned that the preference of the editor is for material occurring somewhere in the vicinity of his publication. The first justification is local interest. Outside that radius only general themes are worth treating, or episodes so striking or strange as to appeal to the larger human curiosity."

MARY KING (Sunday editor, *The Chicago Tribune*): "In buying an occasional special article I am always favorably impressed by neat, professional-looking copy. While the appearance of the manuscript is the first thing I notice about a story, it is not, of course, of first importance. The letter which accompanies it is as important, I think, as the make-up of the manuscript. If the author has established himself as a regular contributor, or if his name is known to me in any other way, I start reading the article with greater interest than if he were unknown, but I cannot say

that the name alone of a contributor has ever sold a feature or a fiction story to me."

SAMUEL S. McCLURE (editor, *McClure's Magazine*): "The opening sentences of any article should give a conception of the field covered. The opening few lines of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of Rome* is a model for all writers.

"A manuscript that is not typewritten labors under a handicap. There are certain fundamental qualities that every article must possess to be successful. It must be accurate not only as to facts, but as to emphasis. It must be clear—that is, understandable by the average audience the article reaches—and, above all, it must possess charm."

GEORGE MARTIN (editor, *Farm and Fireside*): "I do not attach any importance to the introductory sentence in the manuscript as purchased. Ninety-five per cent of our material is edited and the lead rewritten after it is bought."

HAROLD T. PULSIFER (managing editor, *The Outlook*): "A manuscript which comes in proper form has perhaps the same advantage over an improperly prepared manuscript that a neatly dressed applicant for a position has over a slovenly one. I have, of course, accepted many manuscripts which were improperly prepared, but undoubtedly the skill with which a manuscript is typed does help to secure attention for it.

"A manuscript should be typed double space, one side of the page. The pages should be numbered and the author's name and address typed or printed distinctly on the first page. Personally, I prefer black ink to any of the various shades of blue."

"Well, again the club heard some divergence of opinion," Chase wrote me two days later in forwarding the official transcript of Blue Pencil Club proceedings. "It all goes to show that unless a man has a yarn that is inherently

interesting, no amount of skillful revision and adroit bidding for attention will save it from speedy oblivion, but I believe the odds are greatly in favor of a writer if he makes the right psychological approach through a carefully prepared manuscript that represents the sum total of his very best thought and effort, don't you?"

I fancy you will agree with him.

VII

MARKETING THE MANUSCRIPT

DAN B. STARKEY, editor of *Outers' Recreation*, was the spokesman of the day at the weekly session of the Blue Pencil Club. Some of us had "tipped" him off to some of the previous discussions, and implanted the suggestion that he give us an honest-to-goodness exposition on how he judges a manuscript.

"That's a large order," observed Mr. Starkey, with a grimace. "Sometimes my acceptance of a manuscript is based only on a personal whim, sometimes because it supplies a shortage of a particular style of article we use, sometimes because it is written with such dash and originality that I capitulate on the spot.

"I'll let you into my secret formula," he continued. "In our office we have a number of professional readers who give all manuscripts the preliminary 'once over.' Articles that have any merit whatsoever are passed on to me. First I examine the introductory paragraph to see if the writer knows his business, and if I find that he has the knack of the story-teller I plunge in head first. I find myself dividing the manuscripts into three distinct groups. The first by all odds makes the highest pile, for in it I put all the stuff that is 'impossible' and which is to be returned to the writers; in the second I put manuscripts I'm not quite sure about and reserve them for later reading; in the third—a very small pile—I put manuscripts that instantly catch my fancy

and arouse my enthusiasm and which I want to buy right away for use in the magazine."

"Do authors' titles influence you in the acceptance of an article?" put in Chase Harding.

"Very rarely," replied Mr. Starkey. "Not more than two titles in a dozen appear in the magazine as originally submitted by the authors. We generally make them over so as to fit into our style of page and typographical arrangement, also to 'sell' the article to the reader by instantly arousing his curiosity. The making of an attractive title is an art, like the building of newspaper headlines. Nouns, verbs, and declarative statements clutch attention more readily than prosaic 'label' announcements, unless the 'line' carries a bit of paradox or an arresting challenge to thought."

"Such as that happy combination 'Our Contemporary Ancestors,' which Walter H. Page put over that *Atlantic Monthly* article on the life and customs of the Kentucky mountaineers," I ventured.

"Quite so," agreed Mr. Starkey. "Or that clever title 'Pigs is Pigs' which prefaced Ellis Parker Butler's famous story. My idea is that the title ought to project the theme of the story, that the first sentence of the text ought to announce the theme still more emphatically, and that the rest of the story ought to unfold the details that naturally belong to the big central pattern."

"How about notes sent to the editor by the author in explanation of how he wrote the story and why you should accept it?" asked Harry R. O'Brien.

"I'm always glad to read them, but generally they are unnecessary. We editors know pretty well what we want to suit the needs and appetites of our reading public, and argumentative letters don't influence our decisions materially," our guest replied.

"Do you ever revise, reconstruct a story that is badly done, but which has some outstanding merit?" I interjected.

"No, we would rather return the manuscript and let the author do that job for himself. I once knew an editor who rewrote practically everything accepted so that it conformed to his own peculiar ideas. The magazine sounded like a one-man orchestra, for it lacked variety and snap. As an editor I always welcome diversity of subject matter and freshness of presentation—and don't try to make authors adhere to set formulas. We try to get range and breadth of appeal, and that means hospitality to all kinds of unhackneyed ideas."

Mr. Starkey's editorial creed seemed to furnish just the spark necessary to ignite the tinder, and presently other editors added the weight of their testimony to the chorus of questions and answers.

As nearly as I can recall—and Chase Harding's notes on the proceedings bear me out in this—the queries put by the Blue Pencilers, and the answers returned, may be conveniently compiled as follows:

I. Has the outside contributor, without a big name, any chance of breaking into the popular magazines?

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER (editor, *Saturday Evening Post*): "Certainly! Authority back of the writer's name is important, particularly with reference to articles. In many instances the writer's position or his reputation adds not a little to the value of the article. The matter of reputation, however, weighs less in connection with fiction. A poor story by a so-called 'big man' is the worst possible of combinations. 'Names,' however, usually stand for achievement and the ability to achieve again."

MARY KING (Sunday editor, *Chicago Tribune*): "We rarely buy a feature story from an outsider. Our regular features are written by the staff."

"The fact that an article is on a subject that we are not covering in our various departments and it is one in which we are especially interested—that is, if it is in line with the general program of our Sunday paper—is an inducement to me to buy it. One of the things that help me to remember a contributor and to look with favor upon all his contributions is the fact that he reads and knows our paper and makes an effort to give us what we want."

BARTON W. CURRIE (editor, *Ladies' Home Journal*): "We naturally give a good deal of weight to the authority back of the author's name. A reputation for accuracy, for careful and exhaustive research, and for laborious effort in craftsmanship cannot help but bear heavily in the scale of importance to the editor. Big names are not made overnight, as too many beginning writers imagine. They represent many years of hard labor. Of several score prominent writers numbered among my friends and acquaintances not five per cent of them made any real impression during the first twenty years of their effort.

"We handle in the course of a year about fifty thousand manuscripts. This includes fiction, articles, novels offered for serial publication, and verse. From the general run of submitted articles—that is, submitted without previous correspondence or arrangement, we obtain an insignificant percentage of the feature items that we publish in the course of a year. In the case of the *Journal* we have half a dozen staff writers who are devoting all their time to article work for this magazine. We send these staff writers all over the world. We map out subjects with them sometimes a year in advance of publication date. Not infrequently from three to six months are devoted to getting material for one article.

"The majority of our important features is obtained in this way. In addition to this we are bombarded throughout the year with suggestions for articles by prominent authors

and leaders in a great variety of activities. We receive suggestions for articles from many men in public life, from college presidents, from scientists, from government officials, from distinguished clergymen, from eminent lawyers and physicians, from grand opera and stage celebrities, from the leaders in the great women's organizations, and so on. The suggestions of topics that come to us must run into thousands in the course of a year, and from this mass we select very few. This should give you some idea of the competition that the unsolicited manuscript must contend with."

GEORGE MARTIN (editor, *Farm and Fireside*): "Building a magazine is like building a house—it has got to be done according to definite plans and specifications. Our most effective material consists of stories, the ideas for which are conceived in the office and assigned to staff or outside contributors to work out. We are veering more and more toward the staff-built product, and depending less and less on the chance that casual contributions by indiscriminate contributors will give us what we want."

II. Do you encourage writers to send photographs to be used in illustrating the "article"?

HAROLD T. PULSIFER (managing editor, *The Outlook*): "An article which should be illustrated ought, if possible, to have the pictures accompany the manuscript, the author's note on the manuscript itself, the number of illustrations submitted, and each picture should bear a complete caption. Probably, if the article is accepted, the editor will want to write his own captions, but he should have all the material necessary to work from. Pictures should be selected with an eye to their reproduction value. Very frequently authors send in groups of pictures which are very interesting to look at, but which are quite valueless for purposes of reproduction.

"I think it is a good idea to submit pictures with feature stories if the stories can be illustrated by photography. I've sometimes had articles submitted to me with photographs, and being in the market for pictures and not for stories, I've bought the photographs without the stories with the contributor's permission and at a price satisfactory to him."

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER (editor, *Saturday Evening Post*): "We can always secure suitable illustrations for articles we accept, and it is not necessary, therefore, for the author to send pictures with his copy. Where he has pictures of unusual value, however, it is advisable for him to send them on. In few cases does the value of the photographs have any bearing on the decision reached with reference to the article."

III. What factors influence you in accepting a manuscript?

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE (Sunday editor, *New York World*): "What makes me accept a manuscript? The fact that it is 'timely,' that it fits the type and style of the magazine we produce and seems to be better for that purpose than anything by the members of my own staff that I may have in hand. Which is intended to convey the suggestion that articles should be aimed at some particular periodical or journalistic objective. Aspiring writers should devote a little time to the studying the characteristics of the publications to which they desire to contribute."

HAROLD T. PULSIFER (managing editor, *The Outlook*): "What makes me accept a manuscript? What makes a girl accept a man? Both questions are equally difficult. Acceptance of a manuscript depends on a combination of circumstances of which I should say the following factors are most important:

"The state of the editorial needs.

"Literary power of the manuscript.

"Timeliness of its subjects.

"Suitability for the atmosphere of the journal to which it is submitted.

"Perhaps this last factor should be more fully explained. In the case of *The Outlook* it does not mean that a manuscript is rejected because the views of the writer differ from those of the editors. For instance, here at *The Outlook* we are constantly searching for excellent articles which are in opposition to our own editorial views, but the arguments put forward, to be acceptable to us, must be handled in a manner which will make them persuasive and interesting to our readers."

SAMUEL S. McCLURE (editor, *McClure's Magazine*):
"First of all, I accept an article because it interests me sufficiently to make me want to print it in *McClure's Magazine*."

BARTON W. CURRIE (editor, *Ladies' Home Journal*):
"We read from a background of a good many years of experience and from a viewpoint that has been built up piece by piece through the years from innumerable contacts, from a vast amount of miscellaneous reading, from no little writing experience of our own, and from whatever individuality of character that has been developed along the way. The one thing that makes us accept manuscripts instantly is personal enthusiasm for the subject and for unique skill in treatment. Unless we can bring such enthusiasm to our acceptance, no matter what the opinions or judgments of those who have passed it along through the preliminary process of reading, we should refuse to accept.

"There is only one quick road to success in writing—a big personality behind a completely fresh individuality of style, and this is about as rare as our Kiplings, our Barries, our Conrads, our Tarkingtons, and our Galsworthys."

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER (editor, *Saturday Evening*

Post: "A manuscript is accepted by us when it contains material that we can use to advantage. Any magazine that succeeds in making a permanent place for itself has a clear and distinct policy behind it, and all material accepted for publication must fit in with the editor's conception of what his publication stands for. No other considerations enter into the purchase of material for the *Post*."

Throughout the discussions by the "editorial brethren" ran a current of counsel for the free lancer, namely: Think of the future needs of the magazine to which you submit an article. Most editors plan their issues three or four months in advance of the time of publication, so that Christmas material, for instance, should be in hand by September, a fact which many young writers fail to appreciate.

There was another guest at the club session that day who did not lay claim to being either an editor or an author, but rather a literary agent. His name is A. W. Barmby, of Curtis Brown, Ltd., of New York, a well-known publishing bureau. Since he also had had wide experience in finding markets for authors it seems appropriate that the club solicit him for suggestions. He was glad to comply—and his conclusions and those of other literary agents may be paraphrased in the following words:

"We are not 'literary agents'—an objectionable name—in the sense of taking fees to send around poor material. We charge no fees in advance and are of no use to those whose work is not desirable either because of its actual market value or because of its promise. We cannot sell what is not wanted. We merely know what is wanted, and who wants it, and what is the fair price he should pay for it. We have to return at once anything that seems unlikely to find a market if given fair opportunity. The more desirable the author's book or play, the more use to him we are in managing it,

and the greater the number of unexpected markets we can find for him, here and abroad.

"One of my greatest pleasures is to find a new author who really *can* write, or gives promise of being able to do so with encouragement. We are willing to spend any amount of effort, without immediate profit in establishing his sales, on the understanding that he will stand by us when the time comes to reap the fruits of that effort.

"A literary agent in handling a novel makes arrangements not only for the American, but for the English rights, then he sells the book rights to the publishers on each side of the Atlantic that will not only give the best advance and the best royalties for this particular novel, but which will care most for it personally, and will give to it the best advertising and the best selling machinery.

"The situation changes from month to month. The man who would be keenest for the book in January may be comparatively indifferent in February. Therefore, the literary agent must keep in touch with a shifting market—a thing that would be impossible for the individual author."

But there are two sides to every coin. This minting of opinions bearing on the marketing of manuscripts would be grossly one-sided if it did not include some impromptu reactions from Blue Pencilers themselves, adventurers who had tried the hazardous publication rapids often and again in their paper boats. The one big question that elicited quick response was this: *What determines your choice of a newspaper or a magazine as a possible market for your article?*

Again I dress the show window with an assortment of frank experiences, under proper tickets of identification:

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING: "More than half of my work nowadays is done on assignment—the editors do the choosing. When I write on speculation, I keep in mind chiefly the fact that what I do, if it is to be printed in a pub-

lication with a nation-wide circulation, must interest readers of many types of minds, scattered widely all over the land. I rarely write articles for a highly specialized group. In a book I did on magazine writing a few years ago ("If You Don't Write Fiction.") you'll find a chapter on 'What the Editor Wants.' This relates in more detail what types of articles appear to be most in demand.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY: "The nature of the material determines my choice of a market. Perishable matter must be used in the newspapers, whereas in a magazine the time element must be disregarded as much as possible."

FREDERICK L. COLLINS: "I fear that I am influenced most by the personality of the editor and the probable size of his check in selecting a possible market. If, however, I had not been in the publishing world before I began to write professionally, I am sure that I should base my selection of marks at which to aim on a detailed study of what magazines actually print."

FORREST CRISSEY: "I have had to meet the problem of choosing a market very little because most of my work for more than twenty-five years has been for the *Saturday Evening Post* and virtually all of it on assignment."

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER: "My knowledge of the character and desires of the newspaper or magazine determines my selection of a market. But one gives preference, of course, to editorial rooms where one presumes one is already sympathetically known, and to those publications which pay the best prices."

EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY: "My experience has been that selling one's literary work to the magazines is largely a matter of personal salesmanship. It is not difficult to write special articles if one is equipped for the work, but to sell them is another matter. The magazines are flooded with voluntary contributions of every description, many of which may be

exceedingly good but go back simply because the outlet is so small. If a young writer wants to make a real success he needs to make his own personality stand out in the mind of the editor. He should use every legitimate device to do this and to give his work individuality."

BURGES JOHNSON: "The nature of the article and the character of the public I want to reach determine my choice of a possible market. But of course that market from among those that have shown an interest in my wares, which pays best for them is likely to get most favorable consideration."

ALBERT W. ATWOOD: "The only possible market is the medium which seems to like the kind of stuff which I am able to do. The great trouble with many beginners, and the tens of thousands of amateurs, is an inability or unprofessional unwillingness to co-operate with editors, and suit their stuff to editors' needs."

KENNETH L. ROBERTS: "My experience in placing a manuscript has been very narrow, as I've been a *Saturday Evening Post* correspondent for some years. Offhand, I'd never write a feature story unless it had been ordered by an editor. The market is too narrow."

WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT: "I never write for newspapers except on special order. Popular articles on pure science I publish in magazines of the *Harper* type. Articles of an industrial or business cast go into the *Saturday Evening Post*. Sometimes a subject, like the Einstein theory, may be of such enormous popular interest, because the newspapers have played it up, that almost any magazine is good for an article about it."

WALTER B. PITKIN: "What the editor writes or tells me about his interest in the subject as I propose it, determines my decision in submitting a manuscript for publication."

ELMO S. WATSON: "In the case of a magazine, my understanding of the type of material it usually is interested in

determines my choice of a market. In the case of the newspaper the fact that by giving the article the local slant I can adapt it to that newspaper's requirements."

WILLIAM L. CHENERY: "Perishable matter with a strong local slant should be used in the newspapers whereas in a magazine the time element must be disregarded as much as possible. The nature of the story guides me in choice of a possible market."

JAMES H. COLLINS: "As to markets, most of my work either has been published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Country Gentleman*, or other widely circulated magazines, or is ordered by editors. I write chiefly about the things that interest me, and find that editors and readers are interested, too. Amount and promptness of payment are considerations, but generally it is worth more to an author to appear regularly in good periodicals—in that way he builds a following, as a merchant on a certain corner builds a trade."

FRED C. KELLY: "I send my articles to a publication that pays well, provided it seems to be using the kind of material I have."

IRVIN S. COBB: "My features nowadays are written to order."

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS: "As I practically never write articles except on a definite order, the consideration of a 'possible' market does not enter into the matter. In suggesting an idea to a magazine I naturally select that magazine which I know to be specially receptive to that type of interest."

BELLA COHEN: "Prestige and payment come first. Second, certain newspapers and certain magazines are interested in personality feature stuff. Certain others prefer the feature yarn that develops an idea. Certain others are frankly for the 'improving' article. It's just a matter of trying to fit the shoe you've made to the right foot."

HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT: "It pays better, gives far more prestige, and insures more attention to your work to have an article published in a magazine. A newspaper lasts a day, a magazine a week to a month."

WILL PAYNE: "I have never written articles except for magazines; but I know from report that the newspapers are now a very good market."

SAMUEL CROWTHER: "I do not have any choice to make here because I never write on speculation—that is, an article is ordered before it is written. Newspapers are out of the question, because they cannot pay enough money except for rather extensive syndication."

RENÉ BACHE: "For the feature writer, generally speaking, the magazines afford no worth-while market. They pay little more than the newspapers' syndicates, and are slow and troublesome to deal with. As a rule, they order such 'outside' special matter as they require, and volunteered contributions receive scant attention. A special story ordered by a magazine is worth doing and that is about all that can be said. . . .

"The best markets for the feature writer are the syndicates, some of which, run by big newspapers, pay satisfactory rates. Addresses of these syndicates are obtainable by going to see any Sunday editor and asking him for a list of them. A good feature story is worth thirty-five to forty dollars.

"The writer should put his price on it or he will be paid less. To send a contribution to any publication without asking a price is equivalent to telling the editor that you will be glad to get anything he chooses to pay; and he will invariably choose to pay less than its value to him.

"When practicable, always go to see an editor, rather than write. The personal presence, the personal acquaintance, counts for much."

STANLEY FROST: "The placing of a manuscript depends on the class of readers and editorial policy of the magazine as they apply to the interest or importance or effect of the article; also the price paid, of course. My particular type of story, for example, aims to be well balanced and not propaganda, and this cuts out at once all highly opinionated magazines."

ARTHUR H. LITTLE: "The choice of a possible market is to be determined by a careful analysis of publications, and then a selection of the one publication that can't afford to turn the effort down."

FRANK WARD O'MALLEY: "It seems obvious that one's choice of a newspaper or a particular magazine as a possible market is determined by studying the wants, the likes and dislikes of each publication. Better still know the editors personally, if possible, and learn from each at first hand what in a general way he wants. The *American Magazine*, for instance, does not want an article, no matter who writes it nor how well it is done, unless it deals with a subject that comes within the experiences—and therefore is understood by and of interest to—*everybody* in *every* community in the land. The so-called 'quality magazines' probably would not want a flippant article about Broadway chorus girls. The *Cosmopolitan* probably would. (Almost all magazines, by the way, seem to welcome any well-written article that ridicules New York and all its works and pomps. New York magazine editors are no exception to this phenomenon.)"

MARY GRAHAM BONNER: "I keep track of the tendencies which newspapers and magazines manifest. But this cannot be regarded as a hard and fast rule. Editors are constantly changing, and with them change, in many cases, the policies of the periodical. Keep your manuscript traveling! If a dozen leading newspapers and magazines

reject your story, don't be discouraged; the thirteenth try may result in your effort being welcomed as exactly what the thirteenth man has been looking for. Every time you hear of an editorial change, try the stuff which has not landed elsewhere on the new editor."

W. P. BEAZELL: "The market for a story may best be determined by circumstances and should be covered by the clearest possible understanding of the predilections of the various newspapers and magazines listed as possibilities by the writer."

Recently I proved the validity of a lot of this writer-man philosophy by submitting an article on "O. Henry as a Humorist" to the editor of a literary monthly. Two weeks later I received this letter:

Enclosed find check for your article on O. Henry. I happen to be a "fan" myself, and I think our readers will likewise be interested in your conclusions. Send us more of the same sort some day.

VIII

WRITING AS A BUSINESS

IT was the last meeting of the Blue Pencil Club before summer sent us vacationing. To some vacation meant a cabin in the circle of the friendly woods, to others trout streams and mountain trails, to a few an ocean voyage and land's end beyond the blue. But to all it signified a recharging of jaded spirits, a fresh acquisition of observations and impressions for the year ahead.

"My mind feels like a sponge that has been wrung dry," confessed Lisle Bell, a successful free lance who happened to be in town preparatory to taking a steamer for England in a few weeks. "I've been doing theatrical criticism, sketches, reviews, and squibs for so long that I've grown stale. Now I am going to plunge head first into a strange environment and soak up a lot of new material. We writers are mighty fortunate; we carry our stock-in-trade around with us under our hats and add to it as occasions arise."

"Probably you've stuck to one type of writing too long and need some new currents circulating through your mind," I suggested. "That's the way with a lot of young fellows who get a reputation for one sort of thing and then have to live up to their reputation all the rest of their lives. They keep the old mill grinding out meal when there is very little water coming over the dam. A man has just so much creative energy, and if he dissipates it he loses half his intellectual capital. Out in Kansas there are three kinds of farmers: tired, retired, and rubber-tired, and all of them are mighty

indifferent chaps. All of which reminds me of a paraphrase of a quotation from the 'Seven Ages of an Author' I found the other day in a little booklet written by Henry J. Smith, formerly news editor of the *Chicago Daily News*. It is the record of the degeneration of an author, the writer who goes dead on the job; and if you don't mind I'll read it to you:

"In his first two stages the author gets a brilliant idea, writes a book which he modestly discusses with friends, then finds a publisher, and lives in a dream, foreseeing fame at a bound.

"In the third stage of the author the book is published and the author's character begins to be ruined. He reads his press notices with secret surprise, but he soon gets used to them, for all the time, you know, he considered the book a masterpiece. . . . Soon other notices begin to appear; not so good. The author is a little shocked, maybe. Malice and suspicion begin to gnaw him. He is alternately delighted and depressed. His friends begin to seem stupid, uncommunicative. Hang it, they hardly ever mention the book!

"Fourth stage. It appears, despite everything, that the book is something of a success. It begins to look like Property. The publisher now treats the author as a chattel, referring to him as 'my author'. The author now has a defiant manner among his crowd, implying, 'Look at the sales reports.' He haunts book-stores where they don't know him, and asks how the book is going, hinting that he is just a friend of the author. . . . His literary ideals are undergoing a change. He used to write without thought of reward, but now he is cudgeling his brains to think up an idea that will be a knockout—and one that will 'film.'

"Fifth stage. The book has now sold 10,000 copies. The publisher says 20,000. The author secretly believes the figure is 30,000. Royalties dance before his eyes day and night. He does nothing but keep books on himself. It is impossible to converse with him. At luncheon he has no sooner ordered his soup than he leads the talk around to his sales. He prefers the society of other popular authors with whom he can talk about the sales market. He reads nothing but his clippings. He hunts through newspaper columns for his name. If it is missing, he is soured for the day.

"Sixth stage. He is now completely under the successful-author obsession. The only thing that will assuage it is that

he write another book. The publisher tells him what to write. The author agrees to everything. And now his descent is swift to the

"Seventh stage, in which the author is a mere machine, grinding out thousands of words, and with only a few human attributes, these being the more unpleasant ones. He cannot talk at all any more. He can only say, 'Pleased to meet you,' 'Very kind of you,' and, 'Yes, I write purely to please myself.' He can pound out 90,000 words every six months, but if he has any other use in this world, or any other ambition, one cannot find it."

I am excessively fond of the monologue, so kept right on in the same vein. "I think there is nothing more fatal than for a writer to get into a stage of self-complacency where he sinks back into the cushions of his past achievements and refuses any longer to make new contacts. He has simply ceased to grow. His stuff lacks gusto. I think every writer, young or old, ought to read periodically Stevenson's essay, 'An Apology for Idlers,' and perhaps combine it with the work-and-play formula of Izaak Walton, the gayest writer who ever dipped a quill in ink."

"I heartily agree," spoke up Connolly, whose graphic stories of Gloucester fishermen are quite familiar to all of us. "Can you imagine working all day in a mill and then getting out and licking Dempsey? It isn't done. All great writers were first-class loafers for long periods of their lives. The good old hobo Homer was the chief of them. Can't you see that husky blind old boy leading a dog on the end of a string and batting his way from inn to inn, telling stories for his grub? If he did not tell them pretty well he knew he would get no return dates. He had to be good or starve."

"You must have high vitality to do the thing that will stand the test of the ages—just as much high vitality as the ten-second man puts into a hundred-yard sprint. Three-quarters of the success of creative work lies in a man's

excess vitality. Your force, vigor, the thing that heats the blood, comes of excess energy. You can do a good intellectual, purely intellectual job from out of a frail body, but you won't do the thing that that old hobo Homer did for his night's lodging," Connolly concluded.

I was on the point of adding an observation of my own on Connolly's remarks on the use of leisure, when I caught a knowing look on Chase Harding's face. Then I remembered a happy thought he had passed on to me a few days previously to the effect that we attempt to capture in writing a few admonitions as coined by the Blue Pencilers in this the final session of the club. He had carried out the spirit of our agreement by supplying himself with a huge portfolio filled with blank leaves. It was in this that we purposed to ensnare some of the wisdom of the assembled Brethren of the Pencil.

"Harding and I are anxious to store away any morsels of advice you men may offer on how a young writer may best prepare himself for the feature field," I said, by way of explanation. "We had thought it would be a fine idea to give each of you one of these sheets from the portfolio of the Blue Pencil Club, so that you can contribute as you see fit some of your own honest-to-goodness opinions on the training of young fellows who wait outside the editorial gate. You have all been through the mill yourselves, and now here is your chance to pass on to the apprentices in the craft some of the lessons of your experience.

"I don't care how you write—with lead pencil, fountain pen, in wriggly shorthand—but make it just as legible as you can. We may print it some day."

"Print it!" exclaimed O'Brien, who has one of the most atrocious scrawls I know of. "Why, man alive, we get real money for what we write! Where are you going to print it?"

"I expect to exhibit your exhortations in the official memoirs of the Blue Pencil Club. Each of you will have a chance to express yourself not only on the subject of the day, but also on all other matters that have to do with the art of writing, and which have come to the attention of the Club."

Whereupon Chase and I passed around the big leaves amid remarks of, "This is like the old exam days at Cornell," and, "Wait until you see the headlines to-morrow: Prominent Writers Give Advice on How to Be Successful in Thirty Days or Your Money Back."

But they all set to work quite earnestly, nevertheless, and for a good half hour the only sounds were those of scratching pens, the quick scrunch of soft pencils, and an occasional match struck and flung away, then the knocking of dead pipes on metal ash-trays.

When they seemed to be written out, we gathered up the bescrewled sheets, and, though we had some difficulty in deciphering many of them, we had an honest opinion from each Blue Penciler.

We bound them into the big book in the following order:

JAMES H. COLLINS: "Find as many subjects to write about as possible, write articles to sell, see them in print, and learn to use your tools. Write a great deal, forgetting all the printed nonsense about style—whatever style you have will be unconscious, and cannot materialize while you are consciously thinking about it. And circulate as widely as possible among people about whom and for whom most of your writing will be done."

FULLERTON WALDO: "Write under a constant running fire of criticism, and read everything over to a discerning friend when you can't get the ear and eye of a professional teacher."

FRANK WARD O'MALLEY: "FIRST, GET A JOB ON A BIG TOWN'S BIG NEWSPAPER.

"If that is not possible, get a job on a small town's newspaper. (I am supposing, of course, that the literary aspirant first has tried to absorb, in preparatory school and college, at least the pathetic pittance of mind training and the classics which the American is content to call a 'college education.' I know little about schools of journalism in our colleges, but it seems logical that a school of journalism course would be helpful. But particularly I believe in a sound foundation in the classics, in logical, economics, and history.

"I studied drawing and painting for four years under Chase, Cecilia Beaux, and others, and then got a job in a 'commercial art' shop in New York. My first month in that down-to-earth shop gave more professional swing and finish to my drawing than four years in art schools had. I studied and practiced the art of writing for three years in college classrooms, and again I learned more about the real business, the trade, of writing during my first few weeks on the old New York morning *Sun* than I had learned during the years of college work.

"But the years of art-school studies and the years of literary studies in college were, I think, the correct roads leading to the professional practice of drawing and, later, writing. The young graduate in medicine or law really does not begin to learn the practice of his studies until he becomes a hospital interne or enters a law office. In the same way, the daily work of the conscientious reporter in a newspaper city room pulls him out of the academic clouds and brings him down with a healthful jolt to the practice of his job, which is writing.

"And, of course, he must read—a little of the bad now and then to learn the more quickly how it should *not* be

done and a great deal of the good, to learn how it *should* be done. And he must write and write and write and write and write and write and write and then write it all over again. And he must early grasp that none of us can begin to learn anything until we first grasp the mighty truth that we know nothing.

"Above all, he should always keep an eye peeled for the momentous day upon which at last he realizes that, after sweating efforts through the years, he finally has written something that satisfies him. That should be a great moment in his life, that final thrill of satisfaction. I say *final* advisedly. When—or, I hope, if—it arrives, he should take one teaspoonful, heaping, of stalwart rat poison, throw himself off the roof, and shoot himself on the wing as he falls.

"In case the haughty cub, who aims to be a master without first becoming a pupil, spurns the newspaper-job suggestion, remind him that among those who learned the writing trade by giving years to newspaper reporting were Charles Dickens, Richard Harding Davis, Rudyard Kipling, George Bernard Shaw, Eugene Walter, Arthur Brisbane, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Will Irwin, David Graham Phillips, Irvin S. Cobb, George Ade, Augustus Thomas, A. E. Thomas, Mark Twain, Samuel G. Blythe, Julian Ralph, Irving Bacheller, Finley Peter Dunne, Ring Lardner, Arthur Somers Roche, Sir Philip Gibbs—the list could go on until tiresome."

KENNETH L. ROBERTS: "Get a job on a good newspaper."

FRANK FARRINGTON: "Study how it is done by those already successful, and then learn to know a valuable idea when you see it, and avoid wasting time on ideas that are not valuable to readers or salable to editors."

SAMUEL CROWTHER: "Young writer, *learn to write!* You will never really learn to write. No one does. But at least you ought to learn how to put one little word down

after another and have the succession mean something. Then you ought to get out and get up against nearly everything you can. As soon as you think you know how to write, then you had better get a job in an advertising agency or as a publicity man. But if you keep on trying to learn how to write, and trying to find out about things, mixed with a moderate amount of common sense, you can certainly make a living and probably make a good deal more than a living."

GREGORY MASON: "Whenever possible begin with a regular job on a paper or magazine. Free-lancing is precarious and it is hard to teach oneself to work."

MARY GRAHAM BONNER: "Use your eyes! In the stream of everyday life as it swirls by almost every other person has a story worth telling. Almost every line of business has its romance, its unique trade methods which are uninteresting to those who come into daily contact with them, but which are interesting to those who have never heard of them. There are just as many good features in the beaten track as there are in the byways. A keen sense of observation, a fair imagination, sympathy, humor, and an ability to write humanly, are the elements of success in feature writing—and all of these can be developed by training."

PERCY S. BULLEN: "Take a job as a 'cub' reporter and work your way. To many the task comes naturally, even easily, but, speaking generally, there's no Royal Road to Success."

WILL IRWIN: "Feature writing for newspapers or magazines is not essentially different from good newspaper reporting. Make yourself a good reporter, and while you are doing that build up in yourself a structure not only of information about the world in general, but also of the broadest cultivation. The most useful and successful writers in this department of journalism are almost invariably men and women who have read widely and thought deeply. As your work

goes on, find one or two topics which most interest you and specialize on them."

IRVIN S. COBB: "To the young writer—keep your eyes, your ears, and your mind open."

BURGES JOHNSON: "Keep writing and keep trying to sell what you write. Keep trying to sell each manuscript until you are convinced that you are wrong in considering it salable and the editors are right. Try to get an idea why they think it undesirable; then put it away for six months and get to work on something else."

HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT: "A young writer who has to stay in his locality must, to begin, be satisfied to go where he can, to get the most out of his personal environment and his personal experience. The minute he gets car fare he must travel all he can and in any way he can, seeing all kinds of people in all walks of life. A writer must do the same unless she picks out a specialty, like the woman movement, as material.

"Never write too long. One hour a day is often better than five. Three or four are sufficient. Exhaustion usually means frayed ends.

"Find out your best time to write. Do not listen to anyone on this. I cannot work well except when I am fresh in the morning, and my hours are nine to twelve. I keep them, muffle my phone, do not let the family interrupt, see no one, hear no one—and I have managed to do this working at home with two children. Work out of your home if you can; a business needs an office. If you work better at night, work then. Be sure you know when you do your best work.

"Feature writing is a business. Do not be afraid to quote prices; ask the editor's advice—he likes to be asked; refuse to sell below what you know your work is worth, when you do know it. Be a good business man or woman; get your work done when you say it will be done, and specify when.

This one factor in my work has brought me more orders than anything else, I believe. When people begin to compete for your work you can let your temperament have full sway, not before."

ELMO S. WATSON: "1. Try to determine what type of feature story you can best write.

"2. Limit yourself to the field in which you are most interested and know the most about.

"3. Collect and keep on file all clippings and data dealing with subjects in your special field."

PAUL R. LEACH: "The young writer should obtain as much information on everything interesting as is possible. Then study people, using knowledge of as much psychology as you have mastered.

"When you are not writing or gathering material to write, read what others have written. Forever be educating yourself in everything interesting. And nearly everything is of interest to the feature writer. Write a million words or so, then some more."

ELIZABETH FRAZER: "It goes without saying in work of this character that a person should have a buoyant health, and vitality to burn—and burn it. One ought to like to 'gas'—that is, talk amiably about anything and everything with all kinds and conditions of people, for it is this way that the most wonderful 'treasure-troves' are found. There's a kind of freedom and 'splash' about it that cannot be found in any other kind of writing. The job itself should be taken with the utmost seriousness—but yourself not seriously at all. The nearer one can eliminate his own ego the nearer one may approximate the truth—whatever that is. It's a grand life if you give yourself to it; if you don't it's the life of a slave."

EDWARD PRICE BELL: "Think hard and aim high—be, just as far as possible, an artist."

ARTHUR H. LITTLE: "Work carefully. At first tread softly and keep off the thin ice. A modest little story well done stands a far better chance with the editor than a whale of a story not so well done. An acceptance encourages and inspires you; a rejection wounds you, hurts your pride, and blurs your vision. The man who tells you that you must 'get used to rejections' is more kind than truthful. *Don't* get used to them—shun 'em! Mostly, they teach you next to nothing; and the harm they do—when you've begun to 'collect' them—is that they dull your wits and rust your skill and steal your conscience. You come to depend, not upon the quality in what you produce, but upon the tricks with which you may sell inferior stuff. You read the 'technical' magazines that are published, seemingly, for unsuccessful writers; and you learn such things as this—that if you retype the first page and the last page of a manuscript after the piece has traveled three or four times through the mails, the next editor who gets it will think it's fresh and thus will be tricked into buying it. As to rejections—if you must have them—the better plan is this: When the manuscript comes back, lay it away. A month later take it out and read it again and you'll see, very likely, why the editor sent it back.

"Work intelligently. Study a small group of publications until you know, thoroughly, what kinds of material they want—and why. Find material that will fit the specifications. Write as well as you know how. In your technique, be concerned not so much with rules as with principles. Proceed thus and—who knows—maybe you'll never see the color of a rejection slip."

ALBERT W. ATWOOD: "1. Work hard.

"2. Don't think you ought to reach the top the first six months.

"3. On the other hand, don't get discouraged, provided you really have any professional aptitude.

"4. Give the editor what he wants provided it is the kind of thing you can do well and conscientiously, rather than try to give him what you or someone else thinks he ought to want."

BELLA COHEN: "Get on a newspaper—a small local paper will do as a starter. Let nothing be too small to cover. Don't 'do' assignments by telephone. Travel to the place and see the people even if it goes against you. Make friends on your assignments; let people talk to you.

"This first step gives you your initial and most important training—that of awakening, sharpening, and making a part of you the news sense. You cannot write feature stuff that sells without it.

"If something strikes you, write about it. It's practice, even if it doesn't meet with acceptance right off the bat."

MARY B. MULLETT: "I don't suppose anyone ever can tell exactly *how* a thing is done. I know I, personally, can say only a few things definitely. One is that I always have worked *hard*. I always *tried* hard. I mean that I never thought even the smallest piece of writing was too insignificant to get the best I was capable of doing. That gave me an enormous amount of practice, so that writing became easy. But there are thousands of people who can write well.

"I think a more important thing was that I determined to keep my *interest* in people—and everything! Like most reporters, I came to the *blasé* period where I was inclined to be cynical and to think rather condescendingly about folks. Rather suddenly I realized that this was fatal. How could I interest others in what I considered uninteresting? It can't be done. That's a vital thing.

"Then I have tried to have conscience about my work. I

have tried to put myself in the place of the people about whom I wrote, and to realize that I had a tremendous obligation to be absolutely accurate in giving the personality. And I have tried to become as widely informed on all kinds of subjects as I could; so that when I go to a person and ask him to talk to me about himself, or about something in which he is interested, or the work in which he is engaged, I can question him and listen to him intelligently. Everyone is afraid of an ignorant interviewer—and with reason.

"And finally, when it comes to writing an interview, I go over the whole thing in my mind first and get a definite idea of what the keynote is to be. Usually you can do this by trying to imagine a title that says something. This helps you to make the story a coherent and cohesive structure, with form and purpose; instead of a vague, rambling thing that doesn't get the reader anywhere. Oh yes! there's one more thing. I never take any notes. People cannot talk easily and naturally to a notebook. So one must train one's mind to be one's notebook. . . .

"I'll guarantee that if you try hard enough and *care* enough you will make your editors sit up and take notice of you. Then the climbing will follow naturally."

KARL K. KITCHEN: "If a thing is dull . . . treat it lightly, make fun of its shortcomings instead of taking it seriously. A Sunday-newspaper feature article should be light and entertaining above everything else. Otherwise it won't be read. And a good joke or a funny line will be remembered longer than the most important fact."

FRED C. KELLY: "The writer of feature stories may hope to make more money than a poor fiction writer but not as much as the best fiction writers. If he writes stuff that won't spoil by news developments before he sells it, he is less likely to waste time. Unless a writer has a definite order for a timely article he is a fool to attempt it."

WALTER PRICHARD EATON: "Henry Holt, the publisher, used to say that the American magazines were the greatest foe of American literature, because they enabled writers to make a living by writing. Without them, a writer, he declared, would have to make his living in a bank or a drug store, and would only write when the real urge hit him, and only what he really wanted to say.

"There is some truth in this. If a man aspires to be an artist, not a hack writer, he had much better make his living other than by his free-lance pen. To make your living by your pen means, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, taking every job that comes along or that you can find for yourself, and you will have little time or energy left for the things you really want most to write.

"The best solution for the beginning writer, I think, is to secure a position on a good newspaper, or some other journal, which will offer him a steady, even if small, income, and also give him constant practice in his craft, and then to plug away in his leisure not at anything and everything which might sell, but at those things he really wants most to write about. All truly successful writings, even special articles, have emotion behind them, and the lasting reputations and the ultimate command of large pay and independence come only to those men and women who write well about the things which genuinely interest them.

"The competition in hack work is intense. The competition in all forms of writing which have real emotion and creative urge behind them is never intense. There is never enough to supply the demand. Adjust your life so you may give your best effort to the latter kind of work."

STANLEY FROST: "Avoid 'fine writing' or the cultivation of style. The editors want a clearly-thought-out report of facts and of the background. The only style necessary is a clear statement of clear ideas. The feature writer's best

equipment (unless he has some quaint specialty which will wear out promptly) is general information and general acquaintance. Both can only be had by hard work."

LISLE BELL: "Don't go into the free-lance field unless your heart is in it ahead of you. I never used to relish the late trick on a morning paper. . . . But when you're a free lance, your 'dog watch' never ends. You can never shut the door on your job, for its vitality depends upon the number and the freshness of your impressions; your brain becomes an assignment book, and every contact with life or your fellow man is potentially a 'hunch.'

". . . If a writing man hasn't within himself some vestige of the creative urge, he will find the field of the unattached feature writer a fallow one, full of stumps and not very fertile. In a word, you need to be something of a detached observer of life—with more than a pinch of the novelist's instinct—to make a 'go' of this work. If the passing impressions of every hour do not suggest material, you will never find it otherwise. There are no calisthenics to develop the powers of observation, jotting down one's daily dozen in a notebook labeled 'What I Saw To-day' won't turn the trick.

"Don't worry about developing your style. If you have one, it will develop itself. If you haven't, it can't be tailored to your measure. The thing to do is to tackle every job—even the trivial ones, and there will be plenty of trivial ones to begin with if you are in dead earnest—and put it over with the best stuff at your command. Thanks to newspaper training, I am a profound devotee of good 'leads.' That opening paragraph has to be right before I am satisfied to go ahead. In fact, I find that the mental exertion of whipping the lead of an article into the right way to begin a story impels one to survey it from every angle; the whole thing takes form right then and there.

"As for establishing one's markets, that is a task which every writer has to thresh out for himself. Contrary to the theory of a number of writing men whom I know, I do not believe in too much concentration. If you are in the game to earn your daily bread at it—which is the most honorable as it certainly is the most exciting way in which to be in it—you will not wisely turn down an assignment because it lies outside the path of your ultimate goal. One never knows, in the intricate criss-cross of editorial changes, when that particular task may bear fruit. Some of the most unpromising of one's markets not infrequently become the most rewarding.

"This work requires plenty of that quality which is sometimes called patience and sometimes persistence. It is really a little of both—for it involves patience in respect to one's progress and persistence in regard to one's markets. Recognition does not come rapidly, except in isolated instances. But one has the consciousness that one is building one's own powers all the while, and as the field grows broader one broadens with it. The technique of the writer is, in its development, self-supporting. He does not, like the musician, labor for long hours in acquiring mere dexterity. You get your training by doing. You are not compelled to set down 'Now is the time for all good men' in daily penance. And you have the added zest which lies in the thought that to-day's job is the foundation of to-morrow's, and to-morrow's may be—achievement."

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING: "Scores of young persons who describe themselves loftily as 'special feature writers' are starving in New York and Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston, because they think themselves too good to do an honest day's work as reporters. Somewhere they've got the notion that magazines and Sunday sections are hippodromes for journalistic prima donnas. Ponder this! 'Tut, tut, child!'

said the Duchess. 'Everything's got a moral if only you can find it.' "

JOHN P. GAVIT: "Keep ahead of the crowd in the selection of subjects; but write with the most intelligent section of the crowd in mind. Everything under the sun is interesting; it's up to you to understand it and make the bartender see how interesting it is. The trick is to make the baseball fan understand Einstein."

ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE: "Serve your apprenticeship on a newspaper in a metropolitan field. If you have a news sense it will be developed there; if you haven't you will never be a feature writer."

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER: "Study. Work. Read only the best English, and read some of that every day. Read magazines in preference to newspapers, books in preference to magazines, and old books in preference to new. Set a definite time for writing every day; and defend that time fiercely against all outside interruption as well as against the stubborn indolence natural to nearly everyone. Learn to plan everything in advance. Leave nothing to 'inspiration.' Try a variety of styles and subjects until you find what you are best suited to do. Do not be a literary prig, but on the other hand refuse to write anything which you cannot write in all sincerity. Watch the state of the market and the trend of opinion, so that you may constantly readapt yourself thereto. Try, in the long run, to make yourself a specialist in some congenial field. Stick to your aim and your ideals. There is more talent in the world than will power; that is why so much talent goes to waste."

SIDNEY F. WICKS: "*Read* 'big books' from Euripides to Shakespeare so as to get the sense of destiny in life. Read the Bible for style. Cultivate the art of conversation with wise and witty friends. Love your fellow men."

FREDERICK L. COLLINS: "Both as editor and writer, I

have found that the most valued person who enters an editorial office on foot or by mail is the man who has ideas and is willing to work."

FORREST CRISSEY: "Do not undertake writing as a profession unless there is a steady pay envelope somewhere upon which to rely. No matter how successful the feature-article writer, he has moments when he feels he has chosen a precarious calling."

A. B. MACDONALD: "Acquire a correct use of English. Study the good feature stories of other writers. Read good literature to gain a fluid vocabulary and to learn the meaning of words—how words may be made to live and glow and stir the deepest emotions. Work over a story. Stay with it until you can hit the bull's-eye with it.

"Never write anything that can be successfully contradicted. You must know you are right before you write. I have heard editors say: 'Well, Bill can't write like some others, but he always gets his facts on straight,' or, 'Lots of fellows can write rings all around Jack, but one thing Jack always does, he has the whole story; there's nothing left for anyone else to write when he is through with it.'

"Very often the habit of being accurate and thorough and painstaking counts for more than brilliancy in writing. So, cultivate those things; be sincere, earnest, fair, and above all things correct and thorough. Then tell your story in a bright, clever way."

WILLIAM L. CHENERY: "I would suggest the widest possible reading of good books and the greatest effort to use whatever intelligence Nature may have bestowed upon the individual in question."

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT: "Read Cervantes, Fielding, Jane Austen, Sterne, W. D. Howells, and all of Taine, especially his *English Literature* and *Ancien Regime*. Both are well translated. Read, Read, Read. Then mingle."

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE: "Young writers should learn to characterize their dramatis personae. A name conveys no feeling of personality or appearance. Help the reader see the individuals involved in the action, but remember brevity is essential. Backgrounds should be touched in *briefly*. Nothing is more tiresome than lengthy descriptive passages. If a writer has his episode definitely in mind, its development, climax, and conclusion marshaled before he begins the record, the narrative will inevitably be more sure, swift, and deft."

FREDERICK PALMER: "A beginner must have the call to write. He must think that as writer he can do the best service. He must work, work, study models of good writing. Seek expert criticism, and even 'suffer in discontent' with his own production as the result of exacting self-criticism."

HARRY R. O'BRIEN: "The neophyte should begin with something he knows about first hand. Start with smaller articles. Write something practical and helpful, and aim to tell clearly something that some one else would like to know.

"Information is far more important than something freakish or cleverly written only. Gather about four times as much information as can be put into the article and then select. Form the habit of studying the background and connecting links of the specific article before writing it. Read widely and keep a morgue of both ideas and information to be used later. Submit your finished article to the man who supplied you with some of the data or to a recognized authority on the subject.

"Before writing a feature story, thoroughly 'sell' yourself on the idea. Believe that it is something ought to be written. 'Get hot under the collar' about it, be ready to fight for your ideas. Only then can you be perfectly honest and write with conviction—something absolutely necessary before any personality can be put into the article.

"It takes long and hard training to get the necessary back-

ground and judgment that goes to make a worth-while article. Often the feature must combine the nature of an editorial with a news angle, especially that looking to changing the opinions of men or moving them to taking some action. But the best feature is one that conceals this editorial purpose under the guise of human interest, interview, or concrete experience and example."

GEORGE MARTIN: "No matter what you are writing, remember this:

"The great human desires underlying man's supreme interest in himself can be summed up in these seven things: Money, health, wisdom, beauty, comfort, success, and appreciation.

"Anything you can do to show him the way to those things, or to tell him how others have or have not found the way to them will, I assure you, be read with interest. Even if you picture those things in fiction, he will read it, because he will read himself into the situations that he likes, and out of the situations that he dislikes; he will compare himself with your characters and their fortunes, proving to himself that he would not have made the mistakes they made, and that he would have done better the things that they did well.

"Finally, remember that writing, or editing, or whatever you are doing is not an end in itself; but merely the means to an end; and that the end to which your work is a means is the Business of Living."

ELMER DAVIS: "As in any other field, there is more money in specialization, but keep your mind plowed up by doing something off the track now and then."

Chase and I believe our task of playing eavesdroppers is fruitful in results. We have garnered opinions from those who had achieved in the hope they may prove stimulating to all young writers. "But some way or other," I reminded

Chase, "I don't know just what right we have to appropriate these ideas and put our seal on any of them."

"Oh, that's all right," he retorted. "We two are just the middlemen, and besides, I think the Blue Pencil talks will be found most helpful. Maybe that's sufficient excuse for publication. But of course every individual writer must work out a philosophy of his own."

And so the Blue Pencil Club broke up, each of us with a heart and mind ready for new adventures, and for new impressions that some time or other might be used for a good story, to be recounted in these rooms next winter when we sit elbow-to-elbow with our fellow pencilers.

ROSTER OF THE BLUE PENCIL CLUB

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS now devotes most of his energy to fiction. Among his novels are *Success*, *The Clarion* and *Siege*. He formerly did a good deal of feature writing, especially on medical and scientific subjects.

ALBERT W. ATWOOD is an authority on finance. He contributes articles on finance and economics to the *Saturday Evening Post*. As financial editor he served *McClure's* and *Harper's* and was financial reporter for the *New York Sun*. He is the author of a number of books on finance.

RENÉ BACHE received his training for feature writing by doing newspaper work.

EDWARD PRICE BELL has had wide experience as foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*. He is the first correspondent who ever interviewed a British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. His feature stories on the events and personages of the World War appeared in the *News*.

HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT was formerly associate editor of the *Delineator*. She contributes to the *American Magazine*, *Collier's Weekly*, *McCall's Magazine*, and has written a book on *American Women in Civic Work*.

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT is one of the "star" reporters for the *Chicago Tribune*. Besides doing special assignments with an interpretative background, he writes such articles as a series of book studies called "Best Sellers of the Ages" and sketches of

great Americans. He has the gift of making names on the printed page living men and women. For stimulation and suggestion he reads histories, especially English and American; memoirs, especially French, and the classic autobiographies.

BRUCE BLIVEN is literary editor of the *New Republic*. His articles appear also in the *Atlantic*, *Century*, and *Collier's*. For a time he was associate editor of the *New York Globe*.

MARY GRAHAM BONNER is a writer of children's stories. She began work by writing for newspapers exclusively. Her experience running a summer daily paper, she says, was invaluable. Among her books are *Daddy's Bedtime Bird Stories*, *Daddy's Bedtime Fairy Stories*.

PERCY S. BULLEN is staff correspondent for the *London Daily Telegraph*. He is an Englishman and has represented newspapers in Paris, Rome, London, and Berlin. For his services during the war he was decorated by the French, Belgian, and Greek governments.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY is editor of the *New York Telegram and Evening Mail*. He was a fellow in sociology at the University of Chicago and began his newspaper work on Chicago papers. He has written a book on *Industry and Human Welfare*.

IRVIN S. COBB needs no introduction. He is one of America's foremost humorists. Shorthand reporting was his first venture in writing. Editor of the *Paducah Daily News*, special writer for the *New York Sun*, are on the list of his former jobs. He writes now for the Hearst publications. There is a long list of volumes to his credit.

FREDERICK L. COLLINS devotes all of his time to writing special articles, editorials, and fiction. He has served as editor of the *Woman's Home Companion* and later of *McClure's Magazine*. He was an accredited correspondent of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace.

JAMES H. COLLINS has the distinction of being a feature writer who never worked on a newspaper. He doesn't believe in it. He writes such books as *The Art of Handling Men*, *The Story of Canned Foods*, and *Straight Business in South America*. His articles appear in the *Country Gentleman*, *Scientific American*, *Nation's Business*, and other publications.

JAMES B. CONNOLLY is a great traveler. For a year he served in the United States navy. He won the first Olympic championship of modern times at Athens. Many of his stories are tales

of the sea. Among his books are *The Seiners*, *The Deep Sea's Toll*.

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE is the Sunday editor of the New York *World*. He was formerly editor of *Collier's Weekly*.

FORREST CRISSEY is a special writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*. The farm and the country are his particular fields. He, too, began as a newspaperman.

SAMUEL CROWTHER specializes on business subjects for *Collier's Weekly*, *System*, *American Magazine*, and *World's Work*. He has been a correspondent in England and Germany and worked on six Eastern papers. Among his books are *Common Sense and Labour* and *Why Men Strike*. Mr. Crowther combats any effort that tends to reduce writing or preparations to a formula.

BARTON W. CURRIE is editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. As a reporter for the New York *World* he was sent to Laborador to meet Peary on his return from his last polar expedition and wrote a story representing Peary's side in the Cook-Peary controversy. One of his books is *Officer 666*.

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING has been reporter on the Kansas City *Star* and has worked on the editorial staffs of the *Literary Digest* and *Collier's*. During the World War he served in the Marine Corps and was on the staff of the *Stars and Stripes*, the official newspaper of the A. E. F. He has set down some of his experiences in feature writing in his book, *If You Don't Write Fiction*.

ELMER H. DAVIS has three college degrees and was a Rhodes scholar. Aside from a freshman course in composition, he says he has had no training for writing but writing. Recently he wrote a history of the New York *Times*, in addition to several novels. Feature writers need, he believes, training in research and principles of criticism.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON was at one time dramatic critic for the New York *Tribune* and later for the New York *Sun*. His specialties are the theater and nature. *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Country Life*, the *Atlantic*, *American Mercury* and other magazines carry his name in the tables of contents. His long list of books includes *The American Stage of To-day*, *The Man Who Found Christmas*, *In Berkshire Fields*.

FRANK FARRINGTON is a licensed pharmacist. He writes on business and especially on the drug-store business. His work has appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Country Gentleman*, *Printers' Ink* and in two hundred different trade journals.

Among his books are *Making a Drug Store Pay*, *Getting Physicians' Business*, and *John Martin's Clerks*.

ELIZABETH FRAZER was a volunteer auxiliary nurse at Neuilly, Paris, France, and for two years was war correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post*. As a result of this experience she wrote *Old Glory and Verdun*.

STANLEY FROST has specialized as a writer on radical agitation, particularly in the labor field and on German propaganda. He has had twenty years' experience writing for different kinds of papers, among them the *New York Tribune* and *Detroit News*. His most valuable training for writing was about two hours nightly, which he gave for some years to writing and rewriting *ad infinitum* material never intended for publication, but merely for practice. He writes for *Outlook*, *Collier's Weekly*, and *Review of Reviews*. He is the author of *Germany's New War Against America*, *Labor and Revolt*, and *The Challenge of the Klan*.

JOHN PALMER GAVIT is director and member of the literary conference of Harper & Brothers. Mr. Gavit has served on a number of newspapers and was at one time superintendent of the central division of the Associated Press. He devoted a number of years to settlement work.

WILL IRWIN is well known to magazine readers as a writer of feature articles and fiction. His writing career began as a reporter in San Francisco. Since then he has written for a number of newspapers and magazines. During the World War he was correspondent for various American papers and the *London Daily Mail*, and later for the *Saturday Evening Post*. He was decorated by the French and Belgian governments. He is the author of a number of books of fiction.

BURGES JOHNSON is associate professor of English at Vassar College. He has held editorial positions in magazine offices and has been a constant contributor to magazines. He writes for *Harper's*, *Colliers*, *Century*, *Pictorial Review*. He is the author of a collection of verse, *Youngsters* and a book of essays, *As I Was Saying*.

WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT is a specialist in the popularization of scientific subjects. At one time he was editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*. He contributes to American and European scientific publications. His books include *Ueber Land und Meer*, *A History of Astronomy* and *A Popular History of American Invention*.

FRED C. KELLY conducted the humorous column of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* for five years. He started his newspaper work at the age of fourteen. He writes for the *American Magazine*, *Harper's*, and others. Several of his books are *Human Nature in Business*, *The Wisdom of Laziness*, *You and Me*.

MARY KING is Sunday editor of the Chicago *Tribune*.

KARL KITCHEN writes a column daily for the New York *World*. In addition he interviews famous people. He has written *The Night Side of Europe* and *After Dark in the War Capitals*.

PAUL R. LEACH is special writer for the Chicago *Daily News*.

ARTHUR H. LITTLE discovered by seven years of newspaper work in Ohio that writing actually could be turned to the business of making a living. He is now editor of *Business*, the magazine published by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company. He has written a book called *On Writing for Business*.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER directs the destinies of the *Saturday Evening Post* as its editor-in-chief. Besides his heavy editorial work he has found time to write books, *Letters from a Self-made Merchant to His Son*, *Old Gorgon Graham*, *Jack Spurlock—Prodigal*, *The False Gods*.

GEORGE MARTIN, who is now editor of *Farm and Fireside*, served his apprenticeship by twelve years' newspaper work in the Middle West, East, and South.

GREGORY MASON has traveled through Europe and Asia as special correspondent. In the Mexican and World wars he was correspondent for the *Outlook*. Japan, Russia, Yucatan are some of the places he knows and writes about. In Yucatan he explored the ancient Maya ruins. He wrote a book on *Europe in the Melting Pot*. In 1921 he won the *Metropolitan Magazine* contest for the best article on American-Japanese relations.

A. B. MACDONALD is special writer for the Kansas City *Star* and the *Country Gentleman*.

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER is Paris correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*. He served as correspondent for the *News* throughout the war and during the Peace Conference. He was decorated with the Legion of Honor.

MARY B. MULLETT is staff writer for the *American Magazine*. Her articles appear under half a dozen pen names. She began writing by reporting for the Chicago *Tribune*. Later she went to New York and worked for the *Times* and the *Sun*. Travel and extensive reading have been of invaluable importance to her, she says.

HARRY R. O'BRIEN is now a member of the staff of the *Country Gentleman*, and is engaged in investigating agricultural conditions in all parts of the United States. For several years he taught courses in farm journalism at Iowa State College of Agriculture. He has found a Ford car and a camera valuable allies in his work as a writer.

FRANK WARD O'MALLEY is deeply interested in art and has studied both art and architecture. He writes humorous and special articles for magazines and newspapers. Mr. O'Malley, like many another writer, worked for some years on the old *New York Sun*.

FREDERICK PALMER has been on the scene of action in the Greek War, the relief of Peking, the Macedonian insurrection, the Turkish revolution and the Balkan War. These are only a few of his experiences. He is contributor to magazines and has written a number of books, among them, *Going to War in Greece*, *The Ways of the Service*, *With Kuroki in Manchuria*, *Central America and Its Problems*.

WILL PAYNE, who now writes short stories for magazines, started by working on Chicago newspapers. He has written a number of books of fiction.

WALTER B. PITKIN is associate professor of journalism in the Columbia School of Journalism. For fourteen years he did free-lance reporting and feature work in Europe and the United States. He has also written a good deal of fiction, and a number of books on short-story writing.

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER is managing editor of the *Outlook*. His chief training for writing while in school was obtained from his work as editor of various school and college publications. He says he is a great believer in the value of school and college journalism. Since his graduation from Harvard he has been a member of the editorial staff of the *Outlook*. He has written a book of verse, *Mothers and Men* and a novelette, *Glory O' The Dawn*.

ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE is now a free-lance writer, but he began his writing career in a newspaper office. For six years he was on the staff of the *New York Sun*. He served for one year as correspondent with the British and Belgian armies at the Peace Conference. He writes for the *Country Gentleman*. Among his books are *Trails to Two Moons*, *Dust of the Desert*, *Drums of Doom*.

KENNETH L. ROBERTS conducted the humorous column for the *Boston Post* early in his writing career. Later he was on the editorial staffs of *Puck* and *Life*. He was captain of the Intelligence Section of the Siberian Expeditionary Force, foreign correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post* in Central Europe and the Balkans, and Washington correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post*.

CHARMÉ SEEDS received her training for writing in the Ohio State School of Journalism. For a year and a half she wrote publicity for the Red Cross in Europe. She writes for syndicates and the *New York Sunday Times*.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON is director of Science Service, Washington, D. C. This organization sends out scientific information in popular form. Doctor Slosson was formerly a professor of chemistry. At twenty he traveled in Europe and wrote "European Correspondence" for the *Kansas City Journal*. He became literary editor of the *Independent* in 1921. His best known books are *Creative Chemistry*, *Easy Lessons in Einstein*, *Science Remaking the World*.

FULLERTON L. WALDO has been on the editorial staff of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* for sixteen years. He served as correspondent during the World War and was decorated with the Order Cross of Mercy, Serbian. One of his books is *With Grenfell on the Laborador*. He writes for *The Outlook* as well as for newspapers, among them the *Christian Science Monitor*.

ELMO SCOTT WATSON is editor of the *Publishers' Auxiliary* of the Western Newspaper Union. He has taught courses in journalism at the University of Illinois and in the Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University. His books are *History of Auxiliary Newspaper Service in the United States* and *The Coach and Journalism*.

SIDNEY F. WICKS is on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, England.

EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY has been giving his time for the last ten years to delineating in fiction and fictionized fact the struggle of life in so far as it concerns the income and allied phases of the common lot. He has had years of newspaper experience on papers from San Francisco to New York. Now he is special writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, and other magazines and newspaper syndicates. He has a long list of books to his credit, including *The Art of Selling Goods*, *The Real America in Romance*, and *The Cub Reporter*.

PART II

TYPES OF FEATURE ARTICLES

IX

BRIGHT LITTLE STORIES

THE butterfly stumped me. Of course it wasn't a real butterfly, just a copy of one exquisitely etched on the margin of an artist's proof that depicted a stretch of sand dunes. I found the picture at an exhibition sponsored by a group of talented young gentlemen who inhabit the Art Institute.

"Why the picture of the butterfly?" I one day asked an artist.

"Oh, that's easy," he laughed. "You see, when we engravers want to see if the steel etching needle will scratch the plate's varnish just right, we try it out on the margin with a little free-hand drawing. It steadies our wrists, too, and gets us ready to do the big job. That butterfly sketch is just a studio experiment."

Writers may absorb many a useful lesson from their fellow craftsmen. That butterfly, so perfectly caught on the point of a needle, furnishes a text on how creative impulse may bestow beauty and distinction upon the margin.

It is the purpose of this chapter to present a row or two of these butterflies, captured in many places, in the hope that they will reveal to young writers something of the artistry of the feature story in miniature.

The chief function of a newspaper, you have observed, is to gather and publish news for busy men and women. Information relating to human activities furnishes by far the greater bulk of the material issuing from the press. Examine

your favorite newspaper, perhaps an evening daily still damp with ink. The headlines proclaim the following news developments:

FIRE IMPERILS ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL

FIND BOMB IN LABOR HALL

CLOSE TWO MORE DAKOTA BANKS

NEW PREMIER SELECTS CABINET

ROBBERS HOLD UP CASHIER

And more of the same sort—fresh, timely outcroppings of an adventuresome humanity caught in a variety of situations and experiences.

You will also uncover many other types of reading matter (for the newspaper is a literary cafeteria that seeks to satisfy the tastes of many readers), but news is its principal staple and sells the paper.

In preparing current information for reader consumption the writer has limited opportunity to spread his rhetorical wings. His story must first be clear, compact, and accurate, or his service is faulty; he must not allow his own opinions and prejudices to tint his report; he must tell quickly what he knows. The utilization of a lead sentence that summarizes succinctly the outstanding facts gleaned by investigation and observation is rather typical of the newspaper's function as a hurried historian. For example read this:

Renewal of Chicago's milk strike, due to a dispute between the producers and the Bowman Dairy Company over terms of the agreement reached on Monday night, was averted early this morning. As in the first settlement, Health Commissioner Herman N. Bundesen acted as a mediator. The Bowman Company met the demands of the producers for an 8-cent bonus in addition to the price of \$2.67½ per hundred pounds.

True, yes, and effective; but scarcely an item you would snip from a newspaper and preserve as a memorable piece of writing.

I am not saying that the gifted writer does not bring a vivid quality of animation and readableness into the oft-repeated commonplaces of the day's news, but literary distinction in a straight news story is a rare accomplishment. Many newspaper offices are filled with hack writers who bring to routine tasks tameness of vocabulary, dullness of perception; their stories often read like a laundryman's memorandum of collars and shirts.

Day-by-day rehearsal by newspapermen of these fact-laden stories, offering slight variations in content, often results in the making of stereotyped patterns of news presentation, quite lacking in novelty and literary attractiveness. Add to this, necessity for speed exacted by a daily newspaper and a reporter's best literary intentions often go for naught. A contributor to Don Marquis' column in the *New York Herald-Tribune* thus hits off the present-day drift toward the banal:

SIR: With automobile accidents and newspaper accounts of automobile accidents such a part of the city's daily routine, why can't the publishers agree to have mimeographed by the thousand some such form as the following and thus make life easier for the overworked rewrite man:

_____, of _____ Street, was killed yesterday at _____ by an automobile driven by _____, of _____ Street. The driver was arrested on a technical charge of homicide. _____, _____ year-old _____, of _____ Street, was crushed to death by a _____ driven by _____, _____, Witnesses said the driver of the machine was not to blame.

_____ was seriously (fatally) injured yes-

terday as a result of being run over at _____ by
a truck driven by _____. The driver
failed to stop.

THE NIGHT REWRITE.

But the average reader does not live by facts alone. In Carl Sandburg's phrase his life is "the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits," a union of the practical and the idealistic. Every day he is impelled by a variety of mixed emotions—by his loves, hates, passions, sympathies, and sentiments as these are evoked by intimate contact with humankind, or by life as seen through the glass of good writing. A normal man seeks to be awakened and thrilled as well as instructed.

To satisfy this desire for entertainment as well as for information newspapers are to-day competing with the magazines in the production of non-news features loosely connected with the spot news of the hour.

A feature story is generally hinged upon some fundamental human interest given a new expression that makes it worthy of fresh presentation. It must not be inferred, however, that because the special article carries slight news content that it may be a rambling essay on an abstract theme. A feature article should have a peg of live, up-to-date interest; it should recite the deeds of actual people and establish a bond between the reader's inner store of experience and the outer life of realities.

A convincing feature story, while it does not necessarily answer the who, what, why, when, where of the news lead, should have an intimate connection with the action of the times; otherwise it lacks pertinency and grip.

One editor remarks that the best straight news stories deal with fact handled impersonally; the feature story deals with people handled intimately. Items not sufficiently important to appear as news may often be salvaged for good

feature articles. The newspaper makes room for such non-news material because it strikes a human note and escapes the limitations of time and place. The reporter qualified to find and write it must first have a respect for the realities that undergird the story he would tell; he must nurture those realities with sympathy, restraint, and understanding, and reproduce them without self-consciousness and literary flourishes. In the hands of a skilled writer the invisible ink traced on a page which appears quite empty of significance is made to glow with vivid colorings when exposed to the warming fire of the imagination.

Because it releases the imagination and permits a certain freedom of execution, the feature story often lends itself to the tricks and insincerities of the literary fakir. Masked as legitimate news, many fictitious details attach themselves to the original outlines, so that the revamped product sometimes becomes cheap hoakum, is, in fact, a spurious short story.

The other day I read a silly paragraph about an "illuminated" fish equipped with a "swim bladder which permits it to shout," a joyous phenomenon said to have been discovered by an American biologist. The whole account was a travesty on science, and certainly is not to be taken too seriously.

A city editor on a New York newspaper once posted on the office bulletin board an announcement urging members of the staff to turn in more "h-i" stuff (human interest stories). He was deluged with copy, most of it sentimental fluff with practically no basis of fact. Whereupon he posted a second notice:

I ASKED FOR H-I (HUMAN INTEREST)— NOT H-A (HOT AIR).

A soft, boneless essay on a nebulous subject, unsupported by authentic news references, names, places, and particulars, is emphatically not a feature story. The convincing tale must first be sound and true; then it may prove interesting. The writer may employ every artifice in the story teller's pack to heighten its effectiveness—surprise, suspense, comic by-play, brisk action, dramatization, conversation, climax, bits of telling description—all leading with sprightly gait toward a definite goal. But let him remember that he is not writing fiction.

The first sentence of the feature story, unlike the conventional news lead, may unwind as the fancy of the writer suggests, providing it shepherds the rest of the straying, lamb-like sentences into the right fold without too much loss of time. It may be as different as the news lead is conventional.

An invigorating personality that responds to life in a fresh, original way touches raw material with a new magic. Do you recall that paragraph from Samuel McChord Crothers, the genial Boston essayist: "To be interesting a thought must pass through the mind of an interesting person. In the process something happens to it. It is no longer an inorganic substance; but it is in such form that it can be easily assimilated by other minds."

Here is a series of stories based on the same incident, the death of a circus clown. The first story is the straight news account, of interest to a very limited circle. Probably it would not have been given first page position outside New York City.

Now examine the same story after the reporter had crept under the obvious facts and discovered some interesting incidents in the clown's career. Such incidents he has incorporated into a human-interest narrative which no longer belongs to the zone of New York City. In his zeal, how-

ever, to give the story emotional appeal the writer has overreached himself.

In the third story the copyreader has restrained the exuberance of the reporter and has trimmed the story of its superfluities, giving it rich universal interest.

I

The Straight News

Pete Conklin, 82 years old, who spent 40 years as a circus clown, died to-day. He began his career in P. T. Barnum's tent show in the 'sixties. Until a few days before his death he played a minor part in "Queen Victoria." He counted many famous personages in his audiences, including kings and queens.

II

The Story Under the News

Pete Conklin, dean of American circus clowns, whose colorful career dated back to the 'sixties when he traveled with P. T. Barnum's tent show, took his final exit to-day, his last coherent speech being a recitation which he had spoken hundreds of times in white spangled tights and jester's cap, with applause ringing in his ears.

It was the self-same speech, but the many thousands had dwindled down to a solitary nurse who sat by his bedside during his dying hours, and the sawdust ring's towering walls of laughing human faces had given place to a bare hospital ward.

The old jester's wish that he might die on the stage was denied him but by a few days. He was playing a minor part in the drama, "Queen Victoria," when he was stricken and removed to the hospital. He will be granted another wish, however, and that was to be buried by the side of his wife, who died six months ago.

Forty of Pete's eighty-two years were spent as a clown. When his career as a jester was finally finished because of his age, or perhaps because he would not resort to the methods of what he called "modern knock-

III

The Final Story as Edited

Pete Conklin, dean of American circus clowns, whose colorful career dated back to the 'sixties when he traveled with P. T. Barnum's tent show, made his final exit cue to-day. His last coherent speech was a recitation which he had spoken hundreds of times in white spangled tights and jester's cap.

It was the same speech, but his audience of thousands who had laughed at the lines in the heyday of his success, had dwindled to a solitary nurse who sat by his bedside during his dying hours.

The old jester's wish that he might die on the stage was denied him by a few days. He was playing a minor part in the drama, "Queen Victoria," when he was stricken and removed to the hospital. He will be granted another wish, however, which was to be buried by his wife, who died six months ago.

Forty of Pete's eighty-two years were spent as a clown. Pete could tell many stories of his life as a jester. His favorite one relates how, while traveling with a circus in Mexico during the Maximilian regime, he clowning his way from in front of a firing squad and rescued the whole circus.

about clowns," he became a familiar figure outside the "loop the loop" and the infant incubator to attract crowds, which always responded to the magnetism of the old man with close-clipped white hair and an abundant white mustache. Always he had a cheering word to pass to the crowd.

Pete could relate by the hour many stories of his life as a jester, his favorite one being how, while traveling with a circus in Mexico during the Maximilian regime, he clowned his way from in front of a firing squad and rescued the whole circus in safety. And he has played before many famous personages, too, including Queen Victoria and King Edward VII, when he was Prince of Wales. They, no less than the country folk of the Middle West, were captivated by the King of Circus Clowns.

The attached bright little stories will also show how somewhat trivial incidents may be given refreshing treatment at no sacrifice of essential accuracy. They are well worth study.

1

(Chicago *Evening Post*)

OLD LIGHTKEEPER ENDS HIS LOG

An old man bent over a log at the lighthouse off Waukegan harbor. His hand traveled slowly across the sheet.

"Hazy weather; wind from the southwest and fresh," he wrote.

He paused and lifted a weather-beaten face. A mile

north and east of the lighthouse a bell buoy on the shoals clanged fitfully.

The old man took up his pen again.

"A. J. Davenport, lightkeeper at Waukegan, retired from the government service to-day," he wrote.

He closed the log softly.

The bell buoy sounded again. To the old man it seemed to ring for him—seemed to be ringing him out of the service in which he had spent his life.

The captain gazed ahead of him unseeingly. He was living again the first day he had donned the blue of the light service forty-eight long years ago. Before him were the Straits of Mackinaw and he was tending the old oil lamp.

The years slipped by in retrospect, an incident here, a scene there.

From an inner pocket the captain produced a bankbook. He peered at the comfortable sum it showed and sighed. His wife would be glad to be housed in their modest flat building he had purchased in Chicago—but he—well, forty-eight years with the sound of the sea in his ears. . . .

The shoal buoy tolled louder.

2

(Daily Northwestern)

FURPAW DETHRONED AS MASCOT

Furpaw is out of luck.

One short year ago this bear cub was presented to the football team as a mascot. He was cheered, laughed at, worried over, and tended. He scratched the Sigma Nus and bit the Phi Delts. He waddled across the field behind

the band at football games. He hibernated in the basement of the Phi Delt house and chased their freshmen. In other words, he was quite the boy.

Now nobody loves Furpaw. He is marooned for good down in the Lincoln Park zoo, where he was taken ostensibly to spend the summer. Nobody wants him back. In the first place, he has grown—not old, but large. He is no longer a cub, but a bear. And no fraternity is willing to volunteer its basement and its freshmen to the ravages of a life-sized carnivorate.

Secondly, and worse, the football team protests that they don't want him. They don't want any kind of a mascot, particularly Furpaw. His record last year was not to his credit.

"Of course we don't blame him because we didn't do any better," Bob Weinecke, captain of the eleven, explained, "but we certainly couldn't have done any worse. We know he isn't any good. And some of us superstitious fellows think we could have done better if we hadn't had a mascot."

So Furpaw is dethroned. Somebody fumbled, somebody missed a tackle, and the one-time mascot is out of favor. He is languishing in a cage, not even particularly necessary, at Lincoln Park. Nobody wants to see him roll over or shake hands. Twice a day he is fed raw meat. Never again will he take a little nip out of Dick Howell's hand. He is the fifth spoke in the wheel.

Just what will ultimately become of the animal is yet to be seen. There is some rumor that he will be placed in Lincoln Park's exhibits as an example of what used to be a university football team's mascot. Or he may be the first of the inmates at a home for retired and discarded mascots. Nobody knows. What is worse, nobody cares.

Furpaw is just out of luck.

(Christian Science Monitor)

THE HARBOR OF OLD SHIPS

In the little sheltered arm of San Francisco Bay, which lies within the shadow of Sausalito's prettily wooded heights, the fleet of sailing-ships which have found there their final port is growing in number month by month. Here is another last refuge of the old carriers like that in Oakland Estuary; and it is one in which the great "square-riggers," lying at their final mooring in midstream, show to far more advantage and impress one more deeply with their splendid proportions, than in the mud of the bay's farther shore.

Here off Sausalito lie a dozen ships, ships which have flown the flag of more than one country, which have had long and stirring careers, and which rest at last here, with the dignified bearings of those who are able to review serenely a useful and well-rounded existence. There are among them two or three great steel ships which once bore the German flag, which sought refuge within San Francisco Bay in 1915, and which have been here ever since. The rust flakes are falling from their sides like the bark from a slowly decaying tree. They are taking on a list as the once sturdy hull loses its buoyancy. Presently the sea water will creep above their bulwarks. Whose the ownership of these no man can say; their history none knows.

But the greater number of the fleet in the Sausalito cove is of American registry. Robert Dollar, who kept his sailing-vessels on the sea lanes as long as it was economically possible, owns most of these. The *Annie M. Reid* came in in January, 1921, and the *David Dollar* two months later. The *Dunsore*, once of German registry, returned to the bay from a long voyage in July, 1921, and the *Mary Dollar* shortly after. There was nothing more for any of these to

do, no charters to be obtained. So they came to anchor off Sausalito, henceforth to lie there as a sort of marine museum, a curious sight to the eyes of the thousands on trains and ferries who pass that way every day. And that is the end of the sailing-ships, to become as things in a case in some collection of the strange objects of a vanished age.

Of all the ships here in the sheltered cove of San Francisco Bay, the finest is the *John Ena*, one of Bath's proudest products. No ship built of steel was ever given such clipper-like lines, such symmetry, such vast spread of sail as the *John Ena*. She was a proud ship, not even yet old as steel ships go, yet here she lies, the rust on her sides flaking off her steel spars, her once immaculate decks a litter of rubbish and dust, a pathetic thing. All that remains to her of pride and glory is her supremacy here in this refuge of abandoned ships, her court the superseded monarchs of the seas, her retainers the glorious memories of braver days.

4

(*Universal Service*)

MIRAGE OF OLD DAYS FADES OUT

POLO GROUNDS, NEW YORK, OCT. 8.—A bright vision hung and held for just a moment over the Polo Grounds this afternoon, the vision of a tall, fresh-cheeked, fair-haired, brawny youth pitching with power, with blinding, dazzling speed.

It was just a mirage of other years. Now it had vanished. The youth was gone.

By some magic of the imagination there stood in his place an old fellow with stooping shoulders, as if they felt the great weight of years, whose arms lifted wearily and fell wearily, who glanced at the raging crowd around him with tired eyes.

That was Johnson, once called the great, that seemingly old, old man.

And that bright vision that passed so quickly—that also was Johnson, the Johnson that used to be.

Almost mercifully the evening shadows closed over the stooped shoulders in the ninth inning of the fifth game of the world series as he slowly trudged toward the distant club house, keeping close to the walls above which sat the raging crowd.

Behind him the fat official announcer, George Levy, aiming a short megaphone at a few of the 50,000 persons in the crowd, briefly intoned a funeral oration over the dead ashes of eighteen years' ambition:

"Tate batting for Johnson."

So passed the once mighty "Jayhawker Cyclone," the once "king of speed," the hope of Washington in the world series of 1924.

He had been beaten for the second time by the New York Giants, this time by a score of 6 to 2. The series now stands three games to two in favor of the Giants.

Johnson fell to-day because the arm worn with eighteen years' service in the American League no longer carried its oldtime power. He fell under his own pitching impotence. His big chance has come to him too late.

5

(Chicago Tribune)

A BRIDEGROOM LOSES HIS WIFE

PHILADELPHIA, PA. (Special.)—After an accidental separation from his bride, with whom he had eloped, John M. Bannister thought he had found her again in City Hall Square, but it was her twin sister.

They had never met, and when the excited bridegroom

ran up and tried to embrace the girl, she screamed for help. City Hall guards took Bannister to Central station.

"But I married her in Elkton only five hours ago," Bannister protested.

"I never saw him in my life before," contradicted Miss Ethel Paisley.

"Look at the initials on her handbag," the bewildered Bannister exclaimed, pointing to "E. P."

"What was the name of the girl you married?" the girl asked Bannister.

"Edith Paisley," he told her.

Thereupon the twin sister became almost hysterical with mirth.

"That's the best ever," she said, finally. "I'm not your wife, but I'm going to be a sister to you."

The bride was found later in the station waiting room.

6

(*Minneapolis Tribune*)

THE TALE OF A HORN AND A WISE JUDGE

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.—Now it came to pass in the reign of Calvin the Silent that two musicians brought a certain matter to a judge of the city for settlement. And the judge was John Richardson, and great was his wisdom.

And with them they brought a cornet, and shewed it unto him. And one saith: "It is mine." And the other saith, "Nay, my lord, but it is mine, and this nutty bimbo hath swiped it from mine house."

And the judge was sore vexed to know which of the twain spake the truth. But he had a hunch, and spake unto the one:

"Let's hear you play it."

And the one to whom he spake took the instrument, and

swelling up like one sick with the dropsy, he blew with all his strength. And it was a sour note, so that the judge lay as one dead and those who were in the court cried out to put the musician to death, saying he was a murderer as well as a thief.

But he heeded them not, and blew a second time and the plaster fell like rain, and a centurion named Gilhooley came with certain of his men to carry him out to be stoned.

But the judge, awakened from his swoon, and would not suffer them to kill him until his adversary had blown upon the horn.

"But remember when thou blowest," he spake unto the other, "that if the note is not dulcet and easily harkened unto, thou also shall be torn asunder and thy bones divided among the junkmen who have paid their tax."

And the other blew, and lo, it was music, even as Alexander's Ragtime Band. And the centurions and those who were in the court danced and made merry.

Then saith the judge unto him who had first blown upon the horn: "Thought you could outsmart me, hey? Throw him in the hoosegow."

And they cast him into a place of utter darkness. And his name was Walter Berry.

But on the other, Preston Helm, he bestowed much praise, and gave him the horn.

And the fame of his wisdom was noised abroad.

7

(Associated Press)

THE CHINAMAN'S LAMENT

MANITOBA.—W. Yeun, a local Chinaman, lifted his voice in mournful song.

"I um al-a-ways chasee lainblows," sang he.

And his notes were as desolate as those of the moor fowl upon his native heath. For Yeun had just watched Romance paddling up Salt Creek in a canoe.

Recently Yeun convinced Matilda Greenleaf, an Indian girl, that she was the rosy red apple of his almond eye. And so they were married. Then Matilda's friends started trouble.

"Heap bad medicine," they said, gloomily. "Progeny probably be bright orange color."

The words of the wise ones of the tribe were too much for Matilda. She took to a canoe and when last seen was headed for the forest recesses along the Mossy river.

"I um al-a-ways chasee lainblows," sings Yeun.

8

(*Kansas City Star*)

AXIOMS OF THE OPEN ROAD

"There's no use talking—it takes luck to make money quick, just as it takes dirt to breed flies."

The speaker, William Alton Bryce, stopping in the East Bottoms "jungles" last night, was in a philosophical mood as he waited for his coffee to boil in a blackened and battered can.

"They talk about their thousand and one ways of making money," he continued, both contemptuously and humorously. "I've tried most all of them, and look what it got me—rags and 'jungles,' and railroad ties for pillows!"

The "jungles," it should be explained, are the brush and weed-covered spots where men of the open road pause to rest and to eat and drink whatever fortune and their wits have swept into their laps.

William Alton Bryce added a few sticks to the blaze in which his makeshift coffee pot was enthroned in fierce splendor, and turned again to his visitor.

"I've schemed, plotted, planned, and dreamed all my life," he said, reclining on an elbow. "But I've lost every time. Stock market or anything else—I always lost."

Stock market? William Alton Bryce is not an ordinary knight of the box car, it is evident from his speech. His words come with an intonation and flow that make one forget the rags and "jungles," and even the coffee in the blackened tin.

"I have prospected in the West and in Alaska, where 'gold stuck out of the mountains,' but I never found any," he went on. "I tried my hand on the farm, and went broke. I've tried to raise cattle and goats in Mexico, where labor is cheap and land cheaper, but I never made anything.

"I have tried everything but the right thing—I never really worked and saved. I invested my money in wild-cat schemes and waited for the profits to roll in, but they never came. I depended on luck.

"Work and save—that's what counts. Those two habits will make a go of anything."

He sighed, but not in resignation, and tasted his coffee.

"Some day I'll start all over again," he said. "And I'll be rich yet!"

9

(Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING

IRVIN S. COBB

BY ROBERT H. DAVIS

IF THE truth were known, every potential practical joker can look back on at least one of his attempted witticisms with shame and regret. Few of us are willing to reveal the details because, in the last analysis, they do

more credit to the jokee than the joker and transfer flowers for the living from the grave of the self-slain humorist. A case in point:

Irvin Cobb and the writer have been traveling around together for probably fifteen years, sleeping in fishermen's huts, hunting lodges, duck boats, lean-tos and makeshifts. Occasionally we have crawled into some reasonably clean quarters and spent a weekend here and there like gentlemen.

During all these years I have never known the Paducah humorist to utter one harsh word, complain about any kind of weather, criticize the food, or ask for the best of it. He may lean slightly toward the lower berth in a Pullman drawing-room, but out in the broad open where men are men he accepts what befalls without criticism. The worse the conditions the less luxury Irvin expects. Wind or rain, snow or sleet, hunger or exhaustion will not mar in the slightest degree the warmth of his flawless agreeability.

In spite of fifteen years' affiliation with this incomparable companion there came a moment when I struck him a foul blow, receiving in return a soft word. It was in the cold month of January in a little shack in Smithtown, Long Island. We had retired in adjoining rooms, having left the windows open for ventilation. During the nighttime a bleak north wind came up, the direct blast of which smote Mr. Cobb with supreme violence.

"How about some more blankets?" he shouted.

"All right, old pal," I replied, my voice ringing with a rich friendship, "I'll bring you some." Whereupon, without wasting any more time on Kentucky's favorite and being myself out of the draught, I went back to sleep, convinced that I could match joke for joke with Irvin any time.

In the morning Mr. Cobb, blue nosed and stiff as a mackerel, skittered into the living room like a fiddler crab and leaned up against the stove.

"What kind of a night did you spend, Irvin?" I inquired, casually.

"Horrible," was his reply. "After you offered to bring the blankets, and didn't, I thought perhaps my oldest and dearest friend had frozen to death. The horrible thought kept me awake all night, but my prayers are answered. You are still alive. Put her there."

This story has been on my conscience for some time. I have never told it before, but really, when all is said and done, it is the best wreath I can lay on the brow of Irvin Cobb.

10

(*Chicago Journal*)

"SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN"

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it 'Italy.'"

Her fame outspreads the renown of royalty, yet there's a lonely signora in this town.

Eleanora Duse looks out of her hotel window over Michigan Avenue—far wider than the Roman Corso—and dreams of St. Peter's and the Pantheon, of the park hard by the Borghese Palace, of the blue Sabine hills in the distance. Lago Michigani cannot equal the muddy Tiber. What is a marble museum to the tumbled Forum, or a rising stadium to the crumbling Coliseum?

Signora Duse's hotel apartment is directly over the apartment of Amelita Galli-Curci, another of great fame out of the land which has the fatal gift of beauty.

Galli-Curci, quite thoroughly Americanized, if not permanently won to Chicago, sits looking out of her hotel window over Michigan Avenue—perhaps dreaming, too, as dream all who are great but content.

Galli-Curci and Duse do not know each other.

There is a knock at the singer's door. "Come!" she calls in English.

The door opens and, otherwise unannounced, in walks one of the great of the earth, closely wrapped in a coat.

"Buona sera, signora," chimes the voice of the caller.

Galli-Curci flutters across the room.

"Signora Duse!" she says, curtsying low.

"I wish to pay my respect to Galli-Curci," says Duse, likewise curtsying. "I'm very lonely. I'm cold."

Galli-Curci hurries the actress to a great chair. They sit facing. They talk of Italy, of America, of the long distance, between the two. Many things are said, but nothing quite so intimate as this, spoken by Duse:

"I gave away all my money during the war, and I must act. I have to fight to do it. Each time I go on the stage I say: 'God, help me through this and I'll never ask anything else.'"

After a little while Duse rises and, hugging herself in her great coat, bows. Galli-Curci bows. The caller goes.

In a few moments the lonely tragedienne sits gazing again out of her window. Smoke rises from grunting engines on the Ferrovie Illinois Central. Like marching ants the motor cars swarm along Michigan Avenue. But Duse sees only a dusty road winding around a flowery hill near Tivoli, where the sun is warm and the donkey boys are singing.

11

(Chicago Tribune)

THE GORILLA'S LONELY EXILE

Although gorillas do not, as a rule, keep diaries, they love with a love intense. They possess extremely fragile hearts which are likely to break at the slightest show of indifference. A man undertakes a great responsibility who goes forth to woo a gorilla, for they love only once. If given the gate ~~they~~ curl up their toes and wait for the undertaker.

Gentle reader, would you win a gorilla's heart? Somebody's got to do it if we are to have one at the new Chicago zoölogical park. All you need is a sympathetic nature and a big portion of the Chicago "I will" spirit. The gorilla will do the rest.

George Frederick Morse, Jr., director of the zoölogical gardens, explained the emergency yesterday with a voice that was admirably calm and restrained.

"When gorillas are brought here from Africa they invariably die from a broken heart," he said. "They refuse to eat in the changed environment and soon pine away and perish. The reason is that they have formed an attachment for some one back in the old country, and here among strangers they fret themselves away.

"We plan to send some one to Africa to get a young gorilla or two. He will stay there until they've become firmly attached to him before bringing them to Chicago."

It will take some time for the wooer to land the coy young things. Under the soft African moonlight he will paint alluring word pictures of the Art Institute lions, the Wrigley tower, the eight-page Sunday comic section, and other glories of Chicago. But when he has finally won the gorillas' hearts they'll live here happily ever after.

It will be necessary, of course, to stick close to the zoo once you get 'em here. They'll stand for no trifling. If their friend is not around to cheer them up they'll start to pine. And when a gorilla pines he pines.

12

(New York *Herald-Tribune*)

"SIR, I HAVE A LETTER FOR YOU"

The leaden-footed Mercurys who saunter sadly from point to point bearing messages of vital import marked "Rush"—or at least those of them who wear the uniform of the

Western Union—will shortly be marching in quickstep and turning corners with the mathematical precision of soldiers upon parade.

These world-weary boys, who from their present outward signs seem to regard their occupation as useful for sleeping purposes only, are about to have numerous things happen to them. If the present plans of the Western Union Company go through, wives in the Bronx receiving messages that pressure of business will keep their husbands out of town yet another night will be somewhat astonished to find the good news delivered by a bright-eyed youth whose chest advances while his stomach recedes, who stands with his heels together and his back of broomstick stiffness, the while he hands over his dispatch.

His opening phrase will be "Sir," or "Madam," as the case may be, and he will continue, "I have the honor to present for your approval message rush one, in envelope buff one, from the Western Union Telegraph Company."

Upon departure he will salute smartly, standing at attention; then, turning upon the left heel and the toe of the right foot, will depart in precise time, reciting at every other step the traditional reminder, "Hep, hep, hep."

This is the final result which the Western Union hopes to achieve through the medium of a movement inaugurated last week to organize its messenger service into a cadet corps, following the West Point traditions.

For the purpose the company has engaged the services of two West Point students, Ferd Nessel, of Marion, Ind., and Homer Tully, of Rush, Col.—who have been sent down from the Military Academy. Meanwhile they are turning their attention to the organization of the Western Union cadets, aided by the experienced hand—and voice—of Sergeant Grant, late of the United States army and the A. E. F.

Drills began last week at the Western Union Building, 235 Broadway. A summer camp is planned. The object, officials of the company say, is to increase the morale of the messenger corps, and by interesting the boys in their jobs to lessen the labor turnover.

13

(*Minneapolis Journal*)

"A PIECE OF STRING"—MODERN VERSION

"A Piece of String" once provided the subject for a famous short story by Guy de Maupassant. In that tale a man picked up a piece of string and thereby nearly wrecked his life.

Out in the district of the McKinley school, Colfax and Thirty-seventh avenues, N., Miss Georgia Lynch, teacher, picked up a piece of twine and devised a novel plan for teaching geography.

Children in Miss Lynch's sixth-grade class were studying the physical and industrial features of the United States. One of their tasks was to learn the outline of the country, the position of its principal cities, where the mountains lay, where the rivers ran, and the position of states and oceans.

As this string lay on the sidewalk it resembled to Miss Lynch the southeastern border of the United States. Thereupon the idea for a geography project was born.

Recently the finished project was presented.

"Place the northeastern boundary of the United States," said Miss Lynch, and immediately a boy stepped forward and on the floor laid a piece of string, outlining the northeastern boundary. As he did so he named the states bordering it.

Miss Lynch called for Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, and Lake Huron. In a brief

space of time there they were outlined in twine on the floor.

She called for every other section of the outline and soon it was all constructed. As the children laid pieces of string on the floor they described the coast and its physical features.

The rivers were next. Strings in proportion to the rivers' lengths were in the hands of the children. As Miss Lynch called for each river a child stepped forward and, placing the string, recited some fact about the river.

"Show the Appalachian highlands," said Miss Lynch.

A boy stepped into the map and placed there a sheet of black paper which had been folded to lie in ridges. In like manner all other mountains of the United States were depicted.

Then the states were located by each placing a card upon which had been printed the name of the state in the proper place. Then the oceans were similarly located.

Products were named. Oranges were placed in California and Florida, a tiny flour sack laid upon Minneapolis, a toy sheep was put in Ohio, a toy horse was put in Kentucky, a pig in Omaha, a sack of rice in Alabama, and many other things in the various cities and states.

14

(NEA Service)

IMMORTALIZES LOST SHIPS

SAILORS SNUG HARBOR, N. Y.—He is known as "the maker of lost ships."

Here where 800 old men of the sea have come to anchor, awaiting the last ebb tide, Captain Alfred McNeil is cheating "Davy Jones" of ancient victories by seeking to immortalize brave craft that went to romantic death.

By so doing he has built up a one-man industry that brings him orders from the four corners of the globe. For most sailor folk have more than a little sentiment and there is some one ship that was their pride and love.

"Ships, like men, have a short span of life before the seas swallow them or the rocks break them. Such ships are like lost children to their masters."

Thus philosophizes the old Scotch skipper whose aged but adept fingers piece together replicas of brigantines, bark-entines, schooners—all the sailing-ship types known to the seven seas.

For these he gets \$150 and up.

"It started when I made models of ships on which I once had sailed, but which had been lost," explains Captain McNeil, who for more than forty-five years followed the sea. He took out ships for nearly every firm on the Pacific coast many years back, running to Hawaii and the South Seas.

"Some of the best boats I ever sailed went ashore or on the reefs," he says, sadly.

So in the idle hours at the old sailors' home Captain McNeil dreamed of the ships of his youth and soon with wood and string he was fashioning them again. Not a detail had escaped his memory.

The finished products were hailed as masterpieces by sailormen and his reputation spread across the country. Then he began to pattern the lost ships of other skippers, until now his unique industry is producing as fast as aged hands can carry on the work.

He will trust the work to no other—for he knows his ships, and the finished model must be such that it shall rise as a wraith to some skipper somewhere.

And maybe the fortunes lost when his ships went down may some day be partially regained, thanks to their miniature ghosts.

(Oakland, Cal., *Tribune*)

POLICEMEN ARREST PORKY

The learned gentlemen who compiled the modern dictionary and cyclopædia put their heads together and agreed that a porcupine was a hystricomorphic rodent quadruped of the family *Hystricidæ*, but if they should consult Policemen W. E. Barkis and William Terry they would learn that a porcupine is not only that, but a great deal more. And their description would be one that every one would understand, but one which most would blush to hear.

'Cause why?

'Cause to-day Barkis and Terry alternately gave chase and a wide berth to one of the walking pincushions that was out for a stroll through Lakeside Park.

"It's a pussy," said Barkis, reflectively, when Terry directed his attention to the creature he had discovered crossing Grand Avenue at Euclid Street.

"Yeah, a pussy," snorted Terry. "But what kind of pussy?"

Barkis took a closer look. "One of them pussies that shoots cactus thorns at you as an expression of his affections," he remarked.

Terry suggested that it might be a part of their official duty to arrest the prowler as a menace to automobile tires. Barkis, like his celebrated namesake, was willing.

Now, the learned gentlemen referred to above further agreed that when the porcupine is angry he strikes his tail at his enemy, thereby loosening a shower of tiny barbed quills that may be dislodged from the human skin only with pain. Consequently the chase through the park was rendered both dangerous and exciting. With the aid of poles and pikes the two policemen finally cornered the

"pussy" in a garage in the Piedmont Terrace district. They borrowed a blanket from the householder and used it as a screen while approaching their prey. The animal dropped barrage after barrage of needles upon them until the blanket looked like it was sprouting quills. Then, when the animal had spent all his ammunition, Barkis and Terry rushed upon him, placed him in a sack, and threw him into solitary confinement in the tool house in Lakeside Park.

In making their report of the hunt Barkis and Terry suggested that the porcupine be officially disposed of before he grows another set of ammunition.

X

THE HUMAN QUALITY IN THE NEWS

"MY task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you *see*. That—and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there, according to your deserts, encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask."¹

SO WROTE Joseph Conrad, master of ships and the magic phrase, in that memorable preface to "The Nigger of the Narcissus."

It is admirable counsel for any trafficker in the plastic stuff of memories, ideas, and impressions. In the journey from thinker to reader much of the clarity and glow of the original thought is apt to be lost in the process that shapes it into words and sentences.

To make the reader *hear* and *feel* and *see*. Simple enough to put on paper, but most difficult to accomplish, as any one of us will instantly acknowledge. What is the trouble? Why are we so hesitant, and stumbling, and incoherent when we try to communicate ideas to our friends?

Well, sometimes our failure may be traced to the fact that we ourselves have not heard and felt and seen. We have no definite clear-cut concept, only a jumble of fuzzy impressions that signify nothing.

Just yesterday a man stopped me on the street to ask how

¹ Reprinted from "The Nigger of the Narcissus" by Joseph Conrad, by permission of the publishers, Doubleday Page & Company.

to get to Simpson Place. I explained and gesticulated in great detail, but he left me puzzled. My directions were doubtless so muddled as to be almost meaningless, and all because Simpson Place loomed but dimly through the fog of my own understanding. I could not tell him, because I did not know. My hazy, circuitous phrases condemned me from the start—for no gorgeous array of language can ever cover up ignorance. The first ally to good writing, then, is straight thinking, clear seeing, complete mastery of the facts. When you sacrifice these fundamentals for bizarre literary effects intended to exhibit your own dazzling originality as a writer, you are courting disaster.

Take this paragraph for proof:

Even though "hookie" still is played and the tin can finds mystical attachment to the tail of "Yellow Dog Dingo," never has it been so true as it is to-day that "except ye become as little children ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom." For with its innocence, simplicity, inquisitiveness, and trust, childhood is to most of us the kingdom of our wistful yearning, and our not infrequent grief that we are

"Farther off from heaven
Than when we were a boy."

Perhaps the author had some idea in mind; but it has been so bedecked with colorful words that the meaning is practically gone. Certainly no organized thought emerges boldly from this bank of flowers to answer the query of a puzzled reader: "Well, well, what's this all about, anyhow?"

Many indiscriminating writers have an inordinate fondness for prefatory soliloquy in no way associated with the story they hope to tell. Dan B. Starkey, editor of *Outers' Recreation*, says that when he starts to read an outdoors

article he waxes impatient when the author recites how "the day glowed in the east" and how the campers set out on their journey; but that he lays down the manuscript in disgust when, after many tedious paragraphs of minute description, the writer remarks: "Noon found us!" "After that there is no hope," declares the editor. "The chap is so absorbed in talking about himself and the many annoyances of travel that he has forgotten the central idea—perhaps the catching of a big muskellunge or the stalking of a deer—and that stirring adventure, of course, gives the account its live appeal."

In the second place, if your reader is to *hear* and *feel* and *see*, you as a writer must take pains to choose words that bring about this happy result. If these words are honest, vivid, unaffected, and awaken memories in the minds of your readers they instantly become effective carriers of thought; if they are abstract, unfamiliar, highly technical they raise barricades to ready acceptance.

Concrete terms, vivifying words and phrases that picture the ordinary things of life, furnish the surest and quickest medium to convey your thoughts to another. Specific nouns, adjectives, verbs call up pictures, sounds, feelings, the color and drama of life itself.

Here is a little preachment from *Printers' Ink*, entitled "Old Man Specific," that bears happily on this matter of word values:

Boy, page old man Specific. Who is old man Specific? He's the old man who sat by John Masefield when Masefield pictured the romance of ancient, mediæval, and modern commerce completely, graphically, and unforgetably in fifteen brief lines. You copy men who take your profession seriously, read "Cargoes," and find how commonplace words can be made to glow with color and appeal.

Also he's the man who induced William Shakespeare to describe

THE HUMAN QUALITY IN THE NEWS 165

winter without once using the phrases "snowy mantle" or "glistening whiteness," but in frostier lines—

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail."

There's only one three-syllable word in the four lines, but no one will argue that William Shakespeare was not thoroughly acquainted with his subject.

O. Henry was well acquainted with old man Specific, too. Witness the way he coaxed you into his stories without delay—

"At ten o'clock P. M., Felicia, the maid, left by the basement door with the policeman to get a raspberry phosphate around the corner."

It (the specific) is the simple, pointed brass tack that nails your claims, your rhapsodies, and your rhythmic periods down to the solid oak foundation of facts. It's the brass tack that pierces the shell of skepticism and disbelief of Mr. Average Reader whose motto is still "Caveat emptor." It's the word or phrase or sentence . . . that gives the thrill or excitement and makes the reader feel, "That man actually knows what he is talking about."

Unfortunately, however, many writers utilize vague, pallid words instead of forceful words, largely because they are too lazy, perhaps too hurried, to seek the symbol that best expresses the idea in hand.

Do you recall those wise admonitions of Sir Arthur Quiller Couch as set forth in his book, *The Art of Writing*? (You should add this volume to your library.) He says:

The editor of a mining paper, in Denver, U. S. A., boldly the other day laid down this law, that niceties of language were mere frills; all a man needed was to 'get there,' that is, to say what he wished in his own way. But just here . . . lies the mischief. You will not get there by hammering away on your own untutored impulse. You must be your own reader, chiseling out the thought definitely for yourself, and, after that, must carve out the intaglio yet more sharply and neatly, if you would impress its image upon the wax of other men's minds.

And then this apt warning about jargon, that malady which affects so many youthful writers:

That infirmity of speech—that flux, that determination of words to the mouth, or to the pen—which, though it be familiar to you in parliamentary debates, in newspapers, and as the staple language of Blue Books, Committees, Official Reports, I take leave to introduce to you as prose which is not prose and under its real name of Jargon.

The first (of the two main vices of Jargon) is that it uses circumlocution rather than short straight speech. . . . The second is that it habitually chooses vague woolly abstract nouns rather than concrete ones. . . . And so, like respectability in Chicago, Jargon stalks unchecked in our midst. . . . To write jargon is to be perpetually shuffling around in the fog and cotton-wool of abstract terms; to be forever hearkening, like Ibsen's Peer Gynt, to the voice of the Boyg exhorting you to circumvent the difficulty, to beat the air because it is easier than to flesh your sword in the thing. . . .

The business of writing demands *two*—the author and the reader. Add to this what is equally obvious, that the obligation of courtesy rests first with the author, who invites the séance and commonly charges for it. What follows, but that in speaking or writing we have an obligation to put ourselves in the hearer's or reader's place? It is *his* comfort, *his* convenience, that we have to consult.

Examples of jargon are not hard to find; newspapers and magazines abound with literary affectation, sentimentality, stupid rubber stamps. Examine the following "horrible examples," and profit thereby:

Other guests watch a mechanical needle circle around a thin disk of hidden possibilities being slowly exhibited, and then become susceptible and with partners slide across the floor, beating time to the captivating melodies.

The sinister figure of "dope" Saturday night cast its gnarled and twisted shadow.

THE HUMAN QUALITY IN THE NEWS 167

So swiftly are lives flung from the heights to the depths or from the depths to the heights, that a single turn of destiny's wheel reveals a soul in the making.

The bride is a woman of wonderful fascination and remarkable attractiveness, for with a manner as enchanting as the wand of a siren and a disposition as sweet as the odor of flowers, and a spirit as joyous as the caroling of birds and a mind as brilliant as the glittering tresses that adorn the brow of winter, and with a heart as pure as dewdrops trembling in the coronet of violets, she will make the home of her husband a paradise of enchantment, where the heaven-tuned harp of marriage shall send forth those strains of felicity that thrill the sense with the rhythmic pulsing of ecstatic rapture.

If this maid had taken time to learn the truth, she could have taken advantage of the circumstances to teach the elder child the meaning and consequences of carelessness, the younger the difference between an accidental and an intentional injury, and have given both valuable instruction in caution while she healed their injured feelings by making them love each other all the more.

Some sentimentalists attributed his genial demeanor to a clever mask to hide a heartbreak; others called him a frivolous, shallow fool.

Ten years ago Margaret O'Hearn was a pityfully deformed little maiden, moving slowly and painfully through the world, dragging her limbs like a heavy burden and with little happiness to which she could look forward. She had a face like a flower, an aureole of golden hair, and a lovely singing voice.

With a heavy downpour of spring-like rain, Clinton was the subject of another of the Weather Man's vagaries this afternoon. From 23 degrees below zero to 38 degrees above is a great leap at any time, and the present is no exception. Colder weather as promised will make a more seasonable temperature, it is expected. Skaters are bemoaning the loss of the ice, but see the silver lining in the fact that a freeze now will make even more prime ice for the caress of the ringing blades.

Instead of the scowling face of a temperamental, patronizing woman who felt out of place in a small town, as a good many

people seemed to expect, Madam Gabrilowitsch, with her raven locks, medium figure, and face radiating the good nature of a very charming personality, instantly had the entire audience at her feet. Really, she looked like a million dollars. That she felt happy and at home there was no doubt at all.

"Vivisector of human souls," he has been called. "Child of the devil," a doctor of divinity termed him. With a ruthlessness that brought a nation-wide gasp, he tore away the cloak of smug respectability and laid bare the secret sins in the hearts of men and women. He snatched away the silks and jewels of society, he pulled down the formal trappings of position, he brushed aside the gilded veneer of wealth! Stark naked in their shame, the victims of his astounding exposures cried out to stop him. The powers were invoked to silence him. In desperation, assassins were hired to kill him. But before a bullet finally laid low his flaming spirit, he had given to the world a message of truth about society that still resounds through the land.

Surge after surge of ecstasy came over me, like the winds of the world playing upon the harp of life. My soul drifted to a cloud of blue and rose and opal lining; I pressed my lips to fragrant and cool and lulling vapors.

Underneath the bright radiance of the shining candles on the board, our hearts were beating a dirge; a macabre for the funeral of our love. Even in the most sparkling conversational episodes, my truant imagination was wandering, asking sad and lonely questions.

Neither of them realized that the yellow message was to be the harbinger of the weirdest mystery they had ever known.

In the third place, if your reader is to *hear* and *feel* and *see* you must watch the coupling of words into sentences. "The secret of vigorous style," T. A. Rickard reminds us in his book *Technical Writing*, "is the rejection of the superfluous word. . . . Brevity is the soul of wit; conciseness is the essence of clarity; every unnecessary word is an obstacle to the transmission of thought."

THE HUMAN QUALITY IN THE NEWS 169

May I cite two shining examples of what a friend of mine likes to call "wordfobia":

In view of the fact that there is nothing in sight that would indicate the possibility of getting a new high school for years, this action might on the first glance seem premature and the investment of money in a site a needless expenditure at this time, but when one considers the way in which this city is growing and looks into the question of ever increasing land value, and last, but not least, the fact that suitable sites anywhere near the center of the city are even now few and far between, and if a selection be delayed for several years the chances would be farther and farther outside location for the school.

Better a silo filled with food for stock than a stableful of food for thought. When the sculptor of the future shall hew from the enduring granite of the northwest a statue of the liberator of agriculture he will bring forth a colossal figure, clad in the habiliments of the soil tiller, bearing upon the outstretched palm of the left hand a silo and upon the palm of the right a Holstein cow.

The silo under proper management, can lift the heaviest mortgage. It has been known to put meat on mere bones and sleekness into wrinkled hides. It has saved men from bankruptcy and women from a broken heart. It has sent promising youths to college and built comfortable homes for careworn mothers. A well-filled silo is worth more to any farm than an empty politician. A silo for every farmer would do more good to the agricultural interests of the country than if we had a farmer in every senator.

But perhaps the whole subject of an effective style may best be summed up by reading a letter written by Walter Hines Page, former editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and *World's Work*:¹

MY DEAR RALPH:

Arthur has sent me Gardiner's 37-page sketch of American-British "Concords and Discords"—a remarkable sketch; and he

¹ *The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page*, by Burton J. Hendrick: Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers. Reprinted by permission.

has reminded me that your summer plan is to elaborate (into a popular style) your sketch of the same subject. You and Gardiner went over the same ground, each in a very good fashion. That's a fascinating task, and it opens up a wholly new vista of our History and of Anglo-Saxon, democratic history. Much lies ahead of that. And all this puts it in my mind to write you a little discourse on *style*. Gardiner has no style. He puts his facts down much as he would have noted on a blue print the facts about an engineering project that he sketched. The style of your article, which has much to be said for it as a magazine article, is not the best style for a book.

Now, this whole question of style—well, it's the gist of good writing. There's no really effective writing without it. Especially is this true of historical writing. Look at X. Y. Z.'s writing. He's written it as an Ohio blacksmith shoes a horse—not a touch of literary value in it all; all dry as dust—as dry as old Bancroft.

Style is good breeding—and art—in writing. It consists of the arrangement of your matter, first; then, more of the gait; the manner and the manners of your expressing it. Work every group of facts, naturally and logically grouped to begin with, into a climax. Work every group up as a sculptor works out his idea or a painter, each group complete in itself. Throw out any superfluous facts or any merely minor facts that prevent the orderly working up of the group—that prevent or mar the effect you wish to present.

Then, when you've got a group thus presented, go over what you've made of it, to make sure you've used your material and its arrangement to the best effect, taking away merely extraneous or superfluous or distracting facts, here and there adding concrete illustrations—putting in a convincing detail here, and there a touch of color.

Then go over it for your vocabulary. See that you use no word in a different meaning than it was used one hundred years ago and will be used one hundred years hence. You wish to use only the permanent words—words, too, that will be understood to carry the same meaning to English readers in every part of the world. Your vocabulary must be chosen from the permanent, solid, stable part of the language.

Then see that no sentence contains a hint of obscurity.

THE HUMAN QUALITY IN THE NEWS 171

Then go over the words you use to see if they be the best. Don't fall into merely current phrases. If you have a long word, see if a native short one can be put in its place which will be more natural and stronger. Avoid a Latin vocabulary and use a plain English one—short words instead of long ones.

Most of all, use *idioms*—English idioms of force. Say an agreement was “come to.” Don't say it was “consummated.” For the difference between idioms and a Latin style, compare Lincoln with George Washington. One's always interesting and convincing. The other is dull in spite of all his good sense. How most folk do misuse and waste words!

Freeman went too far in his use of one-syllable words. It became an affectation. But he is the only man I can think of that ever did go too far in that direction. X would have written a great history if he had had the natural use of idioms. As it is, he has good sense and no style; and his book isn't half so interesting as it would have been if he had some style—some proper value of short, clear-cut words that mean only one thing and that leave no vagueness.

You'll get a good style if you practice it. It is in your blood and temperament and way of saying things. But it's a high art and must be laboriously cultivated. Yours affectionately,

W. H. P.

And now after this detailed discussion of the qualities that make for good writing and easy reading, we are ready to submit some skillfully executed stories taken from newspapers from day to day. All of them break the shackles of routine reporting, and spring out of the events and mood of the hour. They show sympathetic insight into the motives, problems, and situations that belong to the human family. Note how the opening sentences start the stories moving, and how incident follows incident in quick sequence. Explicit “local color,” dramatic movement, free-and-easy sentence structure, characterize these readable one-act plays from real life.

(New York World)

FARMER WHO LOST WIFE IN SUBWAY FINDS
HER—DEAD

Joseph Gallo and his wife reached New York a week ago Monday from a little place called Fairfax, S. D., where for eighteen years they had worked together on their farm. They were to sail Tuesday on the *Aquitania* for their long-planned visit to relatives in Czecho-Slovakia.

When the *Aquitania* sailed at ten o'clock that morning Gallo and his wife were not aboard. They had become separated the day before in a subway rush. Mrs. Gallo was lying dead in the Morgue and her husband was frantically searching the city for her.

The newspapers yesterday morning carried the story of Gallo losing his wife in the subway. There was nothing of tragedy in that sort of news. It has happened before.

An official in Bellevue Hospital came across the yarn, did some telephoning, and yesterday afternoon, a member of the Slovakia Immigrant Society accompanied Gallo to the Morgue where he identified the body of his wife.

The story of what happened to the old couple from South Dakota was pieced together from what Gallo told in his broken way yesterday.

He and his wife emerged from the Pennsylvania Station early Monday morning and were swallowed up in the rush and roar of Seventh Avenue and Thirty-second Street.

Mrs. Gallo was gayly bedecked in a blue satin boudoir cap, a blue coat, blue sweater, black skirt, and a blue gingham apron.

They got into a subway train—or it may have been a tunnel train; Gallo doesn't know, and what difference does it make? All that counts is that the rush and roar and

clatter and din were terrific and bewildering. It was horribly confusing, and they had seven old clumsy, bulging, vintage bags with them that were perpetually getting in other people's way.

A steamship man out in South Dakota had given Gallo a letter to the Cunard people here at No. 25 Broadway. That "Broadway" stuck in Joseph Gallo's mind, and, once having deposited the bags on the platform of the train the old man asked the guard for instructions as to the easiest mode of getting to "Mr. Broadway's" office.

A sense of humor is sometimes a terrible thing. That guard, whoever he was, saw something funny in the plight of the cruelly cumbered, dazed old couple "lost in the subway."

In the eighteen years they had been working neither of them had an opportunity to improve their scanty knowledge of English. In fact, this was their first holiday, and certainly, so far as Mrs. Gallo was concerned, there was to enter into it no dismal doubt in her mind as to her husband's natural character and ability to pilot her safely through any emergency. Hadn't his broad shoulders crashed the way for both of them from a patch farm to the proud proprietorship of 460 acres?

She had nothing to fear in the metropolis with that man of hers to look after her; and so when she saw the subway guard laughing, she laughed too.

The train rushed into a station and one of the usual jams. The crowds entering and leaving the car jostled them. They seemed somehow to be in everybody's way. The guard snarled a command to them to get their bags back off the platform. They were hampering the doorway.

Gallo interpreted the admonition as meaning that he had reached his destination, the place where he was to locate that "Mr. Broadway." He seized some of the bags and,

calling to his wife to grab the others, squeezed through the crowd.

A swirl of incomers swept Mrs. Gallo back and the doors closed before she could follow, and Joseph Gallo caught the last glimpse of his wife alive as the train bore her off.

At the next station she alighted and started out dazed and alone to reach her husband. Joseph Gallo, in the meantime, was frantically rushing around the streets in quest of his wife; but with his ignorance of the ways of the city he never had a chance.

Both of them wandered about for hours. Joseph Gallo finally encountered some compatriots who directed him to the Slavonic Immigrant Society, who got in touch with the Travellers' Aid Society. It is supposed that officials of that organization communicated with the Bureau of Missing Persons of the Police Department.

In the meantime, Mrs. Gallo, bewildered, strolled up and down the streets, afraid of the noise and the traffic, afraid of policemen, afraid to stop and ask anybody and tell him of her plight. She had suffered from heart trouble—a heritage of the privation and toil and rough weather of the Northwest—and finally she collapsed on the sidewalk. A passer-by took her to the West Forty-seventh Street police station, and from there she found her way into Bellevue. She got to the hospital Monday afternoon, and there on Tuesday, alone, she died.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is a simple, direct narrative of plain facts almost in the order of their occurrence. Reality is so dramatic it seldom needs embroidery. Fictitious conversation is not used. Joseph Gallo might have been made to tell his misfortunes in broken English, but the story would have lost its rugged realism. See how many graphic, explicit details are brought in—"Mrs. Gallo was gayly bedecked in a blue satin boudoir cap, a blue coat, blue sweater, black skirt, and a blue gingham apron."

"Hadh't his broad shoulders crashed the way for both of them from a patch farm to the proud proprietorship of 460 acres?"

2

(*Chicago Evening Post*)

CHICAGO SPEAKS TO LONDON

LONDON: 6.30 P.M. Rush hour on the tupenny tube. A bit drizzly without. The lord mayor anxiously pacing the floor of the Mansion House. An air of expectancy hovering over the city like a war-time Zeppelin.

CHICAGO: The fifth floor of the Western Union Building, opposite the LaSalle Street station. A realm of tubes and chutes and traveling belts. Messenger boys on roller skates. A battery of telegraph operators and stenographers.

CHICAGO: 12.45 P.M. Warren Morrow, a quiet, unassuming young operator, his finger idly tapping the brass key, keeping the wire open to New York.

A group of notables—Mayor Dever, John Stone, president of the Association of Commerce; John J. Stream, president of the board of trade; John H. Camlin, president of the Illinois Chamber of Commerce; a ubiquitous press agent for a packing-house; officials of the Western Union.

Click-click-clickety-click-click.

It is the first message over the Chicago-to-London cable, sent by Mayor Dever.

"THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

MANSION HOUSE. LONDON:

"As mayor of the city of Chicago, I have the pleasure of sending greetings to the city of London by means of the first direct cable connecting the two cities.

"I hope this newest and most direct method of communication will serve to promote the relationship and interests of our respective cities. Cordial good wishes.

"WILLIAM E. DEVER."

A minute and a half later the message is handed to the lord mayor of London. He flashes back his reply. It is recorded in a wavering blue line on a roll of tape and translated and typed by James Fives, receiving operator.

Reporters, dignitaries, press agents and others, leaning over the operator's shoulder, read:

"I thank you for your message of greeting on the opening of direct cable service between Chicago and London. This new achievement forms another very important link between your citizens and those whom as lord mayor of London I have the honor to represent. Your good wishes are cordially reciprocated.

"LOUIS A. NEWTON."

Other cables follow from the Association of Commerce, the board of trade, the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, and the Rotary Club to similar organizations overseas. The press agent of the packing firm sends a typically Chicagoesque message relative to hams and lard.

A moment later the wavering line on the roll of tape is recording the answers. Mr. Glenn of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association waves his over his head. "I'm going to keep it as a souvenir!" he cries.

The London Chamber of Commerce, the American Chamber of Commerce in London, the Liverpool Corn Exchange, and the London *Daily Mail* send greetings.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The telegraphic, staccato sentences employed here suit the subject of the establishment of a cable from London to New York. See how little real information there is in the story, perhaps not worth more than a stick if it were written as straight news. The reporter, of course, didn't know what the weather was like in London, nor if the lord mayor was pacing the floor of the Mansion House, but it is these touches that make the story readable. Notice, too, the use of specific words such as "his finger idly tapping the brass key" and "an air of expectancy hovering over the city like a war-time *Zeppelin*."

(New York *Herald-Tribune*)PETAL STRIPPED FROM SHAMROCK, DEATH
CLAIMS THE OTHER TWO

Every Irishman knows that if you pull one petal from a shamrock, even in the spring, the little plant will die; the other two petals will curl and crumple across each other in a last affectionate embrace. So the police can say that Bridget Walsh, seventy years old, and Catherine O'Brien, seventy-two, were asphyxiated yesterday in their apartment, at 659 Sixth Avenue, by escaping gas. And neighbors can say they turned on the gas and lay down to die. But those who knew the women well and those who know a shamrock will tell you the deaths came because Mrs. Jennie Deveraux died a week ago.

As inseparable these twenty years as the Three Musketeers, the three women were known as "the shamrocks." When you hired one you hired all; if you fired one you had to fire three. There was Jennie as housekeeper, Bridget as waitress, and Catherine as cook. They were happy only when they were together.

Not long ago the "shamrocks" became too old to find jobs easily, so Jennie started a rooming house at 684 Sixth Avenue, with the other "petals" helping out. Soon she began ailing and died.

Then it was that Kate and Bridget began to droop. Yesterday morning when passing the time of day with Patrolman Leo Carey, their friend on the beat, as they were returning from the Church of the Holy Innocents, they said: "Now that Jennie's gone it's bad. We can't stop grieving."

But they did not say anything about turning on the gas. Sam Cohen, who owns the rooming house where they

lived, smelled gas not long after and summoned Patrolman Carey. The policeman saw his old friends lying on the bed, curled over each other and on their faces a peaceful expression. He could not believe they were dead. Furiously he worked at resuscitation and first aid. Doctor Whitcomb of Bellevue came; the Consolidated Gas Company sent a pulmotor, but a shamrock cannot come back when one petal is torn off.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Notice the use of the metaphor in the lead. It is not forced or exaggerated, but fits precisely this case and is carried through the whole story without straining to make the facts conform. Short sentences, simple in construction, are effectively used—such as this one, "Soon she began ailing and died." A good reporter brought in the fact of the women coming home from church and talking to the policeman. A real achievement in pathos, with not one emotional word.

4

(Chicago *Herald and Examiner*)

GIRL'S STITCHES OF LOVE BROKEN

Stitch, stitch, stitch.

The song of the shirt. The Humoresque of the Ghetto, sweat shop where Pearl Schumer, 1949 Thirteenth Street, plied her needle from dawn to dusk.

A débutante from, say, Lake Shore Drive, visiting the shirt factory probably would have pitied her for her pallid face and calloused fingers.

"Ugh!" the deb would have sighed, "it's shocking! The poor thing has nothing to live for."

Stitch, stitch, stitch.

That's what Pearl was living for—the stitches. For five years she had lived for nothing else. The gay Chopin mazurkas and scherzos she used to play in the old country—the ones Moishe Broisman liked to hear when he sat around

the Schumer home the long winter evenings—had long since been forgotten.

The song of the shirt for Pearl was a joyous prelude to the symphony of woman's mighty mission. Pearl was stitching to bring Moishe over from Ukrainia. He hadn't been as lucky as the Schumer family, who escaped when the Reds overwhelmed the White army.

If she worked hard enough and denied herself clothes and other necessities, she found she could save two dollars a week—\$104 a year. It would take \$500 to bring Moishe over. It was early last summer that she counted the last stitch.

Pretty soon Moishe was on his way. Pretty soon he was in New York City. And one unforgettable day he arrived in Chicago.

Pearl didn't meet him at the Twelfth Street station. Her father did. Pearl couldn't leave the factory. She was counting other stitches now—a simple trousseau and furniture for the new home.

That was last fall.

It was yesterday that she appeared before Judge Borelli in the Desplaines Street court to learn if something couldn't be done. Her parents had charged Moishe with a confidence game.

"He says he doesn't love me any longer," she said. "He says I've changed since I left Ukrainia. He says he loves another girl."

"I'll give her back the money," interrupted Moishe.

"I don't want the money," said Pearl.

"The court can do nothing," said Judge Borelli. "The defendant has merely had a change of heart. We can't hold him for that."

The court hearing was Pearl's first day off in five years. To-day she returns again to the shirt factory to provide for the aged parents.

Stitch, stitch, stitch.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The writer has here painted a picture, laid the motif of a song in this bit of pathos that has as its theme first the glad, quick, stitch, stitch, and then the slow, monotonous, end-less, stitch, stitch, stitch. It is the unity in handling the story from the point of view of the girl that makes it a vivid vignette.

5

(*New York Herald-Tribune*)

A SUBWAY JAUNT

Mrs. George Mahoney, of 388 Fifteenth street, Brooklyn, asked her three-year-old son, George, Jr., Tuesday afternoon if he and his five-year-old sister, Elizabeth, didn't want to go with her to a meat market and buy some nice pork chops for their father. George refused to grace the expedition with his manly dignity until he had obtained permission to make the trip in his kiddie car and until he had pinned his mother down to a definite promise that lollypops also would be purchased. These demands agreed to, the family went to the meat market in Fifth avenue between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets.

There Mrs. Mahoney and Elizabeth went inside to make their purchases, but George elected to stay outside and amaze the populace with his trick kiddie-car riding. Mrs. Mahoney established liaison with her son by means of Elizabeth, who was kept busy popping in and out of the meat market with reports about George. After the first two or three pops she gave her mother this communication without variance:

"George is sitting on his car in front of a candy-store window, looking at a candy rabbit, and he says you've got to buy him a candy rabbit, but, mamma, if you buy George a candy rabbit you have to buy me one, too."

But Elizabeth wasn't quite right. George was doing more than stare at the candy rabbit. George was thinking. He was thinking that a year ago he visited his Aunt Nellie about Easter time, and Aunt Nellie had dozens and dozens of candy rabbits as well as brilliantly colored eggs that tasted good.

So George decided that the thing to do was to go to see Aunt Nellie. He knew that to get to Aunt Nellie's he had to go on a train, so he asked a man where the nearest train was. The man directed him to the Prospect Avenue station of the B. R. T. subway, and George went there after devious wanderings, dragging his kiddie car behind him. He had no money, but he walked calmly past the ticket chopper and managed to reach the uptown platform.

There he stood until a train came in. He boarded it, being careful to get in the first car, because he was fascinated by the guard there, a man who had a magnificent voice and yelled things through a megaphone.

As nearly as George's parents can gather from his tale of adventure the boy made two round trips with this loud-lunged guard, but finally he saw that the man was aided by artificial means and the voice lost its attractions. He therefore got off as soon as the train stopped, and it happened that he got off at Times Square.

This was about five o'clock, the Mahoneys think, about two hours after Mrs. Mahoney and Elizabeth stepped from the butcher shop to find George and his kiddie car gone. Of course, Mrs. Mahoney notified the police and the police started to search, but it never occurred to anybody that George could have got as far away as Manhattan, so while various districts in Brooklyn were being searched, and talk was being made of dragging the Gowanus Canal, George was scooting around the Times Building in his kiddie car and admiring the bright lights.

George's movements from five o'clock until ten, when he was found by a policeman fast asleep astride his car, are shrouded in much mystery. He has tried to tell his folks, but they don't seem to understand and as a matter of fact George tells a different story each time. The only thing he tells more than once is this:

"A lady kissed me and a nice man gimme some candy."

But at any rate George's adventure came to an end finally, and he was sent to the rooms of the Children's Society. The police of Brooklyn were notified after George had said he lived there, and at 5.30 yesterday morning a policeman told the Mahoneys that their son had been found and would soon be returned to them. And about that time a nurse in the Children's Society, dressing George for his return journey, said to him:

"Your mother will give you a spanking for running away."

"Naw," said George, "she'll buy me a candy rabbit."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—A little boy off for adventure strikes a responsive note in all grown-ups. This is an instance when an item of no news value has been converted into a happily phrased feature story. Candy rabbits, a kiddie car, and a child's point of view join forces to give this incident a wide human appeal.

6

(Chicago Tribune)

CRIPPLED HERO SAVES CRIPPLE

John Penn is captain of the good houseboat *Nancy Lee*, now in port for the winter in the north branch of the Chicago River, under the Irving Park boulevard bridge.

His left arm and a part of his left side are paralyzed—have been for ten years. All day John sits in an old arm-chair and makes cigars in the scantily furnished cabin of

the *Nancy Lee*. At night with the missus and the dog and the cat John goes on wonderful journeys. He does it with books and his old brier pipe.

Well, that's what he was doing about 9 o'clock last night. The curtains were drawn, the teakettle was singing away on the battered kitchen stove, and things were all shipshape.

Suddenly Mrs. Penn jumped up and cried:

"John, I heard a crash through the ice, I think some one's fallen off the bridge."

She opened the back door and stepped out on deck.

"It's a woman, John. I can just see her head above the ice."

For the first time in his life John got excited. He actually climbed out of his chair without stopping to seek the support of the dining-room table. He hobbled out the door. About ten feet away he could see the woman's head bobbing down. Pretty soon the current would take her under and away.

Then John did something that he will scarcely believe when he awakens this morning. He literally threw himself over the side of the houseboat and on to the ice. He lost his balance and fell heavily. The ice cracked, but held.

With remarkable celerity, considering that he was half dragging himself, he gained the hole. Lying on his stomach, he seized the woman about the breast with his good right arm. She fought him fiercely.

"I want to die; I want to die," she cried.

She is Mrs. Jennie Lorenzon, forty-two years old, 5450 Forest Glen Avenue, Glen Ellyn, whose husband, a retired farmer, is in comfortable circumstances. For about a year her left arm has been paralyzed.

"Come on," said John. "Nobody wants to die," and mustering all his strength, he pulled her upon the ice.

Mrs. Penn had arrived. Together they carried her into the houseboat.

"I'm tired of life," said the woman. "There's nothing to live for. What good am I, with my left arm paralyzed?"

"What good are you? Look at me. I'm almost all paralyzed on the left side," said John.

"And happy?"

"Happy!" said John, and he looked at the missus, at the dog and the cat curled up beside each other under the kitchen stove, at the cigar workbench, and then he grinned.

The police ambulance came.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Of course the incident here recorded is essentially dramatic, but observe how carefully the writer has set his scene, showing old John in his snug boat, and then built the story up to a climax. The article carried something of a moral, too, which the reporter has refrained from emphasizing.

7

(Kansas City Star)

FATE FOUND HIM A HERO

CHICAGO, May 7.—Herbert Phelan's big moment came—as big moments often do—with startling suddenness out of the day's routine.

Fate called on Phelan to make his choice in the winking of an eye—safety at the risk of other's lives or almost certain death.

He was driving his taxicab south in Lake Shore Drive. Between him and the curb was a limousine. To his right was a safety island. And wheeling suddenly from a side street, straight across the path, was another cab. Phelan could not stop. He had to ram the cab ahead, or side-swipe the limousine, or wheel his own car into the safety

island. The first and second possibilities meant comparative safety for himself, with peril for others. The third chance meant a head on crash into the solid "island."

Phelan whirled his cab about almost at right angles and crashed straight into the safety island. The other cab squeezed past. The limousine shot ahead into the clear. And Phelan was pinned under the wreckage of his car.

He was barely alive when the frightened driver of the second cab reached his side. He died a few hours later at Columbus Hospital.

But he lived long enough to recognize the man whose life he had saved. It was his brother, Harry.

Harry Phelan told about it at the inquest today.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The first two paragraphs and the last two lift this story out of the ordinary "was killed to-day" type. The little philosophy, "as big moments often do," grips the reader's own experience. Observe the simple, natural vein in which the story moves.

8

(Chicago *Evening Post*)

"OH!" SAYS COUNT SZECHENYI HERE

BY PAUL T. GILBERT

I met the maybe future king of Hungary to-day. He is Count Laszio Szechenyi, husband of Gladys Vanderbilt and new Hungarian minister to the United States. I wasn't introduced to him—just walked up and said: "Good morning, Count. Glad to see you."

The count did not say anything. He sat on a table in his apartment at the Drake and gazed out over the ice-flecked waters of Lake Michigan. Valets, bell boys, major domos, hovered about.

"I suppose you're glad to be here," I suggested.

"——, ——, —, ——," replied the count, as he fitted a cigarette into an amber holder. (Dashes indicate profound silence.)

"It's fine weather we're having," I resumed.

The count lighted a match. I watched him closely, for there is everything in the way one smokes a cigarette. Counts, at least in the movies, tap the little pill absent-mindedly on the curved silver case, strike the match nonchalantly, and after lighting up, toss it away with a sort of a flick which puts it out.

Count Szechenyi did all this.

"I understand," I said, "that Hungary is desirous of a monarchy, but doesn't want a Hapsburg."

"——, ——, ——," returned the count, blowing a cloud of smoke thoughtfully toward the ceiling.

"Yes; so I understand," I said.

I understood also that the social aspirations of the Vanderbilts would be altogether realized were Gladys to share the Hungarian throne with her titled husband, but I didn't say so.

There was a moment of silence. You could hear the crackle of the cigarette paper as it burned.

"I suppose the society set," I resumed, "is quite satisfied over your appointment."

Count Szechenyi pondered a second before replying.

"——, ——, ——," he said. "—— ——
——, ——."

"So I understand," I told him. "By the way, I suppose Hungary is recovering from the war by this time, or is Hungary still hungry? I hear they are spending most of their money feeding the illuminati. That's a good idea. The scientists, the professors, the artists, the composers—"

"——, ——, ——!"

"Count Szechenyi, I suppose you have availed yourself,"

I went on, "of the diplomatic immunity in regard to—er—the Volstead act, you know?"

A puzzled expression flitted over the count's face. I repeated the question, putting it this time more simply.

"Oh," he replied, "_____, _____, _____."

"Not at all," said I; "I didn't care for any. Rather early in the morning. But I understood—"

"_____," replied the count, suavely, and the interview was ended.

Later, to clear up this point, I interviewed the bell boy who had taken up his luggage.

"Did it clink?" I asked. "Was it unusually heavy?"

"Why, no," he told me; "it was rather light. I didn't hear it clink. What is he—a bootlegger?"

"No," I replied; "he is the minister from Hungary."

Count Szechenyi was escorted from the station to the hotel by Doctor Berthold Singer, consul general, who was his host at a luncheon at the LaSalle at noon.

This evening Doctor and Mrs. Singer will entertain the visitor at a family dinner at which Judge Brentano, the newly appointed minister to Hungary, Mrs. Brentano, and John Pelenyi, first secretary of the legation, will be present.

The count will remain in Chicago until Saturday, visiting the Hungarian colony in South Chicago and attending a banquet of the Hungarian University Club to-morrow and meeting the Hungarian societies.

He will proceed then to Toledo, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and New York, returning later in the month to Washington.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—A diplomatic interview is usually a matter of many high-sounding phrases, but when the interviewer couldn't persuade the diplomat to talk there were a few difficulties to be encountered in writing the story. The reporter, however, has succeeded in giving something of the personality of the count and yet turns out an exceedingly humorous story.

(*New York Sun and Globe*)

LIBRARY COOK BOOKS ARE POPULAR

No. 88 flashed on the electric board at the window of the south reference room of the city library. A tall girl neatly dressed stepped forward for her book.

"Book is in use now," said the man at the window, as he handed the woman her reference slip on which was scrawled the word "Out."

"Sorry, madam."

"Out! That cook book out?" exclaimed the disappointed girl. "But—but what am I to do? I promised John a Brown Betty pudding for dinner, and I've never made one in my life. I'll just have to find that recipe some place or other. Why, I was sure I could get a cook book here. How long do you suppose I will have to wait for it?"

"Can't say, lady. Two hours, though, at least. There are three people here now waiting for a chance at a recipe book," and he pointed with his thumb toward three women sitting on a long seat near the window.

"Just my luck to come the afternoon all the books are busy. Don't suppose they have been used before this week," grumbled the girl as she twisted her new wedding ring and big diamond.

"That's where you are mistaken. The cook books are always busy," the librarian explained. "Why, they are the most used books in the building. From nine in the morning until ten at night those cook books are in constant use.

"Women and men, old and young, read them and copy out choice recipes. Brides and brides-to-be study them from cover to cover. College girls search the index for candy recipes or hints on how to melt the cheese and butter for Welsh rarebit."

"But, men! Do men read recipe books?" asked the astonished bride.

"Sure they do. It's no uncommon thing to pass out cook books to as many as six men in a day. New York city is famous for its kitchenetting male population. And supposing a fellow gets stuck on some fancy dish, what can he do but come to the city library for information? There was a fellow here just a few minutes ago getting one of the books. Tried to excuse himself for reading it by saying his mother had sent him a plum pudding and he wanted to make a sauce."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—An enterprising reporter who visited the Public Library in search of story material has here answered some questions as to the popularity of certain books. Note the characterization and the conversation. Slight, but readable.

10

(New York *Herald-Tribune*)

IMPORTED SNOW, WAN AND OOZY, AWAITS SKI MEN

Well, there was Ajax, and he was a great man, and there was Canute. Then there were Paul Revere and Phil Sheridan, and they wrought mighty deeds, also, in their way.

But it was Chauncey Depew Steele who defied the Westchester County climate, and it was Bennett E. Tousley who rode to Thendara for the snow.

Now all the residents of Thendara believe that the rich people who live in Westchester County are crazy. As for Mr. Steele and Mr. Tousley, they are watching the thermometer in alternate shifts, first Mr. Steele for four hours, then Mr. Tousley for four hours. In between shifts they

pray. In odd moments they think of all the things they could do with \$6,000.

There is also Irwin Wener, the ski specialist from Montreal. Mr. Wener is a highly trained ski expert; he soars like a bird, and never lands on his head. He is weather wise. At frequent intervals he wets the forefinger of his right hand by sticking it in his mouth, and holds it up in the great open spaces, in front of the main entrance to Briarcliff Lodge. Then Mr. Steele, or Mr. Tousley, according to whose shift it is at the thermometer, which is on the front porch, cries, anxiously:

"Irwin, how's she settin'?"

And Irwin says: "She's settin' from the north."

Immediately after this there is an exodus of the guests of Briarcliff Lodge, who rush out into the great open spaces and wet their fingers and hold them up, and say, "She's settin' from the north," and give three cheers for Mr. Steele and Mr. Tousley, who continue to watch the thermometer and pray and ponder on the potential magnificences involved in the expenditure of \$6,000.

These unusual manifestations in the vicinity of Briarcliff Lodge evolve from the collated circumstances that to-morrow there is to be an exhibition of ski jumping at that famous Westchester resort of the athletic rich. The members of the American Olympic ski-jumping team are even now rushing eastward on the Twentieth Century Limited in order that they may participate in this tremendous exhibition of grace, agility, and skill.

And there is no snow at Briarcliff.

Strictly speaking, there is snow at Briarcliff. That is where Thendara gets the idea that Westchester County is inhabited exclusively by millionaires who are loose in the bean. Thendara is in Herkimer County, 288 miles from

Briarcliff, where the millionaires live. There is plenty of snow at Thendara.

Mr. Tousley chartered a special train of six gondola freight cars and went to Thendara after the snow. He got it, too. He hired fifty Thendarans and paid them \$1 an hour to shovel the Thendaran snow into the Tousley gondolas. Thendara shoveled, wondering. Some of the Thendarans, catching the spirit of the occasion, drew wages in advance, got very drunk and cursed Mr. Tousley earnestly as he urged them to more tremendous efforts. Mr. Tousley didn't care. He wanted snow, and by the Lord Harry he got it and took it back with him to Briarcliff Lodge, while the residents of hamlets along the right of way stood by the railroad tracks and cheered or made personal remarks.

The snow was at Briarcliff Lodge yesterday. But it was not very successful snow. One could see that Mr. Irwin Wener, wearing across his sweater the insignia of the Montreal Ski Club, and trying his best to face the world with a smile, did not approve of this snow. It seemed to have suffered in transit and because of the fact that the thermometer stood at 67 degrees or thereabouts. It was a gray, damp, dispirited sort of snow. It leaked out of the gondola cars and was covered with a thick deposit of soot from the locomotive which had brought it from Thendara. It seemed to be homesick.

A truck load of the snow was brought from the station over the two miles of hills and scattered on the slide which has been built in the wide open spaces in front of Briarcliff Lodge. Photographers, in their shirt sleeves, took pictures of it rolling and melting on the slide. In between pictures they took off their hats and fanned themselves.

Nevertheless, the stout spirit of Mr. Tousley was not broken. He wore his heavy overcoat in defiance of the

afternoon's brilliant sunshine. Inside the huge lounge of Briarcliff Lodge a great fire of logs flamed and threw sparks up the chimney in gorgeous constellations. The head of Mr. Tousley was sweaty, but unbowed. It was midwinter at Briarcliff Lodge, even though the residents of Scarborough were searching their burgeoning gardens for early strawberries.

It was Mr. Tousley, who, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, estimated the cost of those six gondolas of sad snow laid low on the Briarcliff Lodge ski-run at \$6,000.

"The exhibition will positively be held," said Mr. Tousley. "If this snow is unsatisfactory we have two more refrigerator car loads at the Thendara ready to be coupled on to a passenger train for a quick run down here. How's she settin', Irwin?"

And Irwin Wener, the expert skiist, wet his forefinger and replied, "She's settin' from the north."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is a superb situation to begin with. And how well it is handled! The adjectives applied to the snow are particularly telling—"homesick" and "sad." The situation is humorous, without any deliberate attempt to dress it up too much.

11

(Chicago Tribune)

THEY'RE LUCKY THIS COPPER WASN'T WELL

Policeman Walter Conrad of the Sheffield Avenue station is on sick leave. And spring has been raw and backward. But yesterday the sun shone in the glory proper to summer and Policeman Conrad felt he might extract from its rays some healing component, and so he set forth upon Belmont Avenue.

Now then, as he drew near to Racine Avenue, a citizen, full of civic pride, and complaint, hailed him with:

"Hey, Officer!"

Policeman Conrad, though on sick leave and indisposed to engage in robust undertakings, was wearing his uniform. It was this that caught the citizen's eye. Conrad paused.

"There's a mob of hoodlums called the Chester Pleasure and Benevolent Association at 1242 Belmont Avenue," explained the citizen. "They raise Cain continuously. Can't you do something?"

Policeman Conrad is on sick leave. But there was something potent in the summer sun of yesterday. He sauntered on to the Chester clubhouse, entered, and heard a babel of sound that was like to crash his ear drums.

"A copper," said one of the pleasurable and benevolent brotherhood. There was silence.

"Now," said Conrad, "what's the idea? The neighbors think this is a boiler factory. Why don't you go out to the country? Cut it out or I'll have to throw some of you in."

He turned to go, first having cast a determined glance about the club. But as he turned a pleasurable and benevolent youth popped him one smack on the eye. It began to turn violet almost immediately. Before Conrad could establish himself in a posture of defense and offense the whole benevolent fraternity landed on him as a man. And in about the time it would take an expert linguist to articulate "Eeney, meeney, miney mo" Policeman Conrad was catapulted over the sidewalk, while inside the Chester club the healthy, good-natured boys were joining in a booming chorus:

"Has anybody here seen Kelly—
K—E—double ELL—Y?"

Policeman Conrad is on sick leave. He had been ordered to take rest and avoid excitement. He got up. He dusted his cap, adjusted his uniform. He went to the nearest telephone.

"Is this Town Hall station?" said he. "Well, then, send the wagon and a couple of men to 1242 Belmont avenue. Back up the wagon and wait."

In a couple of minutes Conrad heard the clang of the patrol bell. He fixed his cap firmly on his head and stepped resolutely through the doors of the clubroom of the Chester Pleasure and Benevolent Association. The lusty investigation into the whereabouts of Kelly suddenly ceased. In the street the patrol driver executed a neat maneuver and backed smartly against the curb. Two policemen emerged from the rear end of the wagon. They paused a moment before inquiring their errand.

Then burst upon their ears many sounds of conflict, muffled accents of pain and rage, roars of those angered, and snarls of those seeking revenge. The front doors burst open and a pleasurable and benevolent brother shot down the steps into the arms of the waiting policeman. Another and another. There were bloody noses and torn raiment. The club fellows hit the sidewalk with the regularity of clockwork. And just as regularly they were tossed into the wagon. Then a pause. Policeman Conrad stepped lightly out of the doorway.

"Is that all?" asked the wagon men.

"That's all that's able to come," said Conrad. "The rest is asleep in there. They'll come out of it after a while."

The bell clanged. The patrol rolled away. Patrolman Conrad cocked his cap on one corner of his head and flicked a speck from his sleeve.

Patrolman Conrad is on sick leave.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Because it is graphically and humorously told, this little story full of action and life was considered by the *Chicago Tribune* one of the bell-ringers of the year. Notice the descriptive words used in telling about "the conflict."

*(Christian Science Monitor)*A COOPER WHO WORKS ALONE IN
NOVA SCOTIA'S APPLE COUNTRY

Near the emerald heart of the Annapolis Valley apple country, at Hampton in Nova Scotia, one Charles Dunn, who habitually describes himself as a farmer, makes barrels by hand the year round. As far back as anyone in the valley can remember, Mr. Dunn has made barrels, therefore he must have his own reasons for holding himself still to be a farmer. Now, in the mellowed and placid days, sunset days, nothing is changed about the little weathered shops in which he continues alone the work he formerly shared, the only remaining worker, in all the great neighborhood, of an ancient trade.

The shop clings to the side of a hill and overlooks the sapphire reaches of the Bay of Fundy clear to the St. John shore. The door is always open. Wooden pegs scattered about the walls hold perfect hoops that are seasoning. The pale-gray lace of cobwebs fringes corners and the upper edges of the small-paned windows. There are always several small black-and-white pussies snoozing before the door or drinking cream from dull-blue bowls. There is a saying in the neighborhood that in twenty years the shop has not been without at least one young black-and-white pussy. No one disturbs them as they sit in their spot in the sun, eyes as blue as the bay searching the far shore.

Pliny has ascribed the business of coopering, in its earliest stages, to peasants in the Alpine villages. Certainly it is an ancient one, and more than a business. It has accumulated the traditions that only attach themselves to an art requiring skill and delicacy.

Until recent years all the barrels used in the export of

the apple country's cargo were made by hand by the Nova Scotians themselves. Their excellence as examples of the coopering art was known the world over. But there came a day when the fact that sometimes a single tree holds fruit enough to fill twenty barrels became a factor and efficiency's heavy tread was heard. It became manifestly impossible for the people of the valley to make barrels either fast enough or in sufficient quantity to equal the export. As an apple country it is to be remembered that Nova Scotia is second only to Ontario. That in spring it is possible to drive fifty miles without a break under the fragrant rose and white of apple blossoms. So machinery came into the coopering shops of the Annapolis Valley, and where there had been before only the soft shirr-rr-rr of planes there came the thin, whining song of machines that turned out barrels by hundreds in a mere fraction of the time it had required to make them by hand. Mr. Dunn watched the encroachments of steel and motor power, but maintained an apparently unalterable belief that he personally ought to continue as he had for so long. So he went on making barrels in his little shop. The sun continued to flash on the glittering sheet of the bay. And his simple planes continued to shirr-rr in the shop. And the pussies to snooze in the doorway.

It was several years ago that the machinery came. Now everyone in Nova Scotia has become accustomed to the idea of machine-made barrels, but there is still no machinery in the little hillside shop. In blossom time the smooth, smoky music of millions of bees, hovering over the miles of pink and white blossoms, drifts in at the open door. There must be a market left for the hand-made barrels, for as quickly as they are finished they disappear and Mr. Dunn has the appearance of a man who knows success.

Hampton is three miles below St. Croix and up over the dusky green and slate-gray pile of North Mountain from

THE HUMAN QUALITY IN THE NEWS 197

the railroad. It commands the whole sweep of the valley from its comfortable position on the inner rim of the great jade cup that is the valley, reaching richly down to the shore. Apples and peaches grow in the valley and in the early autumn the green filigree of the trees is studded with great jewels of crimson and sulphur yellow and russet red. Some of the trees have grown from seeds that came over from Normandy two hundred years ago with the farmers, who put them into the ground.

The valley holds one hundred miles of orchards. Each year adds its new miles and it is not surprising that the coopers found the demands of the growers exceeding their primitive capacity. Yet there remains the market for the man who cannot see an old and honorable craft completely disappear.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The use of descriptive words and a realistic setting, abounding with homely detail, leave no doubt in the reader's mind about the actuality of the old cooper. He is real and lives in a real world. The sentences, "And his simple planes continued to shirr-rr in the shop. And the pussies to snooze in the doorway," set the tone of this quiet little shop with its old proprietor. No news, here—just a bit of human lore that is always sure of a welcome.

13

(*Chicago Tribune*)

BOW WOW WOE! PADEREWSKI PET SICK AS A DOG

Ping Lung is a bachelor.

He has henna hair. One eye is out. And he loves to dawdle among hot water bottles. But then, he is full of years, Chinese ancestry, and a bad case of gastritis.

But for all of his celibacy, Ping didn't especially miss the loving ministrations of a wife yesterday as he lay on

a pink silk cushion, incrustated with the Paderewski crest, and gave out languid interviews regarding the state of his health.

Music, government, veterinary science, and the Illinois Central railroad combined to make it a significant day for Mr. Lung, fifteen-year-old Pekingese pet of Mme. Ignace Paderewski. At the same time old age, lassitude, too much travel, and acute gastritis were combining to make it the last day on earth for the dog.

Poland's post-war premier forgot European autonomies and discussed canine anatomies. The world's foremost pianist curved musical fingers about a glass feeding tube through which Ping Lung was induced to take a bit of beef tea and a coddled egg.

Madame Paderewski, owner of the ten-pound dog that has completely supplanted a piano in the Paderewski private car, the "Ideal," shifts the animal from one tailored blanket to another. Miss Helen Liibke, madame's secretary, woos Ping for a brief stroll, and slips on a blue-and-brown silk sweater.

The valet tends to the window, that just the right amount of Lake Michigan breeze may waft through the northwest corner of the Illinois Central train yard and into the Pekingese's apartment.

The treasurer and manager and transportation manager of the musician's tour are holding a conference about the possibilities of canceling the Rockford concert for next Tuesday if the dog refuses either to die or to recover by then.

In the center of the group, surrounded by Ping's mistress and master, by their attachés, by a score of Chicago Polish friends, stands Dr. W. P. Tague of the staff of the Mc-Killip Veterinary Hospital. He has been in almost constant attendance on the gastritis victim since the Paderewskis arrived in the city Wednesday night.

John Copper, veteran chef on the Illinois Central lines,

bustles in and out with menu cards to tease along a canine palate. "Boss John" has broiled steaks for Teddy Roosevelt, served caviar for Mary Garden, and fixed up a diet for Jack Dempsey.

But this is the first time "in all ma bawn days, suh, that I ever did see sech a thing. Lordy, to serve a dog first, yasser."

And so the coddled egg, the beef tea, and the rest are carried in to the invalid reclining on the pink silk cushion. Madame and the musician eat later, much to the dismay of "Boss John."

Ping may be as sick as a dog, but the station employees find solace in the fact that it might have been worse. Word has spread around the train sheds that Mr. Ping Lung is only one of a large variety of pets to which the "Madame" is dedicated.

Back home in Switzerland, according to Mr. L. J. Fitzgerald, treasurer of the Paderewski tour, Madame has Plymouth Rock hens, guinea pigs, plenty of dogs, birds, and even a few gold fish.

An official of the railroad gazes down at the "Ideal," surrounded by trainmen, reporters, camera men, idle spectators, Polish delegations, drug-store employees, and the rest. He learns that every newspaper in town is keeping a man on the job to get the first bulletin in case of Mr. Ping Lung's passing out. And he murmurs philosophically:

"Thank God, Madame Paderewski didn't bring along one of her pet mountain goats."

And another philosopher, near to the sick room headquarters, muses: "Thank God, Ping Lung is a bachelor."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Just a human-interest story, but interesting because the writer has taken a novel point of view and because the Paderewskis are people in the public eye. Despite the best of attention the dog died—but that is another story.

XI

STORIES WITH PICTURESQUE SETTINGS

FROM a jumble of old books displayed on a table just outside a favorite literary rendezvous I picked out the other day a dog-eared volume, guaranteed to teach the amateur author how to write well. Every possible type of composition was discussed, with a list of appropriate words attached, so that the uninspired stylist might not lack proper vocabulary.

As I turned the pages I came upon a section marked "Natural Description," and under many interesting phenomena I discovered that water may be *mirrored, limpid, peaceful*; that clouds may be *flecked, leaden, scudding, threatening*. It was one of the most useful books I ever saw, but I fear I shall never be allowed to use it, for, somehow, crags and rocks, brooks and rivers, dawns and sunsets, seem to have lost their power these days to enrapture a reader.

Yes, elaborate description of natural wonders no longer weaves a glamorous spell. We are living in a new world crowded with a thousand fascinating actualities unknown to our fathers. Modern science has increased the range of our original faculties by giving us the locomotive engine, the automobile, the airplane, the celluloid film, the telephone, the radio, the phonograph, the telegraph—all instruments that build a common brotherhood of interest and sympathy. We respond with alacrity to what we see, feel, hear, and touch. The rush and hurly-burly of life around us

is our chief concern. We want to know if a missing airship lost in the fog has been found; if the Republican party has elected a President; if the Giants have won the pennant—not how Niagara Falls looks in her winter ice, nor how the autumn trees toss their branches in a gale.

We are not greatly interested in static scenery, but in fresh manifestations of human activity everywhere. Books, newspapers, mechanical inventions have nurtured this insatiable craving for action, action, action. The motion picture and the news photograph make life still more tense and dramatic, indeed have in many instances usurped the function of the descriptive writer of a generation ago. In a word, swiftly-moving narration is to-day's most popular literary mood, expressive of a new art.

The present-day audience has small patience with the leisurely, tedious descriptions of Charles Dickens—undoubtedly of an unexacting school in so far as story structure is concerned—or of the reflections of William Makepeace Thackeray. Whereas Sir Walter Scott utilized forty pages of introduction in *Waverley* as though searching for a place to start, the realist of to-day seizes the opportunity and has something begun in the first few minutes. His aim is to enchain the attention of the reader at the very outset, to waste little time in preambles, and to sketch the action with the least loss of time and printer's ink.

In the hands of a dexterous writer, description becomes important because it interprets and strengthens the story by contributing to its action, not because it is laid upon the canvas for the sake of ornamentation.

A few years ago a young fellow brought me a huge portfolio in which he had recorded the events of a vacation trip abroad. It was in the form of a series of letters filled with minute description of places he has visited—and told in irreproachable English and with considerable color and vigor.

He asked me to examine the articles carefully, as he proposed offering them to an editor for book publication. That evening I did my best to read his travelogues, but had to give it up as a bad job. There was absolutely nothing new or fresh or original in all that plodding single-file of churches, hotels, museums, railway stations, tram-cars, sight-seeing busses. Not one human citation of zestful adventure had found its way into that dreary ledger of impressions and observations; it was as soggy as a loaf of bread without yeast.

Here indeed was accurate description—and nothing else. “How to get the ink out of it” (if I may quote a favorite phrase of Booth Tarkington) had become an acute problem for that young author, as it is to-day for any writer helplessly enamoured by the music and pageantry of static description that is not motivated by action.

Perhaps I may best indicate what I mean by referring to a manuscript recently submitted for criticism. It began in this fashion:

The old warehouse was almost deserted. Outside, the wind moaned fitfully. From a tottering lamppost a yellow blur of light filtered through the flying screen of snow, making a lighted pathway in the wilderness of flakes. And overhead a moon hung in the sky like a vast silver coin. . . .

And three paragraphs more of the same colorful “atmosphere,” punctiliously executed with a broad brush. The setting established, the writer then introduces his “hero,” a tall, gaunt man who sits inside that warehouse. Upon his knees gleams the long barrel of a rifle. Suddenly there comes a scurry of feet—and the man quickly raises the gun to his shoulder and blazes away. What’s it all about? Nothing more than that Jan Bergson, from the mountains of Kentucky, is plying his trade as an expert rat-killer and

is carrying out his contract to clear that warehouse of vermin.

The rest of the story tells how Jan employs assistants to bait the traps and lay out the poison, but how he reserves gun practice for himself. At the end are some startling facts on the financial losses occasioned annually by the ravages of rats. An interesting story, yes—provided emphasis falls rightfully upon Jan Bergson sitting like Fate in a shadowed room, with a tumble-down warehouse, empty street, and a wintry night made into a back-drop to accentuate the dramatic situation.

"It is one thing to write about the inn at Burford," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "or to describe scenery with the word painters; it is quite another to seize on the heart of the suggestion and make a country famous with a legend."

Famous with a legend! Well, I wonder! Suppose we think for a moment of a quaint shop I discovered the other day when I went to rent a costume. If you had been seeking mere "local color" the place would have delighted your eyes and quickened your imagination. Here were long tables heaped with all manner of green things—Roman togas, embroidered velvet gowns, Elizabethan furbelows, satin breeches—while round about armored knights grimly stood guard. A dozen show-cases were stuffed with wigs, false faces, swords, plumes, and bedraggled finery. Why, the shop was a veritable riot of pageantry and old romance. But a matter-of-fact description of it, however faithful, would not hold your attention very long.

As I waited near the cash register to receive my package, my eye encountered a row of small placards tacked to the wall. They showed the front and side views of a dozen unlovely gentlemen, some of whom wore numbered signboards. Each set of pictures volunteered some interesting, intimate facts about the man—his height, color of hair,

facial blemishes, and the like—and also announced that a reward of \$500 would be paid for his capture.

When I asked the proprietor about his rogues' gallery he gave me a knowing grin.

"Oh yes, this is one of the first places they make for when they want a disguise. I've recognized two or three convicts myself, just from their photographs, and helped arrest them, too. Now, there was Jack Crawford—" and he launched into an engrossing story of the escaped burglar who came one afternoon to rent a wig and found instead a pair of handcuffs.

Now, don't you see how the entrance of the human element makes that old shop glow with a new meaning, in fact makes it a focal point for an interesting feature article well adapted to a magazine of national circulation?

This human appeal should be buttressed into the opening sentences of the story, whenever possible. Here the path the incident is to take may be blazed, and the feet of the reader directed down that path. Vivid descriptive flashes that illuminate the action may be incorporated as the tale spins itself out. Note how the unifying theme of the narrative is blue-printed in the attached examples.

(Collier's Weekly)

SOME CHILDREN HAVE ALL THE LUCK

By JOHN AMID

A flat, far-flung town scattered over forty square miles. Blocks of vacant lots. Telegraph poles and trolley poles and electric-light poles. A dozen different languages on the sidewalks. At night the sky lurid with an angry glare from great blast furnaces: Gary, Ind.

A rather severe, heavy-set man, slightly past middle age, graying a little, with stubby-toed shoes. A level, noncom-

mittal eye, square jaw, and firm mouth, relieved at intervals by a quick, kindly smile: William A. Wirt, Superintendent of Schools.

There you have the town and the man that are at last making their mark on American education.

Next to individual instruction, there is no single influence, in the great wave of improvement and reform that I found sweeping through the schools of America, more important than that of the "platoon system" that originated with Wirt at Gary.

(The Outlook)

MITROFAN, THE WONDER-WORKER

By EMANUEL L. NOWAK

Far from the shadow of the Red cloud a small group of Russian refugees were gathered in a modest East Side apartment of New York. Outside, the roar of the Elevated and the bustle of busy traffic filled the air; within reigned a melancholy quiet, and the few articles of foreign-made furniture which stood about spoke eloquently of the fact that the inmates were not yet in full harmony with the hustling American life which surrounded them. Reminiscences of the homeland were being exchanged under the gentle influence of a steaming samovar, which had been salvaged and brought away with great privation. The atmosphere was a bit of old Russia; the language and the deep sighs were of that distant country also.

"Ekh, brothers, the times are using us badly," complained Ivan Mikhailovitch, a corpulent merchant from the Crimea. "One lives comfortably and at peace with the world, tries to gather a few rubles against the coming of old age—and then something like this has to come out of a clear sky and dash everything away. What am I to do in a strange land, where I do not even understand what is said?"

(Scribner's Magazine)

THE PARIS THAT WORKS AND THINKS

By PAUL VAN DYKE

"Oh, London is a man's town;
There's power in the air.
And Paris is a woman's town
With flowers in her hair."

And because she is like a beautiful woman a great many even of her ardent admirers fail to understand Paris. They think of her as a city which loves fighting and dancing; whereas above all things Paris is a city that works and thinks.

(Travel Magazine)

THE GENTLE ART OF SMUGGLING

By GARNET WARREN

The great liner has been docked, and down the gang-plank comes a line of smiling homecomers. Processions of short-coated, black-capped stewards hurry along, carrying hand bags and suitcases; porters rush by; a rumble of luggage is heard. Heaps of trunks—green, red and brown—form little islands underneath the letters ranged along the shed.

The smiling line of the gang-plank presently smiles no more, however. It groups itself dubiously among the little islands of its possessions. During the journey the members of those groups have listed their personal belongings and set down the honorable values of the same. Now those who have traveled wonder if those values and the opinions of customs officials will coincide. Possibly the statements may have been a trifle conservative. Something may have been forgotten. The inspector, with all his knowledge, may even disagree with those honest opinions as to the value of that \$250 gown which has had fully a week's wear.

(*The Dearborn Independent*)

LINCOLN'S FREEPORT SPEECH SOUNDED
KNELL OF SLAVERY

By FRED L. HOLMES

Crowding a sidewalk corner of one of the back streets in Freeport, Illinois, there stands a huge brown granite boulder that marks an event of historic importance comparable with the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock in 1620. Both are monuments to liberty.

Just as the thousands go annually to Massachusetts to crowd about Plymouth Rock, where the first white settlers dedicated its bleak shores to economic freedom, so other thousands come to Freeport, and with bowed, uncovered heads, stand before the rough-hewn cenotaph to pay reverence to the courage and nobility of the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. Freeport, then an ugly country hamlet, now a thriving commercial city of 20,000 population, is a mountain peak in his career.

The chief shortcoming of most amateur productions dealing with picturesque settings may be found in the lack of unifying incident. Undoubtedly the English magazine and newspaper, fashioned in the traditions of the novel and the essay, where description has full play, please their public, but certainly in America such immobile settings create little enthusiasm on the part of readers.

I recall a young writer's manuscript on the night life in the Italian restaurants that fringe Chicago's loop. She had visited almost a score of them in quest of "local color," and had presented a kaleidoscopic collection of word pictures in which waiters, wine bottles, player pianos, sleek men-about-town and ardent dance-loving maidens had their fling. But somehow one finished the article with a sigh

of relief. Nothing unique had been presented—no central idea had thrust itself out of the welter of details.

Now if the wandering observer had had some definite notion of what she wanted she might have written a story that would bring editorial acceptance. For instance, she might have set down the following headlines, each representative of a line of investigation she intended to pursue in assembling her material:

RED WINE NO LONGER FLOWS IN CHICAGO'S UPSTAIR CAFÉS

WHERE ARE THE WAITERS OF YESTERDAY?

THE OUT-OF-TOWN DON JUAN SEES THE TOWN AFTER DARK

AMERICANIZING THE ITALIAN TABLE-D' HOTE IN

LOOP RESTAURANTS

AFTER THE DINERS GO HOME

CHICAGO'S LARGEST DEBATING SOCIETY

Around each hub of inquiry she might group impressions that give interpretative color to the main plot of the story. In fact, she might easily have produced a series of feature sketches, each with its own chain of incidents in an harmonious setting.

Now let us turn our attention to a group of well-told narratives in which descriptive byplay enhances the human significance.

1

(Chicago Tribune)

WOODROW WILSON SLEEPS IN CATHEDRAL TOMB

By JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 6 (Special).—Slowly the funeral train crept up the slopes of Mount St. Alban

toward the vast and unfinished edifice where the man of the vast and unfinished projects—Woodrow Wilson, twenty-eighth President of the United States—was laid to rest.

It moved through the northwestern environs of a silent city, flying its flags at half staff beneath a gray sky. From noon onward, governmental activities were lulled into the deep quiet of respectful vigil. The departments were closed. So were many of the shops.

The hour drew on to three, and with its coming there came to pass a strange, as beautiful and as solemn a touching back to life of the splendor and dignity of mediævalism as the ceremonial annals of this republic can show.

The scene was the Bethlehem Chapel of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul on the summit of Mount St. Alban. This chapel is the finished part of the immense structure which men, not many years ago, were wont to say would be fifty years in building.

Very rapidly but quietly, Bethlehem Chapel began to fill at three o'clock. The notables of the land came in scores—ambassadors, ministers of state, generals, admirals, clergy. You saw all the kinds of notables. It was only in the kinds of their eminence that they differed one from the other, for as to the degree of it they were equals. They all were from the high places of human achievement.

You saw Hughes, inconspicuous in a rear seat of the places near the altar reserved for the Cabinet. You saw bulky Weeks and fragile Mellon seated side by side in the front places.

In the body of the church was Samuel Gompers, gnarled and bald and venerable and doughty, and six feet from him Augustus Thomas, beaming, as ever, benignantly upon a struggling world.

Across the aisle from them Madden of Chicago, watch-

dog of the Treasury, his head, crowned with snow-white hair, resting against a pillar of gray stone.

Hughes drew back your gaze again and again. For minute upon minute of the hour of waiting he seemed never to move. Meditation enveloped him.

The chapel filled to its seating capacity and then the throng overflowed into the deep embrasures of windows.

Such, with here a group of justices of the Supreme court, there white-whiskered Admiral Eberle, representing the Military Order of the World War to which Woodrow Wilson belonged, and yonder forcible General Le Jeune of the Marines, was this assemblage of seven hundred that waited.

The setting was perfect mediævalism in its repose and in its spirit of beauty for beauty's sake and for religion's sake.

The contrast between this picture and those scenes of six months ago when Woodrow Wilson's successor in office was brought home to his own people was as inevitable as it was impressive. That Ohio picture was the picture of Main Street grieving, brushing away its tears as it stood on the corners talking of "War'n" and how good a neighbor he had been.

But to-day all was stateliness and that majestic repose which proceeds from good taste so impeccable that an ancient church has made it a kind of religion in itself.

While we waited, clergy garbed in black or in purple moved softly about the chapel. Everywhere they moved amid flowers—flowers and wreaths banked around the bases of the ten pillars sustaining the groined roof of the body of the chapel.

Near the altar those banks of flowers reach a third of the way to the capitals of the exultant pillars, but just before

the altar these torrents of flowers were so arranged as to produce a strange and unearthly effect.

At the altar steps their abundance seemed suddenly to poise itself in a kneeling posture. Or was it like billows of flowers sinking in obeisance before the holy place?

Flowers everywhere and from everywhere. Shields and wreaths and clusters of flowers, their glory dimmed the glory of the chapel's pictured windows. They hung from the grillwork of other windows that opened on long, dimly lit cloisters. They clambered toward the canopy overhanging the episcopal throne.

Many wreaths, many shields of flowers, were striped across with broad bands of silk emblazoned with golden letters. They gleamed in the soft light like the ribbons of a field marshal, and they spelled out the homage of a world.

Here one said, "The republic of Armenia"; another, "Le Gouvernement Belge"; a third, "Embassade Mexico"; a fourth, "The State of Mississippi"; and then nations in battalions—"Czecho-Slovakia Republic," "The People of Poland," "Homage of the President and of the Government of the French Republic," "The Italian Government," "The Republic of Panama," and so on across frontier after frontier.

One note and one alone firmly propelled this scene of antique splendor and of international homage into the America of the twentieth century.

That note was the flag. It stood to the left of the altar as you faced that structure of white marble. Later a row of choir boys took their stand alongside it. As they sang they looked upward and their young eyes rested upon its motionless folds.

Nine bronze lamps descending from the ground roof lighted the main portion of chapel. From behind the altar came a soft glow of lamps not visible.

On the marble altar stood two tall candles of yellow wax—unlighted—and between them a gleaming cross. Beside the candles rested clusters of calla lilies and the lilies of France—no flowers of brighter hue there.

Strains of music stole through the chapel. They came as softly as the message of the incense-breathing flowers, then grew in volume until the chapel trembled with the melody of Chopin's march of pity and triumph for the dead. They sank into remote echoes and into silence.

There was a slow turning and clicking of ponderous door knobs and a gust of air from chill corridors.

The funeral cortège was passing through the outer portal, which bears upon its arch the words, "The Way of Peace."

It was now five minutes after four o'clock. The vested choir advanced up the central aisle, followed by the Rev. James H. Taylor, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, of Washington, where President Wilson worshiped; by the Rev. Sylvester Beach, pastor of the church which Mr. Wilson attended in the Princeton days; by the Rev. G. C. Bratenahl, dean of the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, and by the Rt. Rev. James E. Freeman, bishop of the diocese of Washington.

As the slow advance toward the altar progressed, the Rev. Mr. Taylor uttered in a faltering voice the sentences of consolation contained in the three verses from St. John and from the Book of Job which open the Protestant Episcopal order for the burial of the dead.

Then came the coffin. It was covered with black cloth. The handles were not of garish silver, but of some metal almost as dark as the cloth. The bearers were three soldiers, three sailors, and two marines, all men under thirty, and the same men who bore President Harding's coffin last August.

Upon the coffin rested a single cluster of orchids. They

had been placed there by Mrs. Wilson. The eyes of the people were fixed upon them. Some whispered as they looked, and what they said was, "Orchids are her favorite flowers."

Behind the coffin walked the widow, her countenance invisible for the thickness of her mourning veil. Her arm rested on the arm of her brother, R. Wilmer Bolling. Her step was firm. Behind her came the daughters of the former President by his first wife. Eleanor and Margaret were accompanied by Eleanor's husband, William G. McAdoo. Mr. Wilson's brother Joseph and other members of the family came next, all in deep mourning. Then the President of the United States and Mrs. Coolidge.

The President was, as always—pale, sandy haired, sharp nosed, thin lipped, inscrutable. He was, as always on ceremonial occasions, expressive of just one attribute. That attribute was inexpressiveness.

Sought you an emblem of austerity, you would not have looked upward to the statues of gray stone which gazed down upon him from the gray stone walls, but you would have directed your eyes across the chapel to that pale and immobile countenance and you would have said, "Here is care, here is grief, here are the heavy burdens of a people, but they speak within to him and not outward to the world."

Our sole surviving former President, Chief-Justice Taft, was to have followed President Coolidge, but illness kept him from the services. In his place Colonel Dulaney, U. S. A., escorted Mrs. Taft.

Then the honorary pallbearers, including members of President Wilson's Cabinet, Senators, Representatives, old schoolmates of his, Tumulty, his White House secretary, and lesser persons and notables for the moment by the fact that in days long gone they had been dear to Wilson. A characteristic whisper—a whisper characteristic of any capi-

tal city—ran round when members of the Wilson cabinet passed up the aisle—Daniels with the quick-moving glance that takes in everything, everywhere; Baker, diminutive and boyish looking; Houston, massive and stolid; John Barton Payne, patrician, suave, grown white haired since the old days on the Cook County bench; and Meredith, with raven-black hair, piercing eyes, and wearing his sartorial perfections with self-consciousness.

What was that whisper as they passed? It was "The old Cabinet," and the words were sighed as if these men had been the Cabinet ministers of James K. Polk.

In other words, history gets swiftly made and swiftly filed away in Washington.

In the group of honorary pallbearers were Cyrus H. McCormick and Charles R. Crane of Chicago. Mr. McCormick was a classmate of Wilson at Princeton, '79; and Mr. Crane was in Wilson's diplomatic service.

The bearers rested their burden before the altar steps, and the bishop took up the ancient harmonies of the service.

The assemblage was able to follow him word by word, for to all present the laymen ushers had given an eight-page folder, the cover of which bore the words:

The order for the burial of his excellency, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America from March 4, 1913, to March 4, 1921: Washington cathedral, the Bethlehem chapel of the Holy Nativity, Wednesday, February 6, A. D. 1924.

This cover was heavily bordered with black. Those black lines and the mourning veils of the women of the Wilson family and the black bands on the sleeves of certain officers were the only trappings of woe amid the resplendent scene.

The bishop, smooth shaven, of comfortable bulk, his slightly gray hair parted in the middle, took up the thread

with the reading of selections from the Thirty-ninth Psalm.

He read with tremendous effect, the voice full and melodious, and every word given its value and its caress. It was magnificent, but, I thought, more actorial than priestly.

At the conclusion of the long excerpt from the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians—the chapter which draws to a close on “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where, where is thy victory?”—choir and congregation sang the hymn beginning “Day is dying in the west.”

The Apostles’ Creed, the Lord’s Prayer, and four other prayers from the “Order for Burial” followed, and the episcopal benediction, beginning with the words, “The God of Peace,” was then bestowed. The recessional was the familiar hymn, which opens with the exultant “The strife is o’er, the battle done, the victory of life is won; the song of triumph is begun.”

Slowly the chapel emptied, the President and Mrs. Coolidge departing first, while all others remained standing.

During the emptying of the chapel Mrs. Wilson and others of the immediate family withdrew into the north cloister. While they were thus absent from the main scene workmen appeared and, almost without a sound, raised a marble slab of a thickness of three inches which rested above the burial vault beneath the center aisle of the chapel.

Beneath this marble slab lay a slab of concrete six inches thick. It, being raised, gave entrance to a vault fifteen feet square and eight feet deep. Into it the workmen, carrying candles, descended by ladders and erected a temporary platform.

When all had thus been made ready for the lowering of the coffin the bishop and his attending clergy re-entered the chapel, and the eight soldiers, sailors, and marines bore the coffin to the vault, resting it upon the supporting platform which the workmen had arranged.

Mrs. Wilson came to the vault on the arm of Mr. McAdoo. They were followed by other members of the family. Day was waning. The candles in the vault beneath sent a faint eerie flickering upward toward the coffin and the faces of those who stood at its head and foot.

Such portions of the burial service as are more strictly the service of committal were then read by the bishop. The sole interpolation into the ancient ritual was made at the request of Mrs. Wilson. That interpolation was Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar":

Sunset and Evening Star,
And One clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

Faint waiting strains, their sweetness hard to bear, floated through the silent chapel from the heights outside.

It was the music of taps.

They were sounded by Staff-Sergeant Frank Witchey, 3d U. S. Cavalry, on the bugle he used in sounding taps over the grave of the Unknown Soldier on Armistice Day, November 11, 1921.

The coffin with the body of the ex-President was being lowered.

For a few seconds the mourners and the clergy stood in silent prayer.

The vault contains eight catacombs, four on the west side and four on the east. The coffin was slowly moved into an upper catacomb on the west side. In the catacomb directly beneath rests the body of Henry Vaughan, first architect of this cathedral. In the opposite wall are buried the bodies of Thomas Clagett, first bishop of Maryland, and his wife, and of Doctor Harding, second bishop of Washington.

When the cathedral is completed, which, now it seems, will be more nearly a matter of a decade than of the half century of which men used to talk, the bodies of the long-gone prelates, as well as that of the statesman buried to-day, will be removed to permanent memorials in the finished edifice.

Far into the wintry twilight the throngs that had stood around the cathedral during the service lingered on those slopes. They lingered because heavy upon them lay the spell of a ceremonial which, though it was without one touch of military pomp or civic parade, was a service essentially noble, dignified, beautiful, and deeply affecting.

It did not move men to tears. It moved them to awe. It was gracious and it was eloquent, and its final note was its supreme note: When the bugle spoke "Well done and rest in peace" from Mount St. Alban, another bugle sang through the twilight. From the marble amphitheater at Arlington which holds in its white bosom the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, it, too, said, "Well done and rest in peace."

Height had spoken unto height, and night drew her mantle softly over the dead that had not lived in vain.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Here is a story almost too moving, too solemn and unified in effect, to be analyzed. From the first sentence to the last there moves a muffled dignity of phrase thoroughly in keeping with the subject—the burial of the war President. The opening sentence sounds the keynote of Woodrow Wilson's life—"the vast and unfinished edifice" and the "man of vast and unfinished projects." The story progresses slowly, but with the sure tread of the funeral procession itself. Then when the setting is laid the writer turns his attention to the people, places them in the church, one man with his head resting against a pillar, a vivid touch.

The reference to Warren G. Harding's funeral is timely, and the contrast brings into strong relief the mediævalism of the present solemn scene.

In this setting of flowers, altar, and funeral pageantry the writer takes note of the choir boys singing as they face the flag.

Such a sentence as this brings the solemnity of the scene very close: "There was a slow turning and clicking of ponderous door knobs and a gust of air from chill corridors." Description that lives!

The reporter is always the interpreter; he sees, feels, hears for his readers. Note these expressive comments: "History gets swiftly made and swiftly filed away in Washington." "Faint waiting strains, their sweetness hard to bear, floated through the silent chapel from the heights outside." "Height had spoken unto height and night drew her mantle softly over the dead that had not lived in vain." "It did not move men to tears; it moved them to awe."

Emotion, scenery, and ritual are all blended into one superb picture in prose.

2

THE WAY HOME ¹

BY BEN HECHT

He shuffles around in front of the Clinton Street employment agency. The signs say: "Pick men wanted, section hands wanted, farm laborers wanted."

A Mexican stands woodenly against the window front. His eyes are open but asleep. He has the air of one come from a far country who lives upon memories.

There are others—roughly dressed exiles. Their eyes occasionally study the signs, deciphering with difficulty the crudely chalked words on the bulletin boards. Slav, Swede, Pole, Italian, Greek—they read in a language foreign to them that men are wanted on the farms in the Dakotas, in the lumber camps, on the roadbeds in Montana. Hard-handed men with dull, seamed faces and glittering eyes—

¹ From *One Thousand and One Afternoons in Chicago*: Covici-McGee, Chicago, Publishers. Reprinted by permission.

the spike-haired proletaire from a dozen lands looking for jobs.

But this one who shuffles about in a tattered mackinaw, huge baggy trousers frayed at the feet, this one whose giant's body swings loosely back and forth under the signs, is a more curious exile. His Mexican brother leaning woodenly against the window has a slow dream in his eyes. Life is simple to his thought. It was hard for him in Mexico. And adventure and avarice sent him northward in quest of easier ways and more numerous comforts. Now he hunts a job on a chilly spring morning. When the proper job is chalked up on the bulletin board he will go in and ask for it. He stands and waits and thinks how happy he was in the country he abandoned and what a fool he was to leave the white dust of its roads, its hills and blazing suns. And some day, he thinks, he will go back, although there is nothing to go back for. Yet it is pleasant to stand and dream of a place one has known and whither one may return.

But this one who shuffles, this giant in a tattered mackinaw who slouches along under the bulletin signs asking for section hands and laborers, there is no dream of remembered places in his eyes. Dull, blue eyes that peer bewilderedly out of a powerful and empty face. The forehead is puckered as if in thought. The heavy jaws protrude with a hint of ferocity in their set. There is a reddish cast to his hair and face, and the backs of his great hands, hanging limply almost to his knees, are covered with red hair.

The nose of this shuffling one is larger than the noses in the city streets. His fingers are larger, his neck is larger. There is a curious earthy look to this shuffling one seldom to be seen about men in the streets. He is a huge creature with great thighs and Laocoon sinews, and he towers

a head above his brothers in front of the employment office. He is of a different mold from the men in the street. Strength ripples under his tattered mackinaw, and his stiff-looking hands could break the heads of two men against each other like eggshells while they rained puny blows on his dull face.

And yet of all the men moving about on the pavement in front of the Clinton Street bulletin boards it is this shuffling one who is the most impotent seeming. His figure is the most helpless. It slouches as under a final defeat. His eyes are the dullest.

He stops at the corner and stands waiting, his head lowered, his shoulders hunched in, and he looks like a man weighed down by a harness.

A curious exile from whose blood has vanished all memory of the country to which he belongs. A taraway land, ages beyond the sun-warmed roads of which his Mexican brother dreams as he stands under the bulletin boards. A land which the ingenuity of the world has left forever behind. This is a land that once reached over all the seas.

For it was like this that men once looked in an age before the myths of the Persians and Hindus began to fertilize the animal soul of the race. In the forests north of the earliest cities of Greece, along the wild coasts tapering from the Tartar lands to the peninsula of the Basques, men like this shuffling one once ranged along and in tribes. Huge, powerful men whose foreheads sloped back and whose jaws sloped forward and whose stiff hands reached an inch nearer their knees than to-day.

This giant in the tattered mackinaw is an exile from this land and there is no dream of it left in his blood. The body of his fathers had returned to him. Their long, loose arms, their thick muscles and heavy pounding veins, are his, but their voices are buried too deep to rise again in

him. The mutterings of warrior councils, the shouts of terrible hunts, are lost somewhere in him and he shuffles along, his sloping forehead in a pucker of thought as if he were trying to remember. But no memories come. Instead a bewilderment. The swarming streets bewilder him. The towering buildings, the noises of traffic and people, dull his eyes and bring his shoulders together like the shoulders of some helpless captive.

He returns to the employment office and raises his eyes to the bulletin boards. He reads slowly, his large lips moving as they form words. In another day or another week he will be riding somewhere, his dull eyes gazing out of the train window. They will call him Ole or Pat or Jim in some camp in the Dakotas or along some roadbed in Montana. He will stand with a puny pick handle in his huge hands and his arms will rise and fall mechanically as he hews away along a deserted track. And his forehead will still be puckered in a frown of bewilderment. The thing held in his fists will seem like a strange toy.

"Farm laborers in Kansas," says the bulletin board as the clerk with his piece of chalk re-enters the office. The Mexican slowly removes himself from the window and the contemplation of memories. Kansas lies to the south and to the south is the way home. He goes in and talks to the man behind the long desk.

An hour later the clerk and his piece of chalk emerge. The exiles are still mooching around on the pavement and the shuffling one stands on the curb staring dully at the street under him.

"Section hands, Alberta, Canada, transportation," says the new bulletin. There is no stir among the exiles. This is to the north. It is still cold in the north. But the shuffling one has turned. His eyes again trace the crudely

chalked letters of the bulletin board. His lips move as he tells himself what is written.

And then, as if unconsciously, he moves toward the door. Alberta is to the north and the voices that lie buried deep under the giant's mackinaw whisper darkly that to the north—to the north is the way home.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The word "shuffles" sounds the note for this story. It is a character sketch, purely, but it avoids being an essay by tying up the stranger with a street familiar to inquisitive, observant Chicagoans.

The allusion to the men of the age of myths brings this giant, this Cro-Magnon personality, all the more clearly to the reader.

Throughout the story you feel not only the presence of the man, but the dull bewilderment of his unadjusted mind, the way he is impelled not by his own will, but by outside forces, such as "And then as if unconsciously he moves toward the door."

Apropos of this story and others like it that Mr. Hecht wrote in a series for the Chicago *Daily News*, entitled "One Thousand and One Afternoons," his news editor says: "Stories seemingly born out of nothing, and written—to judge by the typing—in ten minutes, but in reality, as a rule, based upon actual incident, developed by a period of soaking in the peculiar chemicals of Ben's nature, and written with much sophistication in the choice of words. They were dramatic studies often intensely subjective, lit with the moods of Ben himself, not of the things dramatized. . . . His was to be the lens throwing city life into new colors."

This story centered in the employment offices in Clinton Street casts a new glow around the shoulders of a dull, stupid giant.

3

(*Scribner's Magazine*)

THE THEATRICAL STEERAGE

By W. LEIGH SOWERS

After years in the orchestra seats, I have lately been revisiting the gallery—the "family circle" of homely New York phrase. And I have found, to my surprise, that it

has risen noticeably in the social scale. The old gallery gods have drifted away to the shades or the movies to make way for a new kind of audience. The cramped old galleries have given place to the comfortable modern galleries. What was once the theatrical steerage has become the theatrical steerage *de luxe*.

Nowadays the gallery is more and more patronized by people who are, temporarily at least, not so well-to-do as they once were. Some of this class, to be sure, will stay away from the theater altogether rather than occupy any except the best seats. But there are others who are unwilling to give up theater-going because they have to economize. Pocketing their pride, they climb to the gallery, and, after they get used to it, they find that it offers much in return for little.

A beginner has, of course, some moments of slight embarrassment. If you have always bought expensive seats, you hesitate the first time you ask for the cheapest ones in the house. Box-office men are inclined to be decidedly Olympian, especially if the play is a success. But they are really human, after all; I've lately read in the papers that one fainted, one married, and one had a benefit. And you soon get used to hunting theatrical bargains.

Making a graceful first entrance is hard, too; at least I found it so. With my brilliant ticket in my hand—gallery tickets always flaunt their cheapness—I joined the crowd in the main lobby, but the ticket-chopper at the door stopped me and muttered cryptically, "Outside." Embarrassed at my amateurishness, I retired to the narrow alley outside, where I found an obscure doorway labeled, "Gallery." The experienced make no such mistake; they search for a special door before they try the main portal.

But whether you get in by the front door or the side door, you soon find that the marble and mirrors associated

with theaters are not for you. No gorgeousness is wasted on gallery stairways; they are grim efficiency in terms of concrete and iron, twisting round and round interminably. As you climb upward you always pass a few puffing newcomers, resting on a landing and protesting nervously to each other, "Aren't we high up to-night!" No regular gallery-goer puffs. You are not really initiated until you can go up without stopping for breath.

At the top of the stairs—there is a top at last—you find the gallery itself, a wide, steeply sloping shelf up under the roof. You help yourself to a program from a heap on a chair—no stupid booklet of advertisements enshrining "What the Man Will Wear," but a jolly little handbill just the right size for your scrap-book. The capable usher points out your number, and you leap down to it, from crag to crag like a theatrical chamois. As you look about you you are surprised to see how altered the appearance of the theater is on account of your point of view.

What you see depends largely on whether you are in an old or a new theater, for there are galleries and galleries, old ones where the ghosts of the 'eighties hover, new ones where the paint is scarcely dry. In the old ones the line of the gallery front is boldly curved, extending far round toward the stage at either side; the seats are narrow, the decorations dingy. In the newer ones the line of the front is nearly straight; the seats are more comfortable, the decorations more attractive. But even in the best galleries the expensive decorations, the paneling and marble, leave off with amusing abruptness where they can't be seen from downstairs.

Above you, close at hand, is the ceiling. In my orchestra days I never noticed theater ceilings; in the gallery you can't help noticing them. They are apparently designed by the architect as a sort of frosting on the under side of

the roof. You find yourself classifying them in rough groups; the allegorical-painting type, the cathedral-glass type, the "chandelier-covers-all-sins" type, the acoustic cove, the toboggan slide. In spite of yourself, you become a student of architecture if you go to the gallery often.

You are high enough to study the upper part of the chandelier and look down on the wilderness of gilding above the proscenium arch—and long to dust it. If you are in the front row, you can see the balcony jutting out below you. Far, far away you see the footlights along the front of the stage. You are really pretty high up. Still, you might be higher. I was last summer when I toured the top galleries of the London theaters. So high are they and so steep that I often felt as if I were about to roll out on to the front of the stage far below. In New York you are in no danger of falling out of your seat.

But you soon forget the theater in your interest in the people around you. You see at once that they are not at all like the old gallery gods you have read about. In vain you look for the obstreperous small boy, the quick-witted Irishman, the families that gave the name "family circle." Who are they, then? Before trying to generalize, you should count out all special occasions. Midweek matinees have crowds of their own, and Saturdays are unique, revealing types you have never seen before. Then there are eruptions of special classes; for instance, the jolly scrub-women of the greater city periodically seem to attend a certain performance in a body. Musical pieces, too, have a special youthful public.

But if you limit yourself to the gallery audience at a play on an ordinary night, you'll find it much the same in make-up no matter which theater you visit. There are women everywhere—many more women than men. There are young girls, middle-aged women, old women; women

in groups and women in couples. Some of them are accompanied by men. Then there are several masculine groups and a few men alone. Such is the typical crowd.

Where in the social scale they all belong is harder to say. In a city where all women wear fur coats, how can one who is not a judge of fur distinguish the different classes? Still, certain things are clear. There are a considerable number who used to sit downstairs. There are many that one lumps as "medium." The remainder had better be labeled merely "miscellaneous." All seem to be in comfortable circumstances; at least they are all warmly dressed, and the women all have vanity cases and rubbers.

All about you are types you have seen in the orchestra seats. There is the person that knows all about the private life of the star and the one that explains what is going on on the stage. There is the woman that exclaims over the gowns and the one that thinks the plot curve could be improved. And there is the old lady with the opera glasses, the hand bag, and the lank fur coat who is always getting up and down and who always gets tangled in her belongings; when she brings her umbrella, in addition, there is no counting the damage she does.

One characteristic of the old gallery gods is, however, retained by the new ones—they munch. In my youth the gallery was often called the "peanut" on account of the quantity of peanuts consumed there. And the London gallery has to this day a variety of foods; it was some time ago, however, that the famous pork pie, dropped from the gallery on to a gas-jet below, started a disastrous fire. The modern gallery limits itself to candy, but almost every group brings a box or buys one in the theater. The inevitable colored boy at the back, left, always buys caramels.

With the change in the make-up of the gallery crowd has come a change in its attitude toward the play. The enthusi-

asm I expected to find didn't materialize. Perhaps I had read too much old-fashioned dramatic criticism, for I thought of the gallery audience as "combustible," "inflammable." I had been told that all would be well in the theater if the gallery gods could be placed in the front rows of the orchestra and the stolid morons in dinner coats removed to the gallery. Consequently, when no flames of excitement broke forth, I was disappointed.

The truth is that the gallery public of to-day is just as reserved and self-conscious and tired as the public downstairs. There is not a shrill whistle among them or a pair of hands that would qualify for the claque at the Metropolitan. The "stolid" public downstairs starts the laughs and the applause. The gallery does its part, to be sure, but it follows rather than leads. It has become a distant and slightly subdued continuation of the orchestra. Its rise in the social scale has been bought with a price.

The gallery still knows how to laugh, but it has forgotten how to weep. It laughs discreetly at first, but naturally enough when it gets interested. But from its laughter is gone the "wild, free, African" quality of other days. And though it may feel deeply, it no longer cries. To my embarrassment, I found that I was the only one that had to hunt for a handkerchief when Ethel Barrymore as Rose Bernd made her pitiful confession, when Glenn Hunter as Merton Gill prayed to be a good movie actor, when Haidee Wright as Queen Elizabeth revealed the loneliness of greatness. Even the sophisticated orchestra shows more emotion.

The older people, even, born in a more emotional time, have forgotten how to "carry on." The old lady next me at "Hamlet" sat apparently unmoved. At a poignant moment, when John Barrymore's face was mirroring every fleeting emotion, she whispered a shrill protest:

"He's too good-looking to play a face-making part. You

should have seen him in "The Jest." My word! . . . Green tights!"

Even the old ladies want "green tights," not great emotions.

A play seen from the gallery has a new interest on account of the new angle from which you see it. As soon as the curtain rises, you notice that the stage has a "different" look. Your new position shifts the emphasis to things you scarcely noticed at all before. In particular, you notice the stage floor; you can't help seeing it all too plainly. Fortunately, the modern designer of stage settings has done much to mitigate its flatness. He conceals its bare boards under floor cloths and breaks up its surface by using different levels. But in outdoor scenes it is still painfully obvious that Mother Earth was made by a carpenter.

On the other hand, stage rooms do not look so unpleasantly high as they do from the orchestra. I used to wonder why the walls of stage rooms were so tall—tall enough to dwarf the actors and to destroy all sense of reality. Now I know that unless they are unnaturally high the occupants of the gallery can't see into the stage rooms at all. Even as it is, they sometimes miss the girl posing on the stairway, back centre—except her feet—or the moon rising beyond the middle window.

So careful is modern stage production that there are few rough edges to be detected from above. Occasionally you see a stage-hand crossing behind the shrubbery at the back of a set, or an actor waiting behind the garden wall for his cue. You notice the rope that pulls the gondola along the canal back stage. You discover that the heroine is only pretending to play the piano. And during stage meals you can make out with your glasses that the coffee is painted in the cups and the scrambled eggs only sliced oranges and bananas.

But once used to your novel position, you can get nearly as much illusion as downstairs.

You must accustom yourself, too, to the altered appearance of the actors. Seen from above, they seem to be shorter than they are; even the tallest loses several inches. Moreover, heads and shoulders become very prominent, and legs relatively unimportant. As a result some gestures and movements appear awkward. Rapid movement about the stage is likely to seem grotesque. And certain mannerisms, scarcely noticed from the orchestra, are unpleasantly exaggerated. For instance, a prominent actress who expresses despair by walking in circles with bent knees would desist if she realized how like a dizzy Japanese wrestler she looks from the gallery.

You soon notice, too, that actors are not nearly so good-looking from the gallery as from other parts of the house. As it is largely a matter of hair line, the women, who can wear their hair low on their foreheads, do not suffer so much. But an actor's forehead becomes so prominent that he seems slightly bald, a condition that does not add to his attractiveness.

Sometimes, too, the actor's facial expression is falsified for you. From any point of view the lights and shadows thrown on his face by the old-fashioned footlights are unnatural, but from the gallery they are particularly so. On the other hand, the light from high in front, beloved of the new stagecraft, can be even worse. In the production of "Romeo and Juliet" by the talented Robert E. Jones the lighting made the characters near the front of the stage seem to be smiling through the most serious parts of the play. But usually you can follow facial expression with fair success if you have good opera glasses, though you must miss certain things that can be seen only from the actor's level.

One phase of acting you can watch from the gallery as

from nowhere else. You are in exactly the right position to study the actor's hands; you see them in the flat. Moreover, by some curious trick of light they are so magnified that you can follow their slightest movement. You'll learn more of the subtle language of hands from the gallery in a month than from the orchestra in a year. Your knowledge of the technique of acting is increased by the shifting of your point of view.

There are signs that the new gallery may disappear before long as the old gallery has already disappeared. In many of the newest theaters it is entirely omitted. It admittedly has no place in the ideal theater, which should have no seats higher than the top of the proscenium opening. But, still, much can be said in its favor. It enables people of small means to see plays adequately if not ideally. And the unusual point of view it offers has much to teach even the experienced theatergoer.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In the first sentence the author introduces the reader to the gallery, the scene of his story. He leaves no mystery as to why he takes a seat there. And in the second sentence he announces his point of view by introducing a new type of gallery god.

No traditional type of gallery habitué has been emphasized—not the stereotyped office-boy and his girl, the broken down actor, and the ecstatic foreigner—but a more truthful and graphic presentation of human beings as they are.

Not until he has set his scene does the writer return to the embarrassment of becoming one of those who go "outside." The amusing incident is subordinated to general interest.

The ceiling, the made-for-service efficiency of the gallery, are inserted between the puffs of stair climbers and the munches of chocolate caramels—not isolated in a compartment of "description." The description of the stage changes quickly from setting to the movement of the actors' hands and the picturing of "despair with bent knees." The theatrical steerage is chiefly interesting because of the passengers, not because of the condition of the hold.

The point of view is consistent through the whole story—always from the gallery, and when the dress circle does come in it is only for comparison. The author has given us his conception of the gallery without obtruding his personality.

4

(*Philadelphia Public Ledger*)

"FIDDLIN' FOOLS" OF OLD MIZZOU

The other night in Paris, up in the Missouri blue grass, twenty-two "fiddlin' fools" fiddled it out for the "fiddlin' championship of Old Mizzou." Old-time bow scrapers these, with fiddles whittled out before the Civil War in Ozark stick-and-clay cabins! Some of the fiddle sticks had been used "to lick the young uns" of six Ozark generations!

Three thousand foot-patting fiddle fans moaned and patted as "Money Musk" and "Step Light, Lady," "Jinney, Are You There?" "Mississippi Sawyer," and "Soldier Joy" echoed under a Missouri May moon, Hoe-down music—that's what it was, real dance music—not the "Aggravatin' Papa" kind. Swing and lilt of the old-time square dance, with the caller chanting above the thunder of boot heels and the swish of calico.

Oh, swing her right and swing her left!
Same old swing and same old step!

"Violinists" were barred; only fiddlers were eligible. A fiddler must play by ear and pat time with his foot. Every man of them and the lone woman knew how to drag the horsehair bow. Old, old tunes that came through Cumberland Gap and over the Blue Ridge with the coonskin cap and the long brown rifle. It was the day of the Clates, the Bobs, the Bills and Henrys and Sams, not the Jaschas, Toschas, Michas, and Saschas.

Music? Well, did you ever hear a regular old-fashioned fiddler from away back, face all twisted up, foot a-pattin':

" . . . 'How fur to Little Rock?'
sez I. 'Don't know, but there's a
mighty big rock in the road,' sez 'e
. . . "Ta! da! da-da! de! tum!
tum! tum! . . . 'Whar's this road go?'
sez I, 'Never went nowhar while I was
here,' sez 'e. . . Ta! da! dad!
de! . . . 'How long have you all lived
here?' sez I. 'See that hill thar?
It was thar when I come!' Ta! da! dad! de!"

The fiddle moans and the old hills loom bluely nearer. There's a smell of bacon and of wood smoke in the wind. The sun's going down and the "Arkansaw Traveler" is asking about that famous leaky roof that couldn't be fixed when it was raining and didn't need fixing when the weather was dry.

Music? Boy! how about "The Bell Cow," with a fiddlin' man a-leanin' on the bow? How about it as he snakes and hoges and foxes that melody while the fiddle fans chant?

"Drive up the bell cow, ketch her by the tail,
Hold her by the horn, while I milk her in the pail . . .
. . . Went out to milk, but didn't know how,
Milked a goat instead of a cow."

And the way that Baptist woman, that preacher's wife, made that fiddle talk and sing through "The Lower Edge of Town!" She did her own "marchin'." Hers was the only foot that patted, and as the fiddle sang and her foot was "marchin'," the fiddle fans were still and the spring frogs were silent. . . .

There was the Ozark's purple haze, and a mountain fire-

place, and the folks in blue jeans and gray and calico and linsey-woolsey, patting and stamping and somebody cooking hog meat and corn pone. . . .

There was that other tune beloved of hill fiddlers and plantation melody hounds, "Sally Goodin and Her Crippled Chickens." The fiddler chants as he waves his bow:

"Had piece a-pie, had piece a-puddin',
Gave it all away to Little Sally Goodin."

And "Leather Breeches," with the crowd patting and moaning and swinging in time:

"Leather britches, leath-er-r britches,
Mammy cut 'em out and Daddy sewed the stitches."

Of course, somebody played "Cotton-eye Joe." Wouldn't 'a' been a real fiddlin' contest without it:

"Biggest fool I ever saw came from the state of
Arkansas. . . . Wore his shirt on over his coat.
Buckled his breeches around his throat. . . .
Where did you come from, where do you go?
Where did you come from, Cotton-eye Joe?"

And "Lost Indian?" You could see that poor savage wandering through the woods as that Missourian teased the catgut. It was lonesome. The woods were dark. Poor Indian long way from wigwam. Fiddle wails and moans, "Whooooooo!" and the small boy dives under the chairs. "The Lost Indian" came out of the dark woods with champion fiddler's title.

"Hick stuff"? Maybe, but here was the music of the pioneers coming down across the years. To these old tunes the Old American fiddled and fought, chopped and hoe-downed his way across a continent.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Hoe-down songs and fiddlin' fools from Missouri fiddlin' it out! There you have description, imagination, action, people. Action energizes every part of the story, even in the description of the fiddle-sticks which had been used "to lick the young uns' of six Ozark generations. The sticks are personalized, the hills looming bluely near are populated, and the sun goes down on the Arkansas Traveler—no pretty decorations, but hoe-down folks at home. Through it all runs an irresistible foot-patting and head-nodding. The sentences fit: "Swing and lilt of the old-time square dance, with the caller chanting above the thunder of boot heels and the swish of calico."

See how the writer has made a picture before introducing the songs: "Old tunes that came through Cumberland Gap and over the Blue Ridge with the coonskin cap and the long brown rifle." Can't you see that cap on the head of a sunbrowned mountaineer with his rifle rigid?

The songs are interspersed often enough to give variety and to make the reader want more.

Folksy, woodsy things make a fitting background for the article. It is a Clate, Bob, Bill, and Henry story, not a Jascha, Toscha opera.

And the writer does "snake and hog and fox" you into the story, doesn't he?

5

(Saturday Evening Post)

OUR FOREIGN CITIES—

NEW YORK

BY ELIZABETH FRAZER

New York! The biggest city of its size, as Dooley says, in America. And foreign. Foreign to its finger tips; and also to its finger prints, as any police reporter can testify. Manhattan the Magnificent! With its deep windy cañons, its vertiginous altitudes. With its vast acreage of millions of dollars' worth of plate-glass windows blazing like beacon fires in the afternoon sun. With its Woolworth and Singer

buildings, their fairy-like minarets pricking the evening star, and from within whose lofty chambers the business muezzin cries his daily prayer to trade. Manhattan, with her topless towers more glorious by far than those of Ilium, whose fame blind Homer sang. A stupendous Babel, deriving out of strange, far worlds—and underworlds—speaking sixty-six different languages and dialects. Manhattan, with its downtown pavements at the noon hour of a week day so jammed, crammed and congested with a jabbering, gesticulating foreign throng that police signs, "Keep Moving!" are placed on every block, and a pedestrian in a hurry takes perforce to the middle of the street. Here Greek, Italian, Spaniard, Pole and the swarthy, sawed-off little pick-and-shovel men of half a dozen South European breeds jostle elbows.

It is distinctly not cosmopolitan, this polyglot Manhattan of ours. For cosmopolitan means universal, possessing the *savoir-faire*, grace and charm that come from knowledge of the great wide world, and with all the raw crudities and little provincial quirks ironed out. But New York is provincial, villagified even, down to its marrowbones. The throng of strangers within its gates, hailing from the four corners of the earth, have not mingled, merged or fused. Its foreign colonies are as clean-cut and different the one from the other as a bunch of carrots from a cabbage head. They have not amalgamated, either with other foreign colonies or the elder American stock. For amalgamation in a people means fusion by intermarriage and blood. But these colonies do not often interbreed; Greek usually marries Greek, the Pole a Pole, the Italian another Italian, the Russian a Russian, and so on, like clinging obstinately to like. Nor do they assimilate. For assimilation means first of all the same language, the same racial likes and dislikes, the same moral outlook, background, ideals. It is not mere physical amalgamation which unites a people; they need

not be of one blood; but they must be of like mind and ideals; and racial differences are significant only when they prevent mental and moral assimilation.

But these foreign colonies remain unamalgamated, unabsorbed. They are separate and distinct as a bunch of marbles in a schoolboy's bag, each holding to its own fixed little mold and color and texture and clay. The name of the bag which contains them is Manhattan, its warp and woof representing, somewhat imperfectly, the laws and the spirit of our U. S. A. But inside that bag the marbles are of distinctly foreign brand. They know nothing and care nothing for that bag in which destiny has momentarily inclosed them, save only when they bang into it when rolling off on some little private quest of their own. Here's one gay-striped marble. It's called Little Italy. It out-Naples Napoli in its fecundity and congestion. Lying hugged up close to it, yet differing fundamentally in color and clay, is another strong-colored marble—the Jewish quarter, which in size out-Warsaws Warsaw and makes the famed Jewish quarter of Whitechapel, London, look like a Brownsville suburb. And here's the Greek colony, a little bit of the Ægean clay dropped down upon our shores, as foreign from us as is meteorite from earth clay. And likewise here are the Russian, the Bohemian and the Polish quarters, each isolated within its own shell of language, tradition, and ideals. They get together and they hang together. Their geographical habitat is changed, but they themselves remain little altered, unabsorbed.

Several salient attributes they have in common. The vast bulk of the people come from eastern and southeastern Europe. They are peasants, poor, unschooled, unskilled, hidebound by tradition and superstition, ill adapted to change, at the very bottom of the social and economic grade. Not their fault, of course. They'd have come from the top

of the heap if they could. Save only for the Jews—who are an urban people, habituated alike to congestion and industry—they come from agricultural districts. From primitive village life to the city; from outdoors to indoors; from agriculture to industry. From a slow, laborious, unchanging, unmechanized pastoral existence where patriarchal customs and a rigid upper-class cult still prevail, they step all at once and without preparation into fourth speed, into the rush of our modern high-gearred world; without money, without schooling, without industrial skill; without even a word of the strange new language upon which their success depends. Walled-up and walled-in by their past. One comes. Another follows. A third makes a bee line along the same trail, and presently almost a whole village is here. And once located, they cling close together like a swarming ball of bees upon a tree branch, intent upon their purpose, oblivious of the outside world.

It was a bleak blustery afternoon with scuds of snow when I started out on an exploring expedition composed of one member to investigate the foreign colonies imbedded in the fair physical corpus of New York. I had lunched with a friend to whom I unfolded my scheme—first to chart geographically these foreign territories on the map; next to invade them and size up the situation from the inside—this latter with the aid of city officials, some health officer, dietitian, or nurse visiting from house to house. What I wanted was to obtain a kind of photographic fact picture of how they actually lived, and what reactions, if any, they were showing to the powerful forces of our Western civilization which are alleged to be beating in upon them from all sides. Were they gradually conforming to our ways, or were they haply conforming us to them?

Were we the absorbers, or was ours the unhappy case of the lady who went for a ride on a tiger?

Were these foreign colonies cut off from their mother country, and thus the more open to final complete identification with us, or were they, like reservoirs, constantly fed by Old World sources? Which was nearest them, the Old World or the New? In short, what would show up if we put an actual, wriggling cross-section of life under the microscope and took a squint through the lens?

"You'd better take me along," advised my friend. "You're going down into the parts of this town where there ain't no Ten Commandments and a man with the price on him—yea, or a lady, even—can quench about anything he's got a hanker for. And it's not what it used to be, at that."

"No," I said; "he travels fastest who travels alone."

We came out upon the sidewalk and he signaled to the pompous, gold-braided starter, who salaamed and signed to a lolling chauffeur on the rank, who nodded to the second, who indicated the third, who jerked his thumb toward the fourth, who eventually drew up alongside the curb.

"What strate, ma'am?" demanded the gold-braided colossus as he flung open the door.

"It's complicated. I'll have to explain. Driver, I want to visit the Jewish quarter——"

"I wouldn't advise ut," broke in the starter firmly. "No, ma'am. Whole blocks where a man couldn't sell a ham sandwich to save his blessed soul. But there's the Aquarium—now that's a grand place to visit—where you can see all the big ships come in."

"But I'm not a tourist. I'm a dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker from California." I turned back again to the chauffeur, a live youngster of seventeen. "Do you know where the Jewish quarter is?"

He threw me a smile keen as a knife blade.

"Do you mean de poor Jews or de tony Jews?"

"The poor Jews."

"Then I'll take you down where I live."

"Good! Drive me all around the whole quarter, up and down and crisscross. Then do the same thing with the Italian quarter. Do you know where that is?"

"Sure!" Again that keen hard grin. "Mostly west of de Bowery, see? We're east. But dey're creeping across. My grandmother says when she come over from Warsaw dey was all Irish dere, clean t'rough to de East River. But de Jews come in and drove 'em out, and now we're getting drove out by de macaronies. It's fierce how dey let dem Dagos in. They're swampin' de whole layout."

"And then," I continued, "I'd like you to drive over to the Russian quarter—the non-Jewish Russians, I mean. Do you know where they live?"

He scratched his head.

"Say," he appealed to another chauffeur who had just joined the conference, "do you know where dat Rooshian gang hangs out? De Bolchies and bomb-slingin' crowd? Ain't it down in de cellars around West Fourt' Street?"

"No, no!" I laughed. "Those are the Greenwich Villagers."

"Yeah; you're right. Dat's annuder gang."

"Wasn't it a Russian restaurant," put in the second chauffeur helpfully, "where they killed a Turk last night? Maybe you could git the Russian layout over there."

"Naw; dat was a Greek joint," said my driver. "Dey's bad actors there. It was like dis—see? A Turkish guy, one of dem ragheads, come into de Greek joint. He sits down at a table and ast de Greek waiter for some Turkish I don't know what dat ain't on de card—see? Just because he was feelin' mean. Dat got de Greek waiter sore, and he grabs a knife and stabs de Turk, who's got only a fork in his hand. Serve him right! What's dem ragheads doin' over in our country, anyhow? Let 'em stay at home

in deir own climate where dey needs to wear a hood. Us Amurrikens can git along wit'out dem."

Us Amurrikens! The Irishman's keen blue eyes glimmered with noble wrath. He shot me a grim wink.

"But say," my driver finished, "you could take in de Greeks—dat bunch don't amount to much—on your way down to see us. Afterwards, we'll cross de Bowery and round up de wops."

"All right," I agreed. "To-day, Greeks, Jews, Italians. We'll save the rest for another day."

Thus the expedition into foreign home parts began.

It is not possible, within the confines of one article, to describe each and all of these foreign colonies. I visited them every one inside their homes; the Greeks with a Greek, Poles with a Pole, Bohemians with a Bohemian, Russians with a Russian, Italians with an Italian, and so on straight around the circle; and I backed up my first-hand observations with statistics and reports—health reports, school reports, criminal reports, industrial reports, Russell Sage and Carnegie Foundations sociological reports. All reliable fact statistics, dealing with large numbers in each group, and as non-partisan as the sun. For I wanted my fact picture clear, unblackened by prejudice, suspicion, hate; and true—true not only of a unique and extraordinary individual in the group, but of the group as a whole. Finally, after sober consideration, I chose from all the colonies the Italians more specifically to describe.

Little Italy! There are half a dozen of them, dotted all over the city; but the one I mean is the mother colony of them all, the general headquarters for the newcomers from southern Italy, and particularly from Calabria, Basilicata and Sicily. It is a lively, smelly region, lying south and east of Washington Square; walled in on the south by Chinatown and on the east by the Jews. Out of this populous

district pour daily the Italian labor gangs, those pick-and-shovel fellows who to-day do so much of the work of our Western civilization. They have not the brawn of the big, burly hunkies, nor yet of the Irish navvies of the good old pioneer days. Their chests are weak, and this cold, damp northern climate often plays havoc with their lungs. Coming home late from the theater, a street flare reveals their dusky silhouettes repairing a leaky gas main; or you see them, through swirling snow mists, in rubber boots, shoveling snow. They dig our tunnels, excavate for our soaring skyscrapers, unload our ships. The scream of the midnight overland scatters them off the tracks. They are the toiling sons of Martha, forever on the go. Out in the big world they are exiles; here in Little Italy they are at home.

Let us approach the quarter, as I did, from the west. A step below Washington Square, in Bleeker and Macdougall streets, and you plunge at one breath into another world, a teeming foreign life. You thread your way through a maze of pushcarts and bareheaded Italian women in aprons, staggering along under heavy loads of coats for home finishing, or picking out apples on a stand, or chaffering for spinach with a toothless little old Sicilian granny, scarce higher than her cart, whose bright eyes gleam like black malachite. Here are Italian barbers and bankers and hucksters and fish merchants, a *farmacia Italiana*, and *ristorantes* of Dante Alighieri by the score. A whole Italian "bisnisse" block. Yonder, a sign depending from a dingy fire escape overhung with tubs and rags, reads: "Midwife." Next door a magnificent window display announces "Wedding outfits for hire," with a blushing wax bride and groom in resplendent array. Cheek by jowl is an undertaker's shop with a silver-gilt coffin on view. Next door, through the frost lace on the window, you catch delectable glimpses of

round white cheeses, strings of sausages, and tinned eels. Next comes a wine merchant. The wine, for which he buys hundreds of tons of California grapes, he makes, of course, exclusively for his own use! Down in a neighboring basement one sells ice, wood, and coal—and also other things. The police will tell you that here the snowbirds hang out. Next door is one of the prominent men of the quarter. He runs an employment bureau, a real-estate business, buys steamship tickets and sells foreign exchange, supplies boarders to families desiring the same, and in addition—and here is the real milk in this gentleman's cocoanut—he owns one of these private banks into which Italians, suspicious of outsiders, love to put their hard-earned coin, the price of years of grinding toil, without a single scrap of legal security. Yes, Mr. Buoncompagni is a big man down here.

This rich, fruity smell that greets our nostrils exhales from a glue factory hard by; and that whiff freighting the fragrant breeze is borne from a chocolate foundry, where Italian girls work for the magnificent reward of five and six dollars a week. Out of which fortune they support themselves and send back to Italy as much as fifty dollars a year, to pay back their passage money, to help old worn-out, destitute granny, or perchance to lay by a small dowry which shall pay for a better husband.

And now we thread a maze of great heavy trucks piled high with bales of cloth. We are now in the very center of the wholesale clothing district, where are made the ready-to-wear suits and underwear of Mister World and his wife; straw hats and pants and corset covers too. From those lofty, drab-walled lofts comes the ceaseless whirl of hundreds of high-powered machines over which Italian girls bend. For, next to the Jews, the Italians are the greatest textile people in the city. The Jews own and organize the trade, the Italians do a large part of the work. Here,

also, all around us, are the artificial flower and feather shops. This work Italian women take home. You find them clustered around a table stacked high with red and yellow petals, mamma and big sister, and little sister after school; and even old, purblind, palsied granny takes a hand. Sometimes they work until after midnight, weaving willow plumes, branching flowers, or making gay lace garters for milady's knees; sorting rags in thick, choking air in yonder basement, or basting steadily in this dismal sweatshop we pass. Cheap labor? You've said it. Is this really America, or is it Europe? How can they stand it?

And now, bearing ever eastward toward the Bowery, we strike the block where pulses the very inmost heart of the Italian colony—East Houston, Mott, Prince, and Elizabeth streets. They form the boundaries of a block, long but narrow, which is one of the most congested areas on the whole of this great green footstool. More than ever the streets are cluttered with pushcarts, venders of vegetables, clothes, kitchen utensils, and the ubiquitous old granny with her chestnut brazier. Underfoot it is foul with the contents of overturned garbage cans, and alive with children under school age. Ah, here we have the white hope of America—the second generation! Well, let's see; we may find not a hope, but a two-edged sword. Mark well these tiny tots; look with a physician's eye. Beneath their dirt they are malnourished, undersized. One out of every nine dies before the age of five. Old and young fall a ready prey to tuberculosis. How could it be otherwise? In striking contrast is the Jewish quarter over across the Bowery, with the highest birth rate and the lowest death rate of any of these foreign groups. In Little Italy malnutrition is prevalent. That's one price of underfeeding, congestion, and lack of air.

I was waiting for a companion, a visiting dietitian and nurse, to pilot me about on her rounds; and while I waited

my eyes took toll of the teeming street scene. Here passes a thin hunchback child, with a pale, lovely Botticelli face. Before me a chunky Italian sorts decayed apples into a separate pile; a bareheaded woman approaches, haggles, and buys the lot. Across the snowy street in an alley stands a queue of women buying coal—by the lump. Yonder an Italian in dirty dungarees passes inside a door, fingering a roll of filthy bills. I glance at the sign—another private banker, barber, and real-estate office. Passes a whitewing with his shovel, cleaning up the street. An American, down on his luck. Sisyphus, whose job in hell was to roll a stone uphill which constantly rolled back, had nothing on this man.

"Why don't you keep these streets clean?" I demanded.

"My good gosh!" He threw down his shovel, fighting mad. "Say, this is a turrible mean job. We got more street cleaners to the block down here——"

He broke off abruptly, looking up. A tin can, followed hard by a mass of garbage, hurtled through the air, barely grazing the old chap's nose. His expression moved me to ribald mirth. Life down here was a sporting adventure.

"They saw you coming!" I said.

He leaned bitterly on his spade. "My Gawd, they don't wait for that, lady!"

My dietitian friend came up, her kit, resembling a doctor's bag, in her hand. I hefted it; a heavy proposition to carry up and down stairs all day.

"I hope you haven't hand-picked your cases," I said. "I want to see them all, good and bad."

"You'll see them," she promised, grimly. "As much as you can stand. Good morning, Rosina." This to a pale little imp with tangled curls who ranged shyly up alongside and caught her hand. "Did mother fix the breakfast I showed her for you?"

"No, ma'am."

"No cereal?"

"No, ma'am."

"No hot milk with nice sugar?"

"No, ma'am."

"What did you have?"

"Coffee."

"Black?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That all?"

"No, ma'am."

"What else?"

"Bologny."

The nurse groaned.

"Isn't that the helluva breakfast for an undernourished, rickety child? I hammer, hammer, hammer at the mothers, and that's all the response I get. It makes me boiling mad."

"It's funny," I remarked. "Because in Italy all the peasants drink milk. In fact, they don't drink anything else. Coffee is the aristocrat's drink."

"And that's just why they all drink it over here," she replied. "In America, everybody is equal to everybody else; they can drink the aristocrat's drink if they want to—and feed it to their kids. It's a symbol, you see."

The blare of a street band drowned her voice.

"What is it—a parade?" I asked, noting the long line of carriages and plumed horses' heads. "Ah no; a funeral. Some rich man. What a shame to make such a show in a poor quarter like this!" She laughed in my face. "Who is it, Simonetta?" she inquired of a wisp of a child carrying a swaddled infant in her arms. The child explained. "It's a dock worker over in Mott Street," the dietitian informed me. "I visit his family. That funeral didn't cost a penny less than three hundred dollars. But go around to-morrow

and you'll find the family absolutely destitute, without a loaf of bread in the house."

"But——"

"Benefit money, and they blow it all in at one fell swoop. They're children, with a broad streak of vanity running through them. They love a brave show. And peasants. Therefore they stick tight to old customs and live their lives absolutely independent of us. They speak their own language, trade in their own shops, put their savings in Italian banks, read Italian newspapers, go to Italian theaters, marry their girls off through a marriage broker, and live and die unto themselves. Mind your step. These stairs are foul. Over a hundred pairs of feet go up and down them every day, and they've not been washed since I've been on this beat."

"Wait," I said. "I want one final look outside."

My ranging eye met row on row of superannuated brick tenements, their façades cascaded by rusty fire escapes whose balconies were bursting with all manner of household gear, from tubs and baby carriages to a homebrew still, as if pushed forth by some tremendous dynamic pressure from inside. That pressure was life—fecund Italian life.

"How many people in this house?" I demanded as we felt our way up dark, rickety stairs unlighted by a single gas jet.

"Figure it out for yourself," laughed my guide. "Five stories, four flats to a floor, a family—sometimes two—to each flat."

"That makes a minimum of twenty families. Now how many to each family?"

"That depends. Ordinarily there are from four to ten children. If we take the minimum, that makes six in the immediate family; and there's likely to be some infirm old granny tottering about. Then you must count in the

boarders. They vary. Sometimes only two or three or four. Sometimes more."

"My hat! How many rooms? Where do they sleep?"

"Oh, they bivouac almost any place. You'll see. Sofas and chests of drawers open up. Mamma and the babies, at a pinch, sleep on the bathtubs. The dining-room chairs are utilized. Two rows make a bed. The youngsters stretch out on the kitchen floor. Sometimes the congestion is pretty bad. Four or five to a room, windows sealed and the air so strong it could haul a ton of hay. You see, they cluster together from the same village because the dialects, the customs, and standards of different Italian hamlets vary so, and the newcomer seeks out a street or a house where others of his same village live. Sometimes a five-story tenement will be entirely filled with friends and relatives from the same hamlet or farming district. Now in this family"—we paused before a battered door—"there are six children, the parents and an old grandmother. Then the husband has two sisters who board with them, and there are two—or is it three?—men boarders, newcomers from Italy. The father is a longshoreman. In the winter they slack off and stick around the fire; they loathe this perishing cold; sometimes it affects their lungs. So we may find papa on the ground."

She knocked, and at a call we entered.

"Good morning, mother," she nodded with a brisk professional cheer to a youngish Italian woman with dragging masses of dusky hair who, with one child on her arm and another peeping from behind her skirt, was engaged in a vociferous dispute with a squat, beetle-browed man.

"Mister Papa!" my brain flashed. Then, "No, not papa. Boarder, perhaps." Then, "No, not boarder. They're wrangling over those pants."

The Italian mother glanced around.

"Good morning, nurse," she said, half absently, in clear but broken English. "Excuse. One meenute. Bisnisse!"

The woman smiled winsomely and became straightway a child.

"Second generation," the dietitian murmured to me. "But she married an Italian just over and they're saving to go back."

I glanced about that cramped little three-room flat, my mind still intent on the problem of bedding this family down for the night. Fourteen souls in three rooms, and only a single bed in sight! There was higher mathematics for you! Well, we'll start off with the bed, high, and marvelously white, jammed into that dark little hole with the window boarded up. That settles papa, mamma, and the babies. And the window is nailed up lest the infants inadvertently fall out in the night upon the stone court three stories below. And now for this ancient sofa in the kitchen with the caved-in springs. There Granny and the remaining four children repose. No, that won't do. That leaves the front room for the two sisters and the strange boarder men. The men must sleep by themselves in the kitchen, while granny and the sisters-in-law and the four children make a dormitory of this room, with the aid of that fake chest of drawers. I appealed to the dietitian for a solution.

"Oh, that's simple," she replied. "There are three rooms and three sets of people. But the other day I visited a family of eleven huddled in two rooms. Of course, the worst phase of this whole boarder business is the indiscriminate mingling of sexes, men and women and children sleeping in the same room, washing at the same sink. Such crowding constitutes a grave moral danger. One little Italian girl said to me, complaining of the boarders, 'I no like mans; they too sassy.'"

"And how much do these boarders pay?"

"From three to five dollars a month. They sleep anywhere, and instruct the housewife, the *padrona*, to buy their food. She cooks it and enters their individual expenses in a weekly account."

"And do they have to scratch along, starve along, like this?"

"They do if they want to save, and that's what they're here to do. They maintain their extremely low standards in order to save and send money home." She turned at the sound of a closing door. The sweatshop gentleman had departed with his bundle of finished pants. I was introduced to Mrs. Cellini.

"I so ashame!" she began, apologetically, in her soft voice. "But seet down!"

She brushed a pile of unfinished pants from a chair.

"What are you so ashamed about?"

She laughed.

"I so ashame' thees week. No good. Some weeks I do so good with them pants; I earn six-seven dollar. Thees week only four!" She held up four fingers. "I ashame' to tell my husban'."

And again she smiled, but with a pucker of anxiety in her child's brow. So that was what she was ashamed about!

"What's the matter, mother?" asked the dietitian.

"Well, I don't feel good. Not strong for work no more. And thees baby cry. My God, he yell like hell. He yell, yell, yell." And she looked down with humorous brooding tenderness at the infant in her arms.

"You shouldn't nurse him, mother. It's not good for you or for him. How old is he now?"

"Eighteen month. I'm going to keep on with heem until two years. No wanta buy another baby—see? So I keepa

thees baby on until two year. Not strong for babies now. He seek. Mamma's piccolo!" She kissed the piccolo's brow.

"And how about Aïda here?"

"Well, she not so good. No eat."

"And you still give her coffee for breakfast, mother. That's bad. Why don't you try cocoa?"

"She no like."

"Did you try?"

"No, she no like. She like-a da coffee; she holler like hell. All right, I say. I geev."

Tolerantly she regarded her perverse young offspring, who, startlingly thin, with violet shadows beneath her eyes, leaned easily against her ignorant little mother's knee and watched us with a wide grave stare. She was wasted to a breath.

"This is a crime!" I murmured. "How about the country?"

"Mrs. Cellini just can't bear to let her go."

The mother patted her little girl.

"Aïda like her papa—skinny. My husban'," she explained, "one skinny man."

She laughed comfortably. After all, these mysterious matters of health were the good God's affairs.

The dietitian unfastened her kit and drew therefrom a small canvas swing with scales attached, which she fastened to a stout hook in the doorway.

"We'll see if Aïda's lost weight," she said, soberly. "And how's your brother's diamond ring coming on? Her youngest brother's engaged," she threw an aside to me, "and the whole family's chipping in to buy an engagement ring. Weekly payments. A diamond set in platinum, isn't it, mother?"

"Oh no! My God, we change that ring last month. He no good! My broth' say not good enough for his girl."

And she laughed. "That ring cost one hundred and eighty dollars. We all go togeth' on the Bowery and change; choose new ring for two hundred and fifty dollars—lovely, nice! Thees my broth' picture, thees his girl." And she tendered me some snapshots.

"Come on, Aïda," called the dietitian. "I'll bet you've lost weight!"

She lifted the little mite, pale as a wind-flower, into the swing. The child let out a piercing yell.

"She no-a like," breathed mamma, anxiously. "Nurse no-a keel!" she cried out, and at the cheerful suggestion the child lifted up her voice and vented a blood-curdling howl.

Old grandma, visiting another daughter upstairs, hearing the tumult, came hobbling briskly in. Toothless, withered, bent, a mop of dirty white hair surmounting a pair of piercing black eyes enmeshed in a spider's web of wrinkles, she blew into the room like a veritable Shakespearean hag and added her shrill clamor to the rest.

"If we don't still that child," I whispered to the dietitian, "we'll be raided in a second." I had a sudden inspiration. "Mrs. Cellini," I said, "I wish your mother would tell us about Italy—her village life—just how it all went when she was a girl over there. I don't suppose she worked on pants—like you."

Mrs. Cellini gave a musical little screech of laughter, grabbed grandma by the wrist, poured a flood of rapid Italian into her ear, planted her in a chair, planted the baby atop, seated herself with a sweatshop garment, and, threading her needle, nodded across to me, "She tell!"

"Then you tell me in English? Good!"

Fixing my eye like the ancient mariner, grandma began. And now Aïda, lured by the tale, suddenly ceased her howls, submitted to be weighed like an angel and sped to her grandma's side.

"She's lost weight," announced the dietitian, consulting her little fate book which held the weights of the district. "For three months she's steadily lost weight."

Mamma nodded. A soft sadness flitted like an impalpable shadow across her face, some subtle intimation of that which was to be. She bent forward and kissed her child. Grandma resumed her story, mamma translating and basting busily the while.

And now, as the scenarios say, fade out this scene and fade in another. Fade out mamma, with her child's brow, seated on her pile of pants. Fade out tear-stained little Aïda, wan as a windflower, who is soon to die. Fade out grandma, with her gesticulating hands, her mop of dirty white hair and the moles upon her furrowed chin whence tufts of whiskers sprout like tussocks of stiff grass. Fade out all this, very softly, while the orchestra plays, and fade in—Italy!

Italy! Purple twilight. A low silhouette upon the sky line of gently modulated hills. Behind, an apple-green sky punctured by a single diamond star. On the hilltop, set like a crown, a village blackly etched against the clear light. Near at hand, a clump of cypresses, like hooded monks standing stiffly at prayer. Do you get it? Grandma's home!

But not the Italy the American tourist knows, when, with a fat wallet wadded with good old bourgeois U. S. A. gold backs, he lunches *al fresco*, and tosses a coin to some ragged pot-bellied old ruffian who totes a harp and sends around a whining boy to beg; or to that mendicant gang lining the Appian Way; or to the rogues in Napoli, who in return for his tip sting him with a fistful of counterfeit coins; or to that scabrous old scamp in the ruins of Pompeii who whispers behind his hand of certain obscene frescoes—if signor would like a look. These, on a holiday, are simply amusing episodes to relate comfortably at dinner—the bead on the glass of romance. Oh, golden land of content! Oh,

sweet pastoral existence of quaint idyllic charm! Far from our rude commercial life! Needless to continue—you know how the average sentimental tourist emotes.

But that is not Italy. It's a fake pipe dream. Wrench aside this rosy gossamer mist of enchantment, of sweet idyllic charm, and see it, the bitter, harsh actuality, from the inside through grandma's realistic eye.

And now for a close-up of grandma's ancestral home in Calabria. A dark, foul little hole; one room to the house. No outlet save the door. Here lived the entire family—nine children and papa and mamma. Also a Noah's ark collection of dogs, cats, an ass, a goat with its kid and sundry poultry. They were not so lucky as to possess a horse or a cow. But the house was merely for sleeping. Outside was the great open-air parlor where the real business of life, the work and the play and the wooing went on. Oh, yes, wooing aplenty! The moles on grandma's chin move up and down with mirth. Italians good lovers, strict husbands. Thus Mrs. Cellini laughingly explains. Not like Americans—no. Very strict. The husband was absolute master in his house—or if he died, the oldest son. The girls didn't go to school. What use schools for girls? Make know more than husbands? Man no like! No marry! Girls work in field, marry early, at fifteen, sixteen—go on work. Mus'! Lots-a baby. Husband strict. Sometimes whip-a da kid.

"Then why don't the Italian girls over here marry Americans?" I broke in. "Look at yourself! You're second generation; you went to public school; and yet you married an Italian. Why?"

"No meet American," she replied, simply. "We like; we no see. See only Italian mans. Americans mans more——" She hesitated for the right word.

"Gentle? Mild? Easy to get along with, you mean?" She nodded eagerly.

"All this absolute male-sovereignty business," I murmured to the dietitian, "isn't peculiarly Italian. You find it in all peasantry who lead a pastoral existence. It's the patriarchal tradition. Women and children are property, potential wealth, stock in trade. Of course, with that slavish subservience, the women lay themselves open to exploitation."

At this point grandma slapped her daughter's wrist for attention and again took up the tale. They lived up in the village, she said, and went down into the fields to work, returning each night to the hills. Men, women, boys, girls—even little girls. She herself at the age of eight. Days of exhausting toil. Tired at night. A long way up that winding hill for weary little feet!

"But why on earth didn't you have the village near the fields?"

"Malaria." Stagnant water and floods. Italy very bad for malaria. And arid. Not much rainfall. Dry soil, hard to work. No machinery. Low productivity. Some years no get nothing at all. No harvest. Ah, those were terrible times! Nothing to eat. Not even bread soaked in olive and salt. For, you see, so many people; such beeg family; so that one-half the cultivators were hired day laborers, miserable, hard-working, with only their clothes to their back. Not mak-a much. And during unemployment, starvation not far away. Privation their bitter daily bread. And so thieving, especially field theft, very common; sometimes necessary to sustain existence. To prevent it, during harvest, the laborers slept in the fields. And got malaria? Sure! What can do?

"And what did they eat?"

"Oh, milk, green stuff." Meat? No—except when some sick animal died. Rarely wine. Perhaps sometime at festivals, for the men. And why didn't more people own their little farms? Little farm; no rain; much taxes; alla

time tax, tax. So the little farmers hired out to the big farmers; and some day no can pay tax; pretty quick lose farm. And schools? Grandma laughed. Schools were not for the poor! She herself could not read or write. And according to the report of a Florentine society based upon direct investigation, conditions, especially in the southern departments of Calabria and Basilicata, are still very backward. During the first years of the twentieth century three out of four of the inhabitants over six years could neither read nor write. And even yet the expenditure for education is very low—and lowest of all in the south. Attendance is slight and the decrease in illiteracy over former years is slow.

"And what about politics, grandma?"

But grandma was misty on politics. Mrs. Cellini as well.

"My broth'," she confided to me, "he got naturalize'."

"Oh, did he?"

"Sure!"

"Well, that's fine. And your husband?"

"No; my husban' going back Italy. He no like here. But my broth', he got naturalize'. He got naturalize' into the Democratic party. You heard about thees Democratic party?"

"Seems to me I've heard something about it in New York. Why?"

"Well, that party no pay-a my broth' one cent yet! No get-a job. What you think?"

What I thought was that I couldn't build a bridge across the centuries with a sentence, and so I held my peace.

"My husban' he say naturaliz' no help get-a job, no pay-a da mon'—no good."

Yes, politics, self-government is a fantastic, Western chimera, clean over their heads. But of Italian politics there is this to be said: Italy was unified only fifty years ago.

Before which, for centuries, she was the prey of her ruthless noble princes, a bunch of grafters who exploited mercilessly the people and the land. Deforestation, absentee landlordism, grievous taxation, heavy military service—these held the peasantry in an iron servitude of centuries and stamped out of them whatever pioneer spirit they had. Then came unification; but men's hearts and ways cannot be changed in a day, and rapacious exploitation has left its scar upon the Italian soul.

Grandma's story is confirmed from other sources. Here is the reply of Italian peasants to a ministerial decree urging them not to emigrate. Let's flash it on the screen:

"What do you mean by a nation, Mister Minister? Is it the throng of the unhappy? Aye, then we are truly the nation. We plant and we reap wheat, but never do we taste white bread. We cultivate the grape, but we drink no wine. We raise animals for food, but we eat no meat. We are clothed in rags. And in spite of all this, you counsel us, Mister Minister, not to abandon our country. But is that land, by which we cannot live by toil, one's country?"

What do you say to that, Mister Minister? Nothing, I guess. That peasant and grandma here—they've got the goods on you!

And now is that rosy gossamer veil of fake enchantment, that sentimental notion of Italy as a land of sweet idyllic content, sufficiently torn aside? Can you glimpse, as through a glass darkly, the harsh, soul-scarring reality which lies behind? The reality, the age-old hereditary instincts, which still shape their destinies over here in Mott Street and Mulberry Bend?

Oh, little friends, stepchildren of fortune, poor dumb driven cattle, exploited to the limit of human endurance and beyond, pushed by savage necessity into crime and theft, living on the verge of starvation, your stoic heads bowed

down to till the earth of which you may not even taste the fruits, unskilled in industry, untaught children, your emotions and passions stronger than your brains and wills—how shall you fare in this land of America, the land of the keen, hardy, alert, resourceful pioneer? Can America provide you with brains? Can she give you skill, mental quickness, the power to see and seize opportunity as it flies on the air? Where is your equipment for success? The fact that you sally forth is no proof that all will go well with you. The gulf is too wide to span.

Fade out the Italian scene. There's tragedy here. Fade back to old grandma, her twitching moles, her gesticulating hands. Fade back to Mrs. Cellini, stitching on her sweat-shop pants; to wan Aïda, another little century straddler who cannot bridge the gulf.

"You won't let her go, Mrs. Cellini, just for a little while, into the country? It would do her a world of good!" Thus the dietitian in a final appeal.

"Maybe. I see," promises mamma, vaguely; but we know she won't. Good-by, grandma! Good-by, pale little Aïda, bound for the Elysian fields. We pass upon our way.

I continued my house-to-house pilgrimage, and always the tale was the same—dirt, congestion, and ill adaptation of an untutored, agricultural peasantry to the demands of city life. Rickets and tuberculosis following hard upon a blind, obstinate, instinctive adherence to traditional modes of life. Rough, common, unskilled labor for the men; and for the women, exhausting, incessant toil.

Men, women, and children toiled; and boarders, sleeping on chairs, sofas, floors, bathtubs, swelled the meager funds. On the subject of boarders in our foreign colonies the statistics stand thus—the figures are based on direct investigation of five hundred families in each group: Of the Croatians, 59.5 per cent keep boarders; Lithuanians, 57.6 per

cent; Polish, 48.4 per cent; South Italian, 33.5 per cent; while the Hebrews have only 8.4 per cent. Thus it will be seen that the situation, with one exception, is prevalent among all these eastern and South European peoples dwelling in our midst.

These mediæval standards of living and work no American or northern European can stand up against; and so they clear out of the quarter in disgust, and the foreign colony closes in even more tightly upon itself. The lack of a common language double bars the door. Of mental communion, understanding of American laws and ideals, of a government of and for and by themselves, they have not the slightest comprehension. I am not here dealing with the second-generation youngsters; those belong in another article and in a separate frame.

It goes without saying that these foreign colonies are exploited at every step and on every hand—chiefly, but not altogether, by their own brethren. The private bankers, who often prove to be scalawags, I have already mentioned. In addition, there is the employment agent who charges an exorbitant commission for finding a job. Illegal? Certainly—but who knows? And the shyster lawyer, who, for some picayune service or disservice in the courts, robs his victim.

And the dentist, with his gold teeth—"Sure! You can have good teeth! Ain't you as good as your boss? All Amurrikens that can afford it has gold teeth! You betcha you're as good as them!" And so it goes. The fake doctors, with their flaring advertisements in the foreign newspapers, also take their toll. In a sudden sickness the peasant often rounds up two or three and takes the dope of all. Exploiters of this description overrun these colonies, which are wasted from within by their own superstition and credulity.

And what are the Americanizing forces playing upon

them from the outside? Let us name them in the order of their power and magnitude. First of all, the public school. But that reaches only the children—with a few exceptions; for the foreign-born adult is usually otherwise strenuously engaged; and it is with the adult foreign-born that I am dealing here. In addition to the school, there are the city health agencies, thrice blessed clinics, hospitals, milk stations, visiting nurses and dietitians, those practical evangelizing angels of impatient tongue and tender hand. And there are the various philanthropic institutions and settlement centers, each holding aloft its own little lamp to dispel the surrounding gloom. Lastly, there is the job in the big outside world, less potent than it might be because both men and women still stick together and work in gangs and cliques. But of all these forces—save only that of the public school—it must be reluctantly said that they do not reach very deeply; their influence is shallow, scattered; the task is too stupendous; tradition, racial taboos, superstition, a low-grade, limited intelligence, the lack of schooling and of a common tongue are arrayed on the other side, a solid Chinese wall. And to cap all, the fresh inflow is constant; the home trail is always hot. It was Thor who, on a wager to drink a flagon of wine, found its other end attached to the ocean, so that in order to win his wager he would have to drink the whole sea dry. Raising the living and working levels of these people, augmented constantly by fresh comers of a like grade, is a similar proposition. It is, in the words of the whitewing, a turrible mean job.

Looking at the daily routine of the average Italian peasant's family down on Mott or Elizabeth Street—and it will be remembered that the vast bulk of them come from the lowest rung of the social ladder, without education, knowledge of our language or industrial skill—one is struck by what at first glance seems to be their cardinal character-

istic—an incessant, beaver-like industry. What toilers! What uncomplaining, stoic patience! Men, women, children, and even palsied old grandmothers chip in to turn an honest penny. But to let it go at that, to refuse to probe deeper, is not to arrive at the truth. To work, to earn, to save! Now we've got it. Thus the trinity runs. Accumulation—that is their goal. Omar was right. Heaven is the vision of fulfilled desire. And their desire is to lay aside enough to return to their native village and the sound of the campanile bells.

No matter how scant his earnings, the Italian will lower his standard of living so that he may set some aside. This passion colors every detail of his life. It explains boarders. It explains exploitation of his women and children, child labor and the constant evasion of truancy laws. Girls, working at some unskilled trade and making six or seven dollars a week, still manage to support themselves and send home to Italy forty and fifty dollars a year. Mamma toils at home finishing at five cents an hour, and markets and cooks for a horde of boarders in between. Father digs the sewers or unloads ships or works on the tracks with a gang, and he sticks a bit aside. Thus the nest egg grows. And does Maria or Mimi dare to knock down on her weekly envelope, sneaking out a dollar for some girl's finery, papa, the patriarch, sternly quells the mutiny, and the next morning Mimi appears at work with a sulky lip and a tomato-colored eye. Discipline must be maintained—and is. Leave it to papa!

Recently a social worker ran into a mystery. The children of a family in the colony were begging on the streets. Investigation found absolutely nothing in the house to eat. The children were famished, the mother haggard with want. Questioning elicited the fact that three able-bodied wage-earners were hauling down a pretty fair wage, totaling about fifty a week. Why, then, this absolute destitution?

The answer to the puzzle was this: The family had decided to buy a house, paying for it on the installment plan. When they came to figure up the payments, they discovered that their entire wages just covered the sum, with not a dollar to spare. They therefore depressed their living standards to zero in order to save their gross earnings intact, and sent their children out on the streets to beg. These are endurance tests. And it must be added, endurance tests for the public also.

This supreme consuming passion to save, no matter at what cost to health or how low the standards of decency and self-respect and morality are depressed, is an outstanding characteristic of these groups; and it is most significant because it throws an extra weight upon the entire community. Everybody pays the bill. First of all, the extra weight falls on the other workers. They cannot compete with such low wages, and they rightly refuse to submerge their living standards below the point of decency and health. Thus the low-grade worker drives the high-grade worker out—out of the neighborhood and out of the trade. Ensnare race riots and recriminations, and the epithets of contempt such as “wop,” “raghead,” “hunky,” and the like. In addition, the overtaxed citizen pays. He pays for extra hospitals, clinics, police, schools, health departments, and the thousand and one civic devices by means of which our cities and public-spirited citizens seek to bridge the gulf. And the persistent query arises, and will not be downed, whether this burden of bridging the gulf of centuries of different traditions, habits, modes of life and work should be borne in its entirety by the American taxpayer and the American workman. Cannot part of the bridging be done on the other side—by sending recruits a little higher on the social ladder, with some equipment of education, initiative, and skill to

meet the strains over here? Or must we drink Thor's flagon dry?

We come to the question of lawlessness and crime in these foreign colonies at our back door. And here again I shall confine myself to the adult foreign-born and leave their children for another article. With respect to the foreign-born themselves, the statistics may astonish some. For, generally speaking, the adult foreigner in our colonies has a cleaner crime record than has the native-born—including his own children.

The above statement requires explanation and a bit of shaving down. In petty misdemeanors and minor offenses arising from ignorance of our law or a clash with his own traditions and patriarchal rights, such as beating up his wife and children and refusing to support them, violating truancy and child-labor laws, the foreign-born peasant is, indeed, an inveterate and often willful offender. But in the bigger, more daring and audacious types of crime his record is singularly clean.

"Why don't you mend this road?" demanded an irate traveler abroad of a European peasant concerning a washed-out bit which caused the latter to make a wide *détour* with his flocks each day. "I broke down in the very same hole last year. Why, man, it wouldn't take you half a day!"

To which the peasant replied with simplicity, "Sir, nobody ever told me to!"

Nobody had told him to, and he didn't propose to get into trouble doing what he wasn't expressly told. Better take no chances! This in a nutshell epitomizes the mental attitude of the slow-witted, oppressed foreign-born. Such an attitude is not going to lead a man far into audacious or original crime. He hasn't the stomach for that sort of thing. It turns him chill and sick, and raises along his spine the ancestral bristles of danger and fear. Something speaks

inside him: "Hst! Go slow! Death is ambushed here!" So in graver crime he does not jump the track.

But he does not know our law; and he is incessantly running into this big invisible wall of thou shalt nots, which for the very life of him he cannot perceive, through lack of our language and because his own instincts and traditions completely blind his eyes. Thus one bemazed old fellow found himself haled into court for keeping a horse in his apartment. But where in the name of the Redeemer was he to keep his horse, he demanded, if not in his own house? Or they run afoul the law by beating up their wives and children, starving them, evading the child-labor laws. But in Europe the public does not meddle in such strictly private affairs. A peasant's wife and children are his own property, convertible into solid coin of the realm; why the devil shouldn't he, the master, beat them if they don't deliver the goods? A Croatian peasant, in constant collision with the law forbidding factory work for minors, finally packed up bag and baggage and moved across the border into another state, where no such limitations existed to hamper his divine right to exploit his kids. A Pole, with a wife and six children, repeatedly haled into court on charges of cruelty and non-support, was asked by the judge why, earning a good wage, he did not provide for his family like an honest, self-respecting man. The Pole listened in open astonishment to the translation of the lecture.

"But I gave her twenty-five cents last month!" he protested through his interpreter.

The judge explained that a quarter was an insufficient sum on which to support a family of eight for a month.

"But," burst out the peasant in his own tongue, "I didn't marry that blank-dash female of dubious origin in order to support her! Do you take me for a fool? I married her to support me! What kind of a country is this?"

His gift of a quarter was sheer generosity, an act of supererogation, the overflow of a noble soul. Here again it was the patriarchal tradition in conflict with the twentieth century; and when the two conflict in the peasant's soul, tradition inevitably wins out. He not only does not know our laws, which surround him like a circumambient atmosphere, but he very definitely does not care to know them. A creature of instinct and habit, he clings like a leech to his Old World habits of thought. A man of higher social grade, with wider mental horizons, would yield himself, assimilate, absorb the new; but not the peasant. The more fiercely he is assailed the more obstinately he withdraws into his shell. Which is his ruin—his ruin so far as success, even judged by his own humble standards, is concerned.

But the whole question of crime and heredity cuts deeper than this. In these peasant groups dwelling in the foreign sections of the city, the love of saving, and thus the love of money itself, is a cardinal passion. In the Italian peasant it is a particularly outstanding attribute, his line of least resistance, his vulnerable point. And to crimes with a mercenary motive he is peculiarly prone. Thus murders for money, coolly and deliberately planned, are frequent. An Italian girl, protégé of an American family, through the death of a relative, came into a small legacy amounting to about five hundred dollars. Almost immediately she began to act strangely; she refused to go out of the house and appeared reluctant even to approach the open windows.

"What ails you, Maria?" she was finally asked. "What makes you act so queer?"

Thus adjured, the girl explained. She had refused to turn over the legacy to her brother Pietro, the titular head of the family, and so brother Pietro was lying in wait for her outside with a gun.

"He'll pop me sure if I show my head!"

"Good heavens! Pietro?" cried the amazed American woman. "Why, that boy wouldn't hurt a fly!"

"He'll pop me," reiterated the girl.

"I'll see about that!" promised the optimistic American.

She did, and she found Pietro absolutely fixed in his determination to pop Maria if she showed her head. Oh yes, certainly the American lady might send him to jail, in which case he'd pop Maria as soon as he got out again. Didn't he love his sister, little Maria? What a question! Of course he loved little sister Maria, but if she didn't turn over that money he'd pop her just the same.

In the end, Maria turned it over and received the fraternal kiss.

Counterfeiting, abduction, kidnapping, blackmail—Italians show a startling record in crimes of this particular nature. With regard to the latter three, it should be said that they were about the only means the peasants once possessed whereby they could even up the score with their ruthlessly exploiting overlords—a mutually understood game of tit for tat. And in America some of them have simply stretched the original principle to take in any rich guy whom, by threats, they can compel to part with his coin.

These are deeds, not of passion, but performed by people in their sober senses and such faculties as they possess. They reveal more clearly than anything else the depths of the gulf which separates our modern Western world from these agricultural peoples, their souls twisted by oppression, who step out of another epoch into our midst. They reveal also something else equally important—a profound indifference to law. In Europe, and particularly in those countries from which much recent immigration is recruited, laws were imposed by the aristocrats to exploit the poor, they believe. Thus the state, the government, the laws, were associated in their minds with a hated tyrannous rule. Law, tyranny—

these are synonyms in the peasant's dictionary, deep-twined in the roots of his soul's belief. Law—he feels toward it the same instinctive distrust that a wild animal feels toward a trap. Intensely practical, money-loving, a fierce individualist, distrustful of all altruism lest it be but the small toothsome bait on the hidden hook of exploitation, not thinkers, but puppets of tradition—the peasantry within our gates distrust not merely our laws, but the fundamental conception of our law as a necessary safeguard of society. Their distrust acts like a boomerang, fatally transfixing themselves.

And what do they get out of it all? How many of the hundreds of thousands who make the Western hegira succeed in winning their stake? On this aspect of the question, unfortunately, there exist no exact collected data. But what does stand forth clear is the interesting fact that the signal successes, few as they are, in an overwhelming majority of cases have been won, not by those down below the very bottommost rung of the social ladder, but by those who in their own country had a certain background of education, mental resources, skill. In other words, these successes show that part of the bridging has already been done on the other side, and the gulf, therefore, is not so fatally wide. It is estimated by an Italian that among his illiterate foreign-born brethren—illiterate, he means, in the broader sense—who take the long trail to our shores, scarce two in ten succeed in clearing for themselves a path to even moderate gain. It is not that they are without money margins and do not speak our tongue; but that, looked at from practically every point of view, they are ill prepared to make the intelligent, energetic and well-directed action which this New World rigorously exacts of those who would win the prizes from her hand. And what happens to those who, too heavily handicapped by their own limitations, fail even partly to

make the grade? They are the extra burden which the whole community bears. The statistics here are clear. And that is the tragedy of it—the terrible human waste! Our hospitals and asylums are full of those who have crashed, and, crashing, have hurled whole families on the rocks. And still the century-straddlers come. And still our foreign colonies swell, augmented steadily from the other side—a Thor's flagon we cannot drink dry.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The motif of this story is sounded immediately in the first word—New York. By constant emphasis on the foreign phase of her description Miss Frazer brings out the old world aspect in the opening of the article. Local color is laid on rather broadly by the use of similes, metaphors, pictures and repeated or echo words. The simile is particularly apt when the writer compares the foreign part of New York to "a bunch of marbles in a school boy's bag, each holding to its own fixed little mold and color." The appeal is mainly to the eye throughout the story.

Miss Frazer has taken the reader into her confidence and almost has him by the arm as she leads him around with her. Various little incidents occurring again and again make the story like a moving picture, with the added zest of actual conversation in the argot of the streets.

This is not the New York of the sky scrapers and lines of motor cars and busses. It is the New York of the pushcarts, peddlers, and tenements. There is a good deal of humor in the story and every indication that the author enjoyed it quite as much as the reader.

6

(*The World's Work*)

MARINERS OF GLOUCESTER

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

When they show an important visitor around Gloucester, they usually whirl him past City Hall, past the Post Office,

Chamber of Commerce, some magnificent homes of summer residents, conduct him through the glue factory and a fish plant or two, thence to a hotel for a nourishing meal, and so to the railway station. Going away, the visitor usually makes a speech wherein he thanks his hosts for their entertainment and for allowing him to see the things that make Gloucester great.

But no such visitor ever sees what has made Gloucester great. It is not to be seen. Let them take the important visitor to Fishermen's Corner or up to the Master Mariners' quarters, and there turn him adrift; he may or may not discover for himself the thing that will make Gloucester remembered to the Last Day, but there will be his best chance.

The Master Mariners' rooms in Gloucester are over a drug store on a westerly corner of Main Street. Captains who have given up the sea spend spare hours there; skippers who are still active drop in there between fishing trips.

The walls of the Master Mariners' rooms are hung with charts, maps, and photographs of vessels famous in Gloucester history. The photographs include most of the vessels which took part in the Anniversary Race of 1892, the only fishermen's race according to Gloucester standards that ever was sailed. The wind blew sixty miles an hour that day and three skippers of the fleet went out to race with all sail set and their halyards lashed aloft. Two vessels came home disabled, but through superb seamanship and the grace of God no vessel was lost.

For as long as Gloucester is Gloucester they will talk of how Maurice Whalen won that race in the *Harry Belden*. The two men lashed to the wheel of the *Belden* were up to their waists in water. She rolled down, sending the helmsmen to their necks in the swash. "She rolled low down that time, skipper," one of the two remarked casually to

Maurice. "She did, and she'll roll lower yet before the sail comes off her," responded Maurice.

Later the *Belden* took a deep plunge, burying her forward deck to the waist under water.

"An awful dive that. If she makes another dive like that will she come up, d'y' think, skipper?"

"I dunno, boy," said the cheerful Maurice, "but if any vessel out o' Gloucester 'll come up, this one'll come up."

I once made a winter passage from Georges Banks with Whalen in the *Arthur Binney*. He wanted to get home to his family for Sunday, and so he drove her. It was blowing sixty miles an hour clearing the North Shoal of the Banks. She came all the way to Boston Harbor to an increasing wind on the port tack, which of course loosened up the planks on her port side. Before we breasted Cape Cod the men in the port bunks forward had to leave them because of the sea water coming through between the planks.

Later I wrote a magazine story around that winter passage. For my action I merely sketched in a few casual happenings of the run home. I spoke of water in her cabin floating the men's slipshods from one side of the cabin to the other, of the men who were washed out of their bunks, of the helmsman lashed to the wheel and who was picked up and laid across the main boom eight feet above the deck by one of the seas which boarded her. One reviewer said of that story, "A pleasing but impossible story of incredible happenings."

Much he knew of sail-carrying skippers! Fearing that my short story would grow to a long story, I had left out more than I put in of the happenings of that passage.

The second vessel to finish in that Anniversary Race was the *Nannie Bohlin*, Captain Tommie Bohlin. Almost any old Gloucesterman could give you a thrill merely by the way he would utter that name, Tommie Bohlin. I wrote

a story around Bohlin one time, calling him Ohlsen, which was a mistake. I should have used his real name. Tommie Bohlin! A name for a hero it was.

And he was a hero. He one time sailed into the Arctic, to eighty north, in a hunt for new halibut grounds. He was on his way back home, in a port in northern Norway for grub and water, when he heard that a contender for the America's Cup was sailing that day from Plymouth, England, to New York.

"A good race for the *Nannie*," said Bohlin. "A thousand miles start she'll have, but what odds? She bein' a yacht, they'll be tender with her."

They started on the same day. She was one of the *Valkyries*, and Tommie made Gloucester six days before the yacht made New York. Tommie made all kinds of records on that passage. For four successive days in mid-ocean he logged better than fourteen knots. Throughout all those four days the *Valkyrie* was hove-to, which is not meant for disparagement of her skipper; he was not racing across. Tommie's best sailing was done between Cape Sable and Gloucester. On that last leg he overhauled the Boston-to-Yarmouth steamer, she on a thirteen-knot schedule. He raised the steamer at eight in the morning and had her hull down astern by one in the afternoon.

I was on deck with him one stormy night in a mid-watch. He was never a garrulous man, but high notes of the wind and the low boom of the sea seemed to inspire him that night. He began to talk of some famous passages of the *Nannie*. He spoke of her as if she was something human. Speaking of one famous drive across the Grand Banks, he suddenly burst out with: "I druv her and I druv her and I druv her. Could I make her quit? The man never lived could make the *Nannie Bohlin* quit."

I have been to sea with the first four captains in that

Anniversary Race. Whalen told me his story of that race in forty words. He did not have to explain anything. The *Belden* was a great vessel, she had the weather she liked, and she won the race—what more to say? Bohlin, who finished second, had to explain how it came about that his beloved *Nannie* was beaten by the *Belden*. It took Tommie about two hundred words or so to tell it. Captain Reuben Cameron finished third. It used to take Reub about a thousand words to tell how the other two licked him. When Saul Jacobs, who finished fourth, came to tell about it—well, I once sat up till four o'clock of a winter's morning in the cabin of his vessel off Newfoundland, and the great Saul hadn't then done telling how it was that the *Ethel Jacobs* came to finish fourth.

The same ruling idea was back of every explanation. The vessel was not at fault. No fault of the vessel's that she didn't win. No, no!

Where else on earth do men love their vessels so? And is the quality in the vessels or the men that such a feeling exists? To my notion, our American Bank fishermen have the greatest fleet of sea-going schooners in the history of the world, but there is more than that to it. The seamen and these vessels come regularly through great peril together; the men, unconscious of their own super-qualities, give the credit to the vessel.

Above the street door of the Master Mariners' rooms is a painting of Captain Clayton Morrissey's *Arethusa*, both being famous in Gloucester annals. Captain Morrissey was a great hand for getting into trouble with the "authorities to the east'ard," and then getting himself out of it. One day the *Arethusa* was seized and taken to a Newfoundland harbor by a Provincial government's steam cutter. The cutter took station almost alongside the fisherman. It came on a dark night and a gale of wind. A fine night

to go to sea, thinks Clayt, and so he slipped his cable and out to sea he went. The cutter's crew couldn't get her deck gun working in time to stop him in the harbor, and it was no use in her putting to sea to follow him. She couldn't steam much better than eleven knots, which would never overhaul the *Arethusa* in the breeze blowing that night. So Clayt got clear.

Across the street from the Master Mariners' rooms is Fishermen's Corner. In the spring of the year the Corner will be crowded with men looking for a winter chance. When the great event in Gloucester, a fishermen's race, is on, the Corner will be packed solid. Great talk you may hear then of fast vessels, famous skippers, and smart crews from men who know what they are talking about. Lord help the skipper who makes a mistake in a fishermen's race; he will certainly get an awful blasting from the Corner.

The real fishermen will be there in the late fall looking for a winter chance. This leaving a vessel and getting into a dory to heave and haul a heavy trawl on the fishing Banks in winter time is the most dangerous everyday work that I know anything about. Crossing the North Atlantic in large passenger steamers sometimes from our high, comfortable decks we have seen these toiling men in their tiny open boats; we usually see them in the summer season. Winter is the real time to see them. To see them on what they call a "dory killing day," in their oilskins and thick soled knee-high redjacks (leather boots) with thick inner and outer clothing beneath the oilskins—to see them diving over the rail into their little boats to set their trawls is to see something. Weighted down as they are, any mischance is probable death. To see them rowing across a racing tide, to be carried miles away from the vessel, wind and tide as often as not against them for the row back to the vessel, is to put a new respect for men's courage into our hearts.

A curious thing it is that these men, who in all the world are most in danger of death by drowning, cannot, usually, swim—a curious but true thing. Ask one of them why he never learned to swim and the answer would probably be: "Swim? Where would I get the chance or the time to learn to swim?" As an afterthought he might add: "And of what use would swimming be to a man two or three hundred or a thousand miles it may be offshore? Where would I swim to?"

The winter trawler is a husky man to begin with. Take him after he has been at the hauling and the heaving of trawls and the rowing of a dory and the hauling on halyards aboard a vessel for a few years and you have a powerful man; living so much in the open, eating of the best of food, and the resting up which he gets from laying-off when it is too rough to fish, he develops extraordinary stamina. Out on the Banks when they go adrift, usually in fog or snow, they may stay adrift for days at a time. Three or four days astray is common; eleven days has been endured, and the men come through it with no permanent injury.

Men of amazing endurance some of them. I knew a man named Allen who was capsized one winter day with his dory mate. Allen's mate clung to the bottom of the dory and there froze to death. Allen, who had decided early that he was not going to freeze to death in the same way, dropped overboard, reached under water for the dory painter, passed it up through the ring in the bow, adjusted it to such a length that he could stand in the bight of it, took a couple of half hitches to secure it in the ring, and there hung with his body immersed to his chin.

He figured that the water would not be so cold as the northwester winter wind. After eight hours under water he was picked up by his vessel. We may think it a wonderful thing that he lived through that; the really wonder-

ful thing was that it did not occur to him that he was entitled to lie in his bunk awhile after what he had gone through. A shipmate fell sick, and there was Allen on deck early next morning to take the sick man's place in a dory. He had had a good night's sleep and a couple of good meals—why should he stay loafing aboard? He went out in the dory. Shipmates did say of Allen that he was what you might call a tough man, which is about as far as one trawler will go in praising another trawler's power of endurance.

Endurance? I was shipmates one time with a champion. I never knew his proper name, but he went by the nickname of Frenchy. He was astray for seven days one time. On the seventh night he saw a red sidelight bearing down on him. Frenchy's dory mate had given out, and Frenchy himself was feeling weary, but not so weary that he could not make the man at the wheel hear him when he yelled. She was a coal bark and took them aboard. When the mate of the bark on watch discovered that he had two Gloucester fishermen on his hands he did not like it. He disliked Americans in general and Gloucestermen particularly. He told Frenchy that he had no bunks to spare, that he and his mate would have to sleep on the coal in the hold. Frenchy did not mind where he slept, himself, but he protested that his chum was too weak to turn in on a pile of coal; also he must have a cup of hot coffee. They argued the matter. It wound up in the mate and Frenchy having a fist fight. Frenchy beat up the mate. The captain, awakened by the noise, came out of his room to find Frenchy hammering the mate's head against the cabin bulkhead. The captain had a heart in him. He found bunks, roused out the cook, and had him make hot coffee for the two Gloucestermen. The unusual thing to Frenchy in the whole affair was the manner of the mate. "One bad guy!

Oh, one bad guy! One damn bad guy; no gentleman; no no!" Frenchy would say.

Easterly on Main Street from Fishermen's Corner is the little shop of Howard Blackburn. He is the man who went astray on the Grand Banks, and saw his dory mate freeze to death; and seeing that, and feeling that he was freezing up also, he curled his fingers around the handles of his oars and there held them so that when they did freeze they would freeze in such shape that they could hold the oars and allow him to continue rowing. And they did so freeze and he continued his rowing, and made land with the frozen body of his dory mate. In the five days he was astray without food or water, Blackburn did several other things as heroic as the deliberate freezing of his hands to the oars. He lost all his fingers, all his toes, half of both thumbs, and half of one foot, but he lived through it, and has not only been cheerfully making his own living since—he finds the resources to help others.

Greathearted, unconquerable men is what those winter dorymen are. You meet a man on the street in Gloucester and casually you learn that once when he went astray on a winter's day, his dory mate, considering himself the hardier one of the pair, took off his cardigan jacket and forced it on him. It was in winter and that night was a terribly cold one. The man who had given up the cardigan jacket froze to death. The man you are talking to was picked up almost done for, but in time he recovered.

Take another case of Gloucester fishermen: Two men were overturned in a dory, neither being able to swim, and one happening to grab the thwart, the one who was lucky enough to grab the thwart tossed it to his mate who held himself afloat with the thwart until the vessel bore down and got him. The one who gave up the thwart went down. Great men is what they are.

These Bank fishermen have more independence than men working ashore. This independence in a fisherman may spring from a knowledge of the fact that if he doesn't like a skipper or owner there is always another skipper or owner ready to give him a chance; that he does not know the humbling influence of having to find a job when jobs are not easy to find may have much to do with his independence; some people think so; but I have known many Bank fishermen, and to my notion much of his independent spirit is the inevitable outcome of his daily life. Wrestling with the vast sea breeds humility of some, but also it makes for self-respect.

Some of his independent spirit is the influence of ancestry. He is a fisherman, his father before him was a fisherman, his father's father before him usually, his people before him for many generations sometimes. Seamen they were, but no galley slaves of seamen such as grew up under old-time merchant-ship laws. No one, two, three years at sea with the owner's agent, the same being the captain, to hold him down to the poorest of food and the lowest of wages. Fishermen know nothing of the harsh laws which give all the wages to the officers and all the profits to the owners. Fishermen were the original co-operative workers. Our all-sail fishermen in Gloucester to-day still share and share alike.

Sometimes, of course, there is nothing to share. They may go out in winter, be gone four or five or six weeks, and not stock enough to pay for grub, ice, and bait. Yes, and sometimes not enough to pay for their tobacco. That is one of the things which make fishing an adventure rather than an industry.

Most Bank fishermen are adventurers by instinct, and, being so, they do not think in terms of money, which is perhaps why they earn the least money of all skilled crafts-

men in this country. Considering the varied facets demanded of their skill and the danger and hardships of their work, they are pitifully paid. The fishing crew member who clears a thousand dollars a year above his expenses on the vessel is doing very well.

As with the fishermen at sea so with the dealers ashore. No Gloucester dealer, fish dealer, or owner of vessels, ever became a millionaire. What other group of business men in any community in this country could have had a large business practically in their own hands for so long a time as these dealers and vessel owners, and yet not have one of them die a millionaire? Only in Gloucester could that happen.

That habit of not being alive to the dollar value holds for the business of shipbuilding in the little town of Essex, which is almost part of Gloucester. The Essex men have been building vessels for two hundred years or so. No men in the world are more skilled in the construction of sea-going wooden vessels than these men of Essex. They have their share of work, but never a ship builder in Essex died leaving any fortune. These highly skilled craftsmen in the Essex shipyards work for from fifty to sixty cents an hour. During the war when almost any tramp could get a ten-dollar a day job in a shipyard anywhere, the highly skilled Essex men were working for sixty-five cents an hour. Something in the air which these Bank fishermen bring ashore must have had its subtle influence over all who come to do business in the port.

Gloucester ought to be more prosperous, so some think. Possibly so, possibly not. You take a little city of twenty-five thousand people, which means five thousand males of working age. The most virile of these five thousand are out to sea. You take a bad night on Georges Bank and one hundred and seventy men go down. Another bad

night and one hundred and sixty-five are lost. These are mostly young men, the potential fathers of families. Add twenty more lost here, thirty more lost there, and you have a terrible drain that's like pumping a man's very heart blood out of him.

Gloucester has been celebrating her three-hundreth anniversary. They seem proud of her age, which they shouldn't be, the age to which a settlement will live being so much a matter of later luck. But they have a right to be proud of their beautiful seaworthy vessels and the captains and crews who have sailed them. The world's history may show their equals, but hardly their betters.

Great men they are at their best, and, at their worst, men to make allowances for; but not many are at their worst. Great men, who take it high and take it low, with small complaint when it comes hard and grateful enough when it comes easy. I met a captain down there one day, just in from a terribly hard and profitless trip.

"Heard you had a rough trip, Captain?"

"Rough enough, boy, rough enough. But that's natural enough, too, for this time o' year. 'Twould be queer if it wasn't."

"Any fish?"

"Not enough to bother to weigh out."

"Pretty tough sometimes, isn't it?"

"Tough enough, yes. But there are times when it's been good. Let's thank God, boy, when it's good."

That's Gloucester after her three hundred years—thanking God when the fishing's good.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—A dramatic picture this, with the tang and the sting of the sea in it. The vessels and the rugged fisherfolk living their hard lives in Gloucester town make a remarkably stirring picture, and one not entirely devoid of a moral. See how the writer does it by a combination of description and anecdote.

XII

STORIES OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

IN his absorbing chronicle of journalistic experiences, *News Hunting on Three Continents*, Julius Chambers rehearses the story of his "descent into a mad world." It tells graphically of his entrance into the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane in New York, following an application made before a New York justice, by one Rose McCabe, a spinster, asking her release from the asylum, where "she had been immured among lunatics in order that certain persons might administer her estate."

Mr. Chambers' object was to discover if commitment of a sane man or woman was possible and to see with his own eyes if abuses existed. He tells how he deceived reputable medical experts and an alienist, how he adopted the symptoms of sunstroke dementia, and how he was summarily sent to the asylum. His adventures there, and subsequent discharge, made telling "copy" for his paper, the *New York Tribune*, and resulted, he says, in the enactment by the legislature of a new code of laws for the protection of insane persons.

Such an escapade is typical of a phase of journalistic enterprise perhaps not so current to-day as a generation ago when "scarlet" sensationalism was at its peak.

Jacob Riis, who worked for many years as police reporter on the *New York Sun*, likewise performed a notable service as a social reformer in a series of descriptive stories on

"How the Other Half Lives." In them he turned the lens of his personality upon troubled areas of city life, upon squalid, death-breeding tenement houses, streets thronged with quarreling children, upon filthy markets and the unspeakable Mulberry Bend, with all its misery, grime, and hopelessness. He interested his readers first, then he awoke their sympathies, finally he compelled the city to raze the rookeries and let in the sunlight. Since his day many other writers have been commissioned by newspapers and magazines to explore neglected fields, to study life at close range.

The term "muckraker" was greatly in vogue a generation ago; in these days "special investigator" is probably a better identification, for the task of the trained journalist still relates to the quest for interesting information hidden in many strange places.

A late example of journalistic public service campaigning is that of the New York *World* which has been running a series of articles showing how taxi-drivers have been victimizing the public by speeding up the meter and by other devices for overcharging.

In commenting on his work as traveling investigator and writer for the *Country Gentleman*, Harry R. O'Brien remarks:

A good many times the methods necessary to dig up the facts of a feature are akin to that of a detective. Recently I made an investigation of city market houses. Before I had worked a day, my trail led me into crooked politics, petty graft, law violations of food and health ordinances. Consequently I had to conceal my identity when talking to hucksters who were violating the law, I had to disguise my real purpose in talking to market officials whom I had been informed by others were extorting graft from market stand owners.

Incidentally I discovered what seemed to be well-defined cases of bootlegging in several markets. I wasn't always successful,

for in one city I was sharply told to attend to my own business. In another, the market master refused to talk to me. In a third, a farmer said, "Say, who are you, anyhow, a detective?" But I came home with information which in some states would put men in jail."

Stories secured by first-hand investigation bearing on topics that leave the range of the commonplace have the merit of clarity and completeness because they have usually been written with the enthusiasm and spontaneity that always accompany discovery. In some instances, however, the artificiality of the story setting and the highly wrought melodramatic treatment make the stories unconvincing, often stupid.

Perhaps a few of these overworked "stunt" stories, which show signs of waning popularity, may be briefly indicated here:

1. The girl reporter who takes employment in a candy factory in order to describe the making of chocolates.
2. The reporter who masquerades in an outlandish costume and attempts some freak stunt on a crowded street in order to arouse public attention.
3. The reporter who succeeds in getting himself arrested that he may describe the life of his cellmates.
4. The girl reporter who takes service in the elevator of a department store that she may study the manners of women shoppers.
5. A description of the lost-and-found department of the average metropolitan railway station.
6. The press-agent story of the loss of diamonds valued at \$100,000, the property of a famous actress, eager for publicity.
7. An interview with convicts on the causes that led them to a life of crime, the interviewer assuming the rôle of a murderer or burglar.

The accompanying articles written by "special investigators" on the trail of copy will prove interesting, perhaps send the young writer on a tour of exploration along the untrodden ways of his own city.

1.

(Woman's Home Companion)

MY DUTCH TREAT

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

"Did you see the Kaiser?"

That is what everybody asked me when I came back last spring from Holland, so I may as well tell you right away that I did not. I didn't want to see him. I went looking for the charm of the sixteenth century—not the curse of the twentieth—and I found it, in Holland in tulip time.

It was on a Thursday that I dropped into Amsterdam by airplane from London. The summer before, I had landed in Holland by boat from America; and before that, I had arrived by train from Brussels, by train from Cologne, and by the night boat from London to Flushing. But it does not make much difference how you get to Holland, so long as you do get there, or where you land, as Holland is so small that, if you don't happen to be in the right place, you can reach your destination in a few minutes—by rail or boat or motor bicycle. Travel in Holland is as easy as visiting from one Philadelphia suburb to another—and far more interesting!

Amsterdam is not a bad place from which to start around the Dutch circle. And the Amsterdam hotels, though not the best in the world, are the best in Holland. I used to stay at the Bible Hotel, not because it was better than the others, but it made such a respectable address. It pleased me, too—as it did all pious tourists—to take a "Dam" Street car to "The Dam" square where the Bible Hotel was located. But now, alas! the mammoth book painted over the entrance to the tap room is gone—and

hotel life in Amsterdam is as irreligious as it is in most places.

Dutch hotels are invariably clean, and their table too abundant. Here, for example, is a Dutch morning meal which I ate at, and several Dutchmen in the same dining room, ate through:

BREAKFAST

Liver sausage

Salami

Cold ham

Cold veal

Pressed beef

Sardines

Boiled eggs

White bread

Currant buns

Rye bread

Ginger bread

Sweet bread

Jam

Butter

Chocolate, tea

or coffee

Seven kinds of cheese (the more violent carefully held down under heavy covers).

All these things were on the table, not to be chosen, but to be eaten.

My own order of rolls and coffee, after paying for all this splendor, amazed and alarmed my waiters and Dutch friends.

I didn't spend all my time in Amsterdam in the dining room, although it is clear that I might have, without exhausting its resources. There was, in the first place, the city itself, the most canaly place I was ever in except Venice. The Amstel River, running through the center of the city, corresponds to the Grand Canal in Venice, or Fifth Avenue in New York. The canals proper, leading off the river

on either side, are the side streets—but don't think for a moment that you can get anywhere on these canals; they all leave the river as if they had said goodbye forever, but the first thing you know they are back again, after completing a brief and rather smelly semicircle.

The canals in Holland suffer from Dutch cleanliness. The Dutch housewife sweeps everything out of her house into the open canal. The Italian housewife manages these things better, for she succeeds pretty well in cornering the available dirt supply right in her own home, with the result that Italian canals and rivers are surprisingly free from the filth that assails the sense in immaculate Holland. In April, the canals are not so bad, but all the year round, Holland could use a couple of good American incinerators!

The finest things in Amsterdam, the finest things in Holland—for all its scenic picturesqueness—are indoors. The Ryks Museum contains what is to me the most satisfying picture in the world, Rembrandt's "The Night Watch." Many tourists come to Amsterdam to worship Rembrandt's house, which you find on a side street right next door to the "Rembrandt Bar"—any good burgher will be able to point out one or the other!—but I prefer to spend my time at the shrine which he himself created. "The Night Watch," among its many other claims to distinction, is the only picture in Europe which is properly hung—in a room by itself, dark except for the lighting of the canvas, free from detracting pictures and distracting cross lights.

This simple group of Dutch citizens going out to guard the town against unknown dangers is worth a half day's study. Look at it, leave it, enjoy the masterpieces which crowd the other rooms of the big museum, and then come back to it. It always seems to me that I could sit there forever without taking my eyes off this wonderful, golden canvas—and yet, as I glanced at the guard whose business

it was to sit all day before this priceless canvas, I was oppressed by a doubt. He was manicuring his finger nails.

Amsterdam is the Dutchest of the big Dutch cities, but—except on the Queen's birthday in the fall and the Queen Mother's birthday in the spring—even Amsterdam is not half so Dutch as its postcards. On these fête days, when the modern, phlegmatic burgher drops for a time the absorbing business of profiteering and relapses into the jollity pictured by Jan Steen and Franz Hals, Amsterdam becomes noisily picturesque. There is color in the crowds that dance merrily in the streets.

I was there once on a birthday, when it rained, but the dancers got out gayly decorated umbrellas and kept right on dancing. Even the thrifty natives of Marken and Vollandam get into town for these occasions, and wear their bright costumes for their own benefit instead of for the tourists. The whole scene, though punctured now and then by tramcars displaying advertisements of American safety razors and washing powders, is decidedly Dutch. Nothing breaks the spell, not even a German band playing the French battle song, "Madelon!" Amsterdam is a picture—for a day. To-morrow, it will be a big, hurrying, commercial city.

This holiday picturesqueness lives the year round in the neighboring villages of Marken and Vollandam. These places aren't free from the taint of trade, but their business is picturesqueness, and the result, even though you know it is attained consciously in anticipation of your generosity, is so good, so nearly what you came to Holland to see, that you can't resist its appeal.

Common sense tells you that these two villages would not be the only ones in Holland to retain their costumes and their windmills in the same gay, bewildering profusion as of old, unless their citizens had found turning back the

clock a profitable business. But there is something to be said for Marken and Vollandam. Their beauty is like that of an old actress. You know that it is maintained only by the aid of modern cosmetics and modern lighting, but you admire it just the same—and even pay money to get the old-time thrill.

Alkmaar, with its famous cheese market, needs no apology. Haarlem, on the way to The Hague, is equally self-explanatory, making as strong appeal to the eye as Alkmaar does to the nose. There are more tulips in Dutch Haarlem than there are babies in its American namesake! In April, you can spend a very happy, eye-filling morning in the gardens of Haarlem on your way to the modern city of The Hague.

The Hague is altogether too modern for Holland—and for me. There is one little spot in the center of the town, where the art museum and several other public buildings are grouped around the waters of the Vyver, which reminds you of the Holland of your dreams. And occasionally, through the city, you see typical Dutch things, like the little mirrors outside the windows, arranged so that the matrons can see what is happening on the sidewalk without actually hanging over the sill, and the dog-drawn milk wagons with their shining brass cans. But, generally speaking, you must look indoors for the glories of The Hague.

In the Mauritshuis, or Municipal Museum, are two of the famous pictures of the world, Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy" and Paul Potter's "Bull." The former, perhaps because slitting up a man's tummy is not a beautiful thing even as Rembrandt paints it, did not appeal to me so much as some of the same painter's lesser pictures; and the Potter masterpiece didn't seem much of an improvement on the old days on the farm. I suppose I didn't appreciate it for the same reason that some people can't see anything so funny about George F. Babbitt!

But there are many other gorgeous pictures in the Mauritshuis, notably a Dutch landscape by Vermeer of Delft. This picture also renewed my faith in the Dutch people, for, though it is far less valuable than Rembrandt's "Anatomy," the guard told me that he was under orders, in case of fire, to save the Vermeer first.

"But why?" I exclaimed.

"Because," said the Dutchman, "this is the only landscape Vermeer painted. There are over six hundred Rembrandts—but only one Vermeer landscape. So we save that first."

To my eye, there is little to admire in the famous Peace Palace at The Hague. This building seems to have all the faults of the Carnegie school of architecture—which has done so much to make the civic value of public libraries problematical—with several additional failings attributable to its international character.

The builders could not seem to agree on the outside of the building any better than its occupants have ever agreed inside. Norwegian and Spanish granites set up their neutral claims against the more belligerent Greek and Italian marbles, only to be joined here and there by recruits from Great Britain, North and South America, Germany, Austria, and Japan, until you have before you a stone reproduction—or was it a prophecy—of the World War.

I would rather—and this is saying a great deal—sit on the sand and look at the architectural beauties of the summer hotels at Scheveningen, or the beauties, architectural or otherwise, of their corpulent feminine occupants. There are, of course, some slender Dutch women, and, possibly, some fairly becoming Dutch bathing suits, but I wasn't lucky enough at Scheveningen to meet the combination; and I think that, in all Holland, it would take a Ziegfeld to discover them! I never visit Scheveningen without longing for Coronado—or even Coney.

It would be too bad to leave The Hague without saying something about Queen Wilhelmina and her fat husband and her fat child, Julianna; for if you forget them here, in the capital, you will never remember them anywhere else. The Dutch royalty are colorless, for all their bulk, and they have communicated their commonplaceness to the Royal Palace in the center of the town, and even to The House in the Woods, which enjoys one of the few truly sylvan settings in Holland. In the Prince Consort's study, in the former place, the simple paraphernalia of a child's gymnasium has been set up. It is a pretty picture: father bending over the affairs of state while daughter does her daily dozen! But, judging from the face of the former and the adolescent plumpness of the latter, neither of them uses the room unduly.

The House in the Woods has a dining room that looks like the frosting on a birthday cake, and a few other fancy articles—mostly gifts!—but most of the furnishings look as though they had been bought from a catalogue, and damaged *en route*.

Delft is much more satisfactory than The Hague. Experts will tell you that the modern Delft ware as produced by the existing factories is poor stuff, and certainly it is not comparable with some of the specimens you see on exhibition; but most of us are not able to surround ourselves with exhibition pieces of anything, and we can get a good deal of pleasure out of seeing how this famous old ware is made. If you are buying, look for the mark of the crossed swords—it's the sterling sign.

The town itself is very Dutch. If I were going again, I should stay overnight, for there is much to see here besides the bullets that killed William of Orange.

Evenings are delightful times in Holland, anyhow. There is always one street—the Kalver-Straat in Amster-

dam, for instance—given over entirely to evening gossiping, public lovemaking, leisurely strolling, and sidewalk beer-drinking. This exciting life ceases about nine o'clock, so that the Dutchman can set his alarm clock for the early worm, but it is great while it lasts.

There is a day trip by canal between Delft and Rotterdam that no one should miss. When I took the trip, there were four two-legged passengers, a cow, and two immaculate pink pigs. The rest of the passengers were vegetables.

After the whole village had assisted in chasing the pigs aboard, the human freight was provided with little, hard, cane-bottom chairs. But there was little time to enjoy them. Every few minutes it was necessary to pick up the chairs and scuttle below with the cow and the pigs, to avoid decapitation by the low bridges.

Nevertheless, canal-riding is the ideal way of seeing Dutch country life. The boat goes right up to the doorsteps of the houses in the little villages, and affords a view of those shiny Dutch interiors which distinguish the Dutch school of painting. Each house has its freshly scoured brick walk, its gleaming brass knocker, and on the doorstep its collection of big and little wooden shoes.

You get enough atmosphere on this trip from Delft to last you through a whole day of Rotterdam commercialism. The latter city is big and active, and somehow continually reminds you that its inhabitants made a lot of money out of the war. But even Rotterdam has its points.

The Boymans Museum has some excellent canvases, notably of the modern Dutch school; and the water front preserves much of the traditional charm of Dutch shipping. Even when the boats aren't shaped in the funny fat Dutch model, they look as if they were. On the whole, a morning along the piers that line the river is a last morning well spent. It leaves you with an impression of genuineness

that some of the more studied Dutch effects—like those at Marken—fail to give you. Here, in busy, modern Rotterdam, are busy, modern Dutchmen going about their everyday work—but being picturesque about it! I like to remember Holland that way.

Seven days in Holland, at any time in the year, do not make—for the tourist, at least—a thrift week. The Dutch unit of money, corresponding to the French franc and the Italian lira, is the florin or guilder, but there the resemblance ends. In normal times, the franc and the lira are worth twenty cents in our money; the guilder forty cents. Since the war, the franc has sunk to less than eight cents, the lira to less than four; but the guilder, when I was in Holland, was still worth thirty-eight cents. In other words, the Dutch unit of money is worth five times as much as the French unit and ten times as much as the Italian unit—but the Dutch people are quite willing to lure you into unconsciousness of this important fact. Don't be lured.

Moreover, Dutch hotels are not accommodatingly empty—as Italian hotels so often are—during the spring and fall. They are mostly commercial hotels; and commerce in Holland knows no off seasons. But they are a little less crowded and their demands a little less extortionate than in the summer—and the museums and trains and boats and trams are much less crowded and far more comfortable.

It is, therefore, on the ground of comfort and beauty, rather than that of economy, that I urge you to try Holland in the spring. Still, I had a very comprehensive trip, stayed at very good hotels, ate far more than I should—and spent only \$42.60. Not so bad for a Dutch treat.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Notice particularly the pains the author has taken to lure the reader into the story, first by an attractive title, then by an interesting dramatic lead, finally by pen sketches made by a skillful artist. There are a frankness and an intimacy about

the article that set it apart from guide-book citations about Holland, the land of windmills and dykes. The disagreeable things are not taken too seriously; the trip is an adventure and a lark. The author has covered a good deal of ground by selecting the significant details. The printing of a travel chart showing the day-by-day itinerary of the trip, and what it cost—in all a sum of \$42.60—gives graphic interest to the account and sets it apart as “different” from the usual stereotyped Cook tour.

2.

(NEA Service)

THE SEA—IT EITHER MAKES OR BREAKS

BY JOSEPHINE VAN DE GRIFT

PERTH AMBOY, N. J.—The spell of the great sea—it wove itself into the hearts of a boy and a girl and set them looking out over the horizon with nameless longings. It took possession of the lives of a man and a woman and called them away from hearth and kindred. It sent them adventuring into strange ports to bargain with strange men. It broke them, it hurt them, it tossed them, but still it calls them. They the slaves, it the master until the last sail shall have been hauled in.

And that's doubtless why the cabin of the *Jennie Crocker* looks so much like home. It's the only home that Captain Nelson Crocker and Captain Jennie Crocker know.

Once they tried fixing up a little home in Cliftondale, Mass. It was a seven-room house and there was a place to raise chickens and a little bed for pansies. They tried it six weeks and gave up.

The sea called them back. A for-rent sign appeared on the seven-room house.

Now there are carpets on the floor of the cabin of the *Jennie Crocker* and draperies at the doors, a phonograph is in the corner, and on the table, screwed to the floor to

keep it from sliding, is a grass basket with a bit of embroidery.

For Captain Nelson Crocker and Captain Jennie Crocker have given up. They're not going to leave the sea any more.

That's why Captain Jennie Crocker took out the papers the other day that made her the only woman captain on the seven seas.

Doubtless she could have taken them out most any time during the twenty years she was sailing as helpmate and chief mate with Captain Nelson Crocker, her husband.

For, once when they were coming back from a little 12,000-mile expedition down to Africa there were twenty days when Captain Nelson Crocker was delirious with fever, and during all that time Jennie Crocker navigated the ship, gave the courses, took the sightings, and doctored her husband. At nighttime she relieved the black man who was fanning him.

And once when they were coming back from Portugal a gale from the Azores drove them about helplessly for fifty-two hours. Jennie Crocker stayed down in the cabin that time, but it was because her husband boarded her up and made her stay there.

Yes, Jennie Crocker could have taken out her papers most any time, and when she finally did take the examination the other day, an examination lasting a day and three quarters, veterans from the customs house came over and begged to shake her by the hand.

Now Captain Jennie Crocker is getting ready to command her first expedition. It's a little jaunt down and around to St. Joe, Florida, after lumber. Nelson Crocker's going along as chief mate.

But whether either of them goes along as captain or as chief mate, neither of them is going to leave the sea any more.

"Maybe the sea has brought unhappiness to some, to us

it has brought only happiness," says Captain Jennie. "Nelson and I loved it when we were little children five years old. We've loved it the twenty years we've been sailing together.

"The sea lifts you above petty things and it makes you believe in God. It teaches you team work and sacrifice and dependence on one another. Those are the things that make good sailors and those are the things that make happy marriages."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Note how the surge of the sea sounds the motif of this story of the Crockers and of the schooner they call home. A picture of the masts and rigging of the ship, another of Captain Jennie and her husband, give the article a human touch. With keen insight the author has written a story out of the beaten track and given a fresh expression to the age-old call of the ocean.

3.

(Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*)

HOUSE WITH WINDOWS TRANSFORMS A CRIMINAL INTO A CHEMIST

BY FRED C. PERRY

(This is the second in a series of articles describing the problem of delinquent children as seen by an *Evening Bulletin* reporter who has heard their stories, glimpsed their viewpoints, observed their homes and their people, and felt the influences that are shaping their lives.)

One noon seven years ago the truant officer, seeking a ten-year-old boy who had failed to appear at school for several days, groped his way up the dark, narrow stairway of an old tenement building in the Randall Square section.

The house, warped and settled by time and the elements, faced an unkempt alley and looked across upon other places just like itself. On both sides it fitted tight against

more similar buildings, and in the rear it reached back until it leaned upon another. Land in the alley was too valuable to be wasted on grass or flowers or space to play.

Slovenly women and dirty children watched the visitor come up the alley, peered furtively at him from doorways, and then retired discreetly to the privacy of their own tenements as he entered the house.

The truant officer felt his path slowly up the long flight, stumbled over a tiny pile of kindling at the head of the stairs, and groped along the hall until he came to a door. There was no answer to his rap. He rapped again. Still no answer.

Knocks at the door are apt to go unanswered in such places. There are so often men coming for the overdue payment on a chair or an overcoat, and sometimes, as in this instance, some prying authority to ask about the activities of a member of the family whose comings and goings it were best should not be inquired into.

The truant officer grasped the broken knob and shook the door vigorously. Soon from within came the flap-flap of overlarge slippers dragging their way toward the door. It opened and a half-dressed woman stood in the doorway, made visible in the gloom only by the feeble light that struggled from a dingy oil lamp in the room. The truant officer announced his identity and stepped in.

The atmosphere was heavy with the odors of crowded living, reeking with the aging smells of grease and cooking. There was no window in the room, no opening where a breath of air or the warm flash of a vagrant sunbeam could enter.

By the dim light of the lamp the truant officer made out five silent childish forms sitting around a table bare of cloth and of dishes. Two of them, he was able to see, were sitting in chairs; two others on boxes, up-ended for the pur-

pose. The fifth, a baby, reveled in a high chair made by fastening part of the body of a baby carriage to the top of a barrel. In the centre of the table sat an iron spider containing a jumble of fried fish and potato. Into this common source of supply the children, their first curiosity as to the visitor subsiding, plunged tin spoons and fed themselves.

"You ought to get some air in here," the truant officer said.

"How?" inquired the woman, simply.

The visitor did not answer. Instead he pointed to the children and asked, "Which is Stanislaus?" The woman indicated the largest child. He had been absent a week, the truant officer told her. He must go to school, and go every day. It was the law.

"No shoes," the boy's mother explained; "no money."

The father, it appeared, worked as a junkman's helper. He had no trade and his pay was small. The dark kitchen and two other small rooms, also windowless, were hard enough to pay rent on. And with food to buy, there was little left for clothing and nothing for anything else.

The truant officer got Stanislaus out into the light and looked him over. Undersized, underweight, undernourished, poorly clothed, barefooted, the boy was not a wholesome sight. Yet a few questions showed him to be alert mentally and intelligent.

Many such cases were familiar to the visitor. It was useless to be hard with the boy or his parents. So he said, simply, "I want you to come to school, Stanislaus, just as soon as you can."

"Sure," the boy grinned. "I got a good teacher."

It wasn't long after that a blue-coated policeman groped his way up the flight that led to Stanislaus's home, for Stanislaus had stolen a fistful of fruit from a stand down

the street. Into the Juvenile Court the boy went, shabby, frightened, confused. There he told his story to a sympathetic judge, who refused to punish him.

Back Stanislaus went to the windowless tenement and the inevitable iron frying pan with its fish and potatoes. Three months passed and again the fruit man down the street missed fruit he knew he had not sold. Stanislaus had taken it. Another slip, the court said, and put the boy on probation.

Stanislaus went back home again. He stayed in the house as little as he could. He went to school most of the time. After school and in the evening he preferred the street to the dark, foul-smelling tenement. He met other boys, older than himself, who lived in his alley and in other alleys not far away. They went to moving pictures and often had silver in their pockets for other purposes.

How did they get it, Stanislaus wondered. He asked them. They took it, they said, and to prove how easy it was, they took the youngster with them while they raided the cash drawer in a little variety store, kept by a widow, who sometimes left the store and ran upstairs to see if her babies were all right. Stanislaus received fifteen cents of the dollar that the boys took. It was very easy, even if it was wrong.

He tried it alone, later on, and was caught. In the Juvenile Court what he had done was called larceny, and it was a serious thing. Boys who stole were sent away. If it occurred again, he would go, too. Stanislaus wondered vaguely what kind of a place it might be; he wondered, for example, if the building had windows. He promised to be good and was allowed to go.

More months passed. He was keeping his promise. The probation officer, to whom he had to report each week, was kindly and helped him to realize what he could do and

what he couldn't do. But the boy had the same companions he had had before. He lived in the same house in the same alley.

Being good was all right, but it didn't seem to get one anywhere, especially, as far as he could see. His pals still raided cash drawers and even stole tires and broke into freight cars. True, sometimes they got caught. One of them had even been sent away. But he was home soon and the place where he had been sent wasn't so bad, after all.

Stanislaus decided to take another chance. He followed two men into a tailor shop. While they were talking with the tailor, he grabbed a roll of cloth and ran. He sold it in a second-hand store for two dollars. It was more money than he had ever had in his life. He stopped at the fruit stand and bought some oranges and took them home to his brothers and sisters. They had not been eaten before the policeman came and took Stanislaus away.

He was a hard-boiled kid, the policeman told the Juvenile Court judge. This was his fourth time in court. But the probation officer didn't agree to the hard-boiled part of the statement. He discerned, he believed, a pretty good-sized streak of fairness and decency in the youngster. True, this was the fourth time in two years that he had stolen, but the probation officer was in favor of just one more chance. The boy got it.

It wasn't long after this that Stanislaus came home to the dark tenement one night to find his father singing and his mother—that weary, half-dressed being who had always moved drearily, like an automaton, about the place—fluttering around as if she was less weary or even not weary at all.

His father, it seemed, had got a new job. Instead of helping a junkman, he was going to drive a truck for a big teaming company. And he was going to get ten dollars a week more than the junkman paid him—ten dollars a

week more. And that wasn't all. They were going to move out of that house into another house near where the father was going to work, and, if that were not enough, the house they were going to have windows in it—windows in every single one of the five rooms.

That night there was a piece of meat in the spider, along with the potatoes.

It certainly was unbelievable what an extra ten dollars every week could do, not only in things to eat and to wear, but in making silent men talk and weary women smile. Stanislaus marveled at it and reveled in it. Things progressed even to the point where he stayed at home in the evening. Nobody asked him to, particularly, but somehow everything was so different now that he sort of enjoyed it. It was a tenement house where they lived, but it surely was decidedly different from the one they had left. Besides, his father and mother seemed changed. They talked with him and his brothers and sisters. Sometimes they taught them to sing songs in the language of their native land across the ocean. Stanislaus himself had a silver quarter pressed into his hand every week when pay day came around.

"For helping your mother," his father explained.

Stanislaus noticed, too, that while the boys in this neighborhood had little money of their own—many of them less than his weekly quarter—they somehow got along without taking anybody else's. They seemed more interested in playing ball than in stealing fruit. Probably it was because they had fruit sometimes at home.

Stanislaus's father made good driving the truck. He did his work so well that after a year and a half he got to be a boss and told other truck drivers where to go and what to get. Along with this came more money in his pay envelope. Soon his father announced that they were going

to move again. This time—unbelievable thing—they moved into a house that wasn't a tenement house. It was a cottage, built for one family. It had a little lawn in front of it and a pretty good yard behind it. There was even a tree in the yard, with a big limb just right for tying a swing to. His mother put some lace curtains at the windows, and tied them back so the sunshine could stream in.

This was the place that Stanislaus and his mother and father and sisters and brothers moved into nearly four years ago. It is the place where they still live. Stanislaus is seventeen now and works—has been working for a year—in a big textile plant, not as a millhand, but as a kind of apprentice to the chemist, and the road ahead looks pleasant, as well as profitable.

The probation officer who had to watch over Stanislaus when he lived in the dark place in the alley and stole things met him the other day.

"Why, Stanislaus," he said, "I haven't seen you since five years ago. When did you move from the alley?"

And Stanislaus answered, "Five years ago, sir."

"Changed home conditions, changed surroundings, changed outlook—in a word, changed environment—made it possible for this boy to become a chemist instead of a criminal," Probation Officer James A. Norton explained. "The probation system helped, too. The most curious thing about it all is that we are all so apt to entertain unawares the conviction that what these boys give the impression of being, by their delinquency, their truancy, and their thefts, they are because of inheritance and because of unchangeable traits of character.

"Then we see, in a case of this sort, what can be done for them, what different boys and what different men they can be made into, when intelligent and sympathetic consideration is given their problems and—most important of all—their

environmental influences can be improved before it is too late."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This kind of first-hand investigation is not unusual, but if carried on in an earnest, constructive manner is always profitable, always thought-provoking. The retrospective point of view in this article makes for effectiveness and has the advantage of showing what can be accomplished by proper housing conditions. There is an absence of moralizing philosophy. Note how the larger truth is reached through reciting a dramatic incident, thus adding vividness and interest.

4.

(The Outlook)

SO THIS IS THE STEERAGE?

BY FULLERTON WALDO

From the stern I look toward the sunset over a long trail of foaming green and white, where the four propellers of the mighty ship throw the Atlantic behind us to make 25.25 knots an hour, or nearly twenty-seven miles. The sole missing part in the vast complex of the machine from stem to stern is the steerage. I have been looking for it everywhere in vain.

I miss the stanchion rows of old to which two-legged herds were driven, the straw, the clutter, and the vermin. Here we are carefully sorted and packed, not as fowls in a crate, but as human beings. Vague tales have filtered through of hanging gardens of Babylon in the midst of the boat, of a sumptuous assembly hall with rugs and paintings and Circassian-walnut wainscoting, of a stately restaurant quite abreast of anything Park Avenue can show, of florists and tobacconists, of tearoom and Pompeiian swimming-pool, of apartments renting for five thousand dollars for a single trip. But these things concern us as distantly as wonder tales told by Scheherezade. What matters is the meaning of the legend

"Third Class" over the doorways here at the stern and what we get for our money while we are going back to the old country to see how mother is and swagger to people there about rich and free America. To our sheer amazement, instead of huddled, stenchful dormitories we have rooms—and some of us are alone in them. We may take baths, if we have formed the habit, in majestic isolation. In the rooms are mattresses stuffed conscientiously by the contractor, the floor is carpeted, the pillows conduce to slumber, there is water, there are soap and towels. There is electric light and—last refinement—there is a coatrack hanging from the curtain-pole. White paint has felt the scrubbing-brush whenever port was made, and if the under steward cut the corners, the chief steward was after him as a lynx goes for a rabbit.

In the public rooms we may smoke, or loll, or play checkers in green-leather chairs under drop-lights; write letters home on mission furniture; dine off white tablecloths with two or three sets of silver and ice-cream every day. The appetizing food is free from those weird sea changes in the cooking which so discourage the timid, pallid traveler. Those who wait on the table are swift, punctilious, polite, with little expectation of big fees. We have a brass band of stewards that plays "Yes, We Have No Bananas"; we have a barber shop and steamer chairs and the day's run is posted in the lobby. So where is the "hell box" steerage of yesteryear, the ancient malodorous horror that the name calls up, of decks strewn like a battlefield, of puking, slobbering junk heaps resembling the stuff left over after a rummage sale, frowzy heads scarcely to be told apart from lousy clothing, filth and misery piled as for a bonfire—which seemed the only feasible disposal of such squalor and such rags?

To be sure, some of us, "once aboard the lugger" and

past the chill, appraising eye of the inspector, have discarded collar and tie, and come to the table blithely with our coats off. But the general aspect as we survey ourselves is clean, neat, dignified. Outward bound, we mean to show Europe we have clothes, and money in our pockets, and shoes on our feet; and if we do not put on coats and ties and collars now, it is that we are saving them for Main Street in Vilna, Kiev, Budapest, Prague, or some other place where the dirge was sung above rubles, marks, or crowns and welcome is on the mat, spelled very large, for the Almighty Dollar. But—let this be understood—we did not close the door behind us when we left America; we burned no bridges and we cut no life lines. As soon as we have seen how mother is and shown the color of money that has a buying power, we shall return to the shores we left, where more money is to be made and there are romances still unwritten for merchant princes yet unborn. Most of us had the mother wit to be naturalized as citizens as soon as it could be; and closer than porous plasters these adhere to us, the precious documents that prove we are star-spangled, simon-pure Americans.

We know on which side of the Atlantic our bread is buttered; and where a man's family is, with his other "hostage to fortune," you may be sure he will hustle back when he has made the rounds of the old familiar faces and left on each a look half envy, half despair.

When I got on board, the first trunk I bumped into shrieked at me like the side of a freight car:

Jan Sywards
Wils-Demblin
P. Victoz Chowitz
Stacya Tarnow
Malo-Polska
Poland

and the second in letters just as big exclaimed :

Jan Kulpa
Borszczow
Wolkowce
Malo-Polska
Poland

So both owners were on their way to little Poland, the first to live on Victoria Chowitz Boulevard in a city of 35,000, the second to be a great man in a village of about 3,000. Amid the crash of consonants no wonder that on the second day a notice was posted bristling with the names of Poles whom the distracted baggage-master wished to see. I assumed that the Poles had made their piles in America rapidly and were going back to spend it gradually, with Poland's credit at the hour of sailing about fifty times as good as Germany's. Nothing of the sort. They were going home to see mother, look round, and chin with the neighbors. One man, if he liked it, might stay; but even the mood of this man, who said he was a personal friend of Paderewski, was the subjunctive mood. Paderewski could play the piano, he said, and would not play for less than \$5,000, but, having played the piano all his life, he was not qualified to be Prime Minister. The Pole is independent, not merely of friendship, but of blood relationship, when he has a political opinion to express.

Restless as a leopard close to feeding hour at the zoo was a young French-speaking clerk from Switzerland who had been four months in New York and now didn't mind letting the New World know that the Old was good enough for him. New York got on his nerves. There was too much noise and there were too many people. Life there was a fitful fever. But it was not the chalets and the *ranz des vaches* of Switzerland that he wanted. It was Paris. Of a dif-

ferent blend was the Swiss farmer who sat next me at the table. He had a farm of a few hectares on a hillslope near Lausanne. He had two stalwart sons, aged twenty-two and twenty-five, to help him run the farm and take the milk into the city where the painted pigeons waddle about in front of the Church of St. Francis—"just as they do in front of St. Mark's at Venice," he told me, a little proud of the comparison both for Lausanne's sake and for his own.

A pink-faced, white-haired stalwart, I thought, might be going home to England. Yes, he was, but not to stay. He wanted to see his mother, and whenever he discovered another man who was going home to see his mother he would come to tell me of it. In a few hours he made seven such discoveries. I got to his leeward and encouraged him to talk. Born in England, he fought all over the shop in the British army—in the Zulu War, in Burma, in India. For the last fourteen years he has been a florist in Cheyenne, Wyoming. From dawn to dark he rooted picturesquely for Cheyenne and the Rotarians and the Order of the Eastern Star.

"I was in the Third Nebraska Regiment under Colonel William Jennings Bryan," he told me. "I admire him as a man, a father, a husband, a law-abiding citizen, and a conversationalist. But he was the poorest soldier I ever saw. He wasn't a disciplinarian, not by a long way.

"When the war broke out, Bill Hoshaw was shavin' me. Somebody who came in says: 'Diplomatic relations severed.' I says: 'Hurry up, Bill, 'n' get that towel off my neck. I gotta get outa here and get into this fight. Lemme up so's I can get to the telegraph.' I wired Senator Warren. He's eighty-three. Only man in both Houses that was in the Civil War. I wired the President. He was a pretty busy man just then. I wired our other Senator, Senator Kendrick. I wired Representative Mondell. I wired Frank Barrow, the

correspondent and publicity man at Washington. Went to see Secretary Baker; Senator Kendrick took me to him. 'Understand,' he says, 'Secretary Baker's a very busy man.' 'All I want is just two minutes,' I says. 'I just wanta know from him if this age limit stands.' We got to his secretary. I guess there were fifty men in the anteroom twirlin' their silk hats in their hands. Guess they'd come to get their sons off. They were perspirin' and worryin'. I was comin' to get on, not off. We got in to the secretary. 'Mr. Secretary,' I says, 'is it true that the age limit is fifty years?' 'Yes,' he said. 'That's all I want to know,' I says, an' starts for the door. 'Hol' on,' he says; 'a man that don't wanta talk to me is the man I wanta talk to. Sit down,' he says. 'Senator Warren told me about you. You're an old fighter. You're the kind of man we want.' He kept me twenty-two minutes. Then we went in to see General Mills. 'Sorry,' says the General. 'If we were to let down the bars on age for him, there'd be ten thousand others before nightfall askin' it. It can't be done.' So that was how, after all the other wars, I didn't get into the World War. But I tried."

The Syrian gentleman with the water pipe somewhat mystified the Nordic races among us. The bland sun and the Mediterranean blue of ocean brought him out on deck with his paraphernalia. He spread a soft new prayer rug of brilliant aniline dyes, with a blue piano at one end, set out the hookah like the caterpillar in *Alice in Wonderland*, wrapped a Syrian newspaper round the lambent flame and musefully devoted himself half to the inhalation of the tobacco, half to the absorption of the teachings of the Prophet. It seemed to take so little to transport him to his own blue-haze dream world of the imagination. He could not have achieved a more complete detachment had he been in the back of a shop on Washington Street, New York, or in his lesser Syria on a Lebanon slope of the Levant. So

an old Turk dreams in a mosque of Stamboul, letting the modern world of chaffer and palaver and traffic police drop clean away from him as a stone to the bottom of a well. Page after page he turned of the sacred writing, never looking up except to heaven, never breathing except of the delicate aroma of the weed filtered through a gentle gurgle of bubbles. Strange it seems to go to sea with the limitless salt fresh air to breathe and prefer to draw each breath from a tobacco-tinctured bottle. How different are tastes as shown by the way men smoke!

The Rumanian, with his fierce mustachios, is declaiming to an admiring audience of three gap-toothed old women, brown, silent, plain as bean bags. They accept all he says as law and gospel, and it takes both hands as well as an emphatic head to say it. If they interpose a mild quaver of comment, even when they agree, it provokes a magnificence of scorn and incredulity, purely stage-play affectation. The language comes out round the stem of the pipe, even as the salt water spurts and hisses in at the end of the boat where a shaft joins a propeller. The pipe is curved, French-horn-wise, all the way down to the bowl, which is crowned if you could detach it; it would serve as king or queen for elaborate chessmen. The Rumanian gentleman, seen full in the face, has too four-square a visage, but the profile is distinguished in a piratical way, and a hat brim down-tilted at the proper rakish angle is the last note of swaggering defiance. Of any other notes he knows nothing. He looked opaque when I spoke of Georges Enesco and Franz Kneisel as great figures in the musical art of his land. Shops, vineyards, even oil wells would have been within his scope; he sat at times with a little book computing profits and losses not less eagerly than a Chinese laundryman with an abacus; to him it was evidently the sport that others found in the smoking room at poker or checkers.

Between Rumania and Syria, to and fro, the children were playing unregarded. They were good children; not too noisy or violent or cryful. When I started a game of tag with some of them, the mother of one was afraid that his new sweater, green and purple, would be torn, and snatched him out of the destructive pastime.

"My wife and I have no children," said a high-pitched plumber from Youngstown, Ohio, looking on. "Sometimes when I hear the other children and see them with their fathers and mothers, it 'most breaks my heart. We've thought of adopting a kid outa the orphan asylum. But somebody told the wife that if you took a child that way, not knowing the mother and father, it might turn out bad. So she gave up the idea. Sometimes, lately, she's been thinkin' we might take one six months old. I may be able to persuade her into that yet. I couldn't get her to come with me on this trip. She's afraid of a boat. She couldn't sleep a wink between Detroit and Buffalo because she didn't see other boats around. We went from New York to Coney Island once, and she didn't make a fuss. But that was different. There were other boats round you if you began to go down."

When you find third-class passengers given many of the spacious comforts, and even the minor elegances, of a gentleman's yacht, you ask yourself whether the effect is not educative and Americanizing, and the answer must be in the affirmative. For instance, the long gray curtains hanging by the berths are of excellent material, and your cabin steward tells you he has to watch them carefully or the women purloin them for making dresses. But there the curtains are, and, seeing how nice they look under the frosted incandescent lamp, one feels sure that sooner or later something distinctly imitative may be found hanging in certain homes of contented settlers in America. Even those mortals

most callous to dirt, most impervious to the suggestion of soap and water, cannot be utterly unaffected by the sight of the steward day after day patiently sweeping under a bunk or shaking out a rug or painting the baseboards along a narrow corridor. He polishes the woodwork and the brass-work; he renews the linen; he folds the fat gray blankets and supplies clean towels without favor of persons and with little to expect in the way of an addition to his wages by the gift of his poor clients. The whole apparatus of cleanliness is here provided; it is the fault of the voyagers if it is not used.

I asked my bathroom steward, "Am I the only one taking a morning tub regularly?" To which he made reply, "I think you're about the only regular, sir, but there's several others takes a bath when the mood strikes 'em."

When the poor folk of cities are given opportunities of cleanliness the simile is generally used of the pig who has always been kept in a filthy sty and has never known what it is to be clean. Perhaps if the sty were kept immaculate, we are told, the pig would become passionately addicted to a sanitary environment and would be fastidious to keep his hide spotless and his whole manner of living salubrious. The pig has never had a chance; we have given him a bad name, and said, as Scripture hath it, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still." Is the immigrant like that? Does he love dirt and disorder so much that he will not change by continued application of the force of example? Of course, there is a natural affinity between an illiterate indigence and mean surroundings. An immigrant brings to a steamship deck or a detention dormitory or eating hall the same tendency to scatter rubbish, the same lack of feeling as to scenic beauty or the comfort of those who come after him, that he shows on a holiday in the park, when he strews the grass with boxes and bottles, string and paper. Or he is lavish

with orange peel, matches, and the stubs of almost unsmokable tobacco, and the litter begins, afloat or ashore, as soon as the alien and his clamorous brood appear. The deck that was spick and span may soon look like the aisles of a tourist sleeper in the morning.

But every time the steerage is mussed up and set in order again the lesson cannot be utterly lost. If the passenger does not go halfway to meet the company's concession of clean linen and silver and leather chairs and nice note-paper and flowered chintz curtains in the saloon windows, he must rise a little, even though subconsciously. Travel that is held to be a liberal education in so many other respects is a lesson in the amenities, in table manners, in the rule of courtesy, in place of the shouting and the snatching way of getting what one wants. It may be discouraging to have some things spoiled and some things stolen, but the majority are appreciative of what they get and respectful of property which is theirs only to use for a while and then transmit to the next traveler.

A great patriotic service is in the power of the steamship companies to render by this new and humaner dealing that gives the third-class passenger so many of the things that the people are getting decks and decks above him. Those who went down to the sea in the historic ships of the Cunard or Inman or Anchor lines many years ago cheerfully testify that what was the best then would not be up to the grade of the third cabin now on a vessel abreast of the times. Charles Dickens and Anthony Trollope, as pictures and text make vivid, would have reveled in the worst our day affords, as compared with the discomfort they endured. Seasickness was the rule then; it is the exception now. Lighting and plumbing were inexact and bungling sciences; witness the swinging oil lamps and the tin basins that were used. It was the tradition that to be at sea was to be thoroughly

miserable; a voyage was an experience to be merely endured and not enjoyed—a tradition Doctor Johnson had accepted long before, when he preferred a jail to a ship, alike for comfort and for company.

So the steamship operators that are determined to do the handsome thing by the immigrant in giving him decent quarters may quote Clough's line, "Say not the struggle naught availeth," and feel that the effort is worth while, not merely from the point of view of profitable patronage attracted, but from that of patriotism and the duty to aid in the great work of making better citizens.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Here is another theory exploded—the dark filthy hole that used to be called the steerage. Now it is "Third Class" and quite respectable, it seems. But of course the third-class passengers are more interesting than the surroundings, and the writer doesn't neglect them. This kind of investigation has also been done before, but this time it is particularly interesting because the conditions are so different from those usually depicted. Notice how the investigator takes part in the "third class" amusements, and thus acquaints himself with the passengers.

5.

(New York *Herald-Tribune*)

RAGGED STRANGER GREETED LIKE ANY OTHER WORSHIPER IN FAMOUS BROOKLYN CHURCH

BY ROBERT CRESSWELL

(This is the third of a series of seven articles telling how *Herald-Tribune* reporters, dressed in rough and threadbare costumes, were received in seven churches in New York on Sunday, January 14. The object in sending the reporters to the churches was to test the welcome given the poorly dressed stranger by the fashionable houses of worship in the greater city.)

Over in Brooklyn in the plain, dignified red brick Plymouth Church, whose pastorate was once held by Henry Ward Beecher, all manner of men seeking to join in the congregation's devotions are apparently equally well received and equally well regarded by the worshipers.

When the *Tribune's* reporter made his way out of the blizzard and into the church Sunday before last, a few minutes after eleven, powdered with snow, bundled up in a shabby overcoat, a ragged sweater, and a clean but frayed gray flannel shirt, with a pair of broken old shoes much in evidence and a nondescript hat pulled over his face, the congregation was listening intently to the words of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis.

The visitor's arrival had been purposely delayed until the church should have had a chance to fill up and the services to begin in order to see whether anyone would take the trouble to find a place for a late comer, and a very shabby one at that, when to do so meant a certain amount of trouble and inconvenience. He did not have to wait long to find out. Doctor Hillis had no sooner stopped speaking than an usher, who had been standing near the door in the rear of the church, his attention released from his pastor's words, caught sight of the unprepossessing figure slunk into the corner of the aisle.

No questions were asked, no hesitation shown. Quite as if he had been summoning some of the many formally dressed men and women who made up the bulk of the congregation forward to their pew, the usher motioned the ragged, waiting stranger to come in. The great white balcony that runs around the four sides of Plymouth was virtually empty; down in the front of the church the seats were well filled. At the back, in the shadows of the balcony, there were a number of vacant seats within a few feet of the usher and the tramp-like stranger, in any of which it

would have been easy for the church official to have placed the latter, and in which his woebegone visitor would never have attracted a moment's attention.

Instead of that, the usher led the roustabout down one of the center aisles to a pew well forward, where in the bright light that characterizes the interior of Plymouth every detail of his unconventional garb could not fail to be noticed.

The newcomer's neighbors did not give his clothes, his stubbly chin, and his tousled hair a second glance. He himself felt keenly conscious of all these things, as contrasted with the neat appearance and quiet demeanor of the people who surrounded him, intent upon their devotions. No one eyed him with curiosity, however; no one craned his neck the better to see the strange figure of poverty that had apparently drifted into the placid haven of Sabbath-morning worship in Plymouth Church. It was as if it were the most commonplace occurrence in the world to have a bum, who kept his overcoat on, with its shapeless collar turned up so as to hide his even more disreputable suit, take part in the services there. When the first hymn was announced the man at the stranger's right offered him a hymnal; when the hymn following the offertory was sung both his neighbors courteously tendered him their books. Aside from that he was apparently accepted as a fact, as one worshiper among others, the difference in whose outward appearance was immaterial in a church.

The service proceeded on its appointed course. The congregation prayed, listened to Doctor Hillis, sat through the offertory. The contribution plate made its rounds, was tactfully offered to the tramp and passed on. So little alien was the atmosphere of the church, with its trim white-painted pews, its quiet stained-glass windows depicting scenes from the early history of the Church in America,

and its great gold-painted organ restrainedly dominating the whole, to the presence of the ragged stranger that presently even the latter lost his self-consciousness and by the time that the snow on his hat and overcoat had melted into glistening drops of water he felt as much at ease as if he had been externally as correctly habilimented and as prosperous-looking as was every one else about him.

The services ended, the disreputable-looking visitor slipped as quietly as possible out into the falling snow again. As he went out, however, the usher who had shown him in made way for him politely as he passed, and held open the church's swinging door for him as though he had been a member of the congregation of long and regular standing.

That, in fact, seems to be the way they treat poorly dressed strangers over in Plymouth Church—as if they were old members of the congregation, with whom effusion would be as much out of place as would be aversion.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In this story the reporter has skillfully blended the purpose of his investigation, his own appearance, the church with its white-painted pews, the kindly reception—all against the background of the church. An interesting investigation, this, to see if the church practices what it preaches.

6.

(*Business*)

A LITTLE UNDERWORLD FOR FREIGHT

By JAMES K. WOODS

The heart of Chicago, as even the most casual visitor knows, is the district that takes its name from the loop of elevated railway that encircles it. Here, in "the Loop," squeezing together like giants in a stockade, stand department stores, theaters and office buildings, banks and shops and even wholesale houses. Within this closely packed

area of less than one square mile are focused the central commercial activities of Chicago, as if the entire business life of this city of three millions had tried, strenuously, to force itself into the smallest available space.

East of the Loop lies the lake front, where the city is building a park and a harbor. One block to the northward the Chicago River, with its backtracking current flowing out of the lake and curving southward around the western edge of the Loop, bars the way to expansion. On the south, a block or two below the Loop, sprawl the wideflung yards of half a dozen railroads. The Loop is ringed with steel and girdled with water. And year by year, as newer and larger buildings scramble upward within its area, it becomes more densely congested.

In the sections immediately adjacent to the Loop, conditions are little better. Like a fringe, along the north and west sides of the Loop district, cling wholesale houses, small factories, and great mail-order houses. On the west bank of the river, two blocks from the Loop, there are railroad stations and freight yards. In recent years, too, in this neighborhood, tall office buildings have begun to rise, as the business of Chicago has tried to escape from its confinement. To-day, as a result, the so-called Loop district includes more than the Loop itself; it embraces an area approximately three miles long and two miles wide.

Within this district, of course, traffic does not flow with any appreciable degree of facility. It creeps. During the rush hours of the day the street cars inch slowly from pause to pause. Heavy trucks rumble forward half a block at a time. Pleasure cars and taxis, honking irritably, stall and jam at every street intersection. Time after time, on the streets that span the river, traffic halts completely as a bridge swings open to permit the dilatory passage of a steamboat. To drive across the Loop during these hours of

crowded streets is a task that evokes harsh and bitter language from the lips of the irate Chicagoan.

And the odds are a thousand to one that this same Chicagoan, cursing the congestion that delays him, does not know that but for one unseen factor the congestion would be immeasurably worse; for the average resident of Chicago, who like every city dweller knows his own town only superficially, doesn't know about the tunnels—the whole labyrinth of tunnels through which, forty feet beneath the pavement, there flows a steady stream of heavy freight diverted from the crowded busy streets. Yet, in the commercial life of the city, these tunnels perform a function exceedingly important.

Day and night, under the streets of Chicago, these tunnels—the only freight subway of the kind in the world—are constantly busy, carrying merchandise, coal, and cinders, and, thereby, doing their bit to lessen the traffic congestion above. To move the goods transported by the tunnel trains would require, if the tunnels did not exist, more than five thousand additional truck movements a day, through streets already intolerably crowded; and the goods would move more slowly and less economically. The freight tunnels represent, in short, Chicago's attempt to meet the problem that faces every large city, the problem inherited from an age of horse-drawn vehicles and descending upon this present age of rapid transit. They underlie virtually every street in the whole Loop district; they circle nearly every block. Forty feet underground, within an area of about six square miles, these crossing and re-crossing tunnels, each with its railroad track, extend a total of more than sixty-three miles. Each square mile in the heart of Chicago has more than ten miles of underground railroad functioning for one purpose—to move freight.

In the beginning, however, the first of the tunnels was

bored and built, not to carry freight, but to serve as a conduit for the wires of the telegraph and telephone companies. Nearly a quarter of a century ago some ambitious engineer conceived the idea that such a conduit would be profitable. In 1901, under a franchise granted to the Illinois Telephone and Telegraph Company, the construction of the tunnels began. Chicago, at that time, as at the present, was hesitatingly considering the need of building passenger subways. The city council, therefore, prescribed that the conduits should dip far enough into the ground to lie below the level of the proposed subways. The workmen began to dig at the thirty-foot level. But at that depth the ground was soft and the construction costly. They went deeper, to forty feet, to forty-five, even in some instances, to fifty, until they encountered a firm bed of hard blue clay. In this clay, with sharp, double-handled steel knives, the workmen carved the tunnels, and lined them with a shell of concrete twelve inches thick. The tunnels were ovoid in cross-section and small, six feet wide, seven and a half high.

After two years of construction, with about twenty miles of tunnel completed, the company fell upon financial difficulties and sold its property to the Illinois Tunnel Company, which undertook to operate the tunnels not only as conduits, but also as underground arteries for the circulation of freight. The new company laid tracks, bought cars and locomotives, strung trolley wires, and lengthened the tunnels. By 1909 the entire system was complete, with shafts, elevators, terminal facilities, and connections with most of the railroads entering Chicago. But the cost had been tremendous and the returns small. In 1912 the property came upon the market again, at a receiver's foreclosure sale, and passed into the hands of a new company, The Chicago Tunnel Company, which had been organized by the principal bondholders. To-day the property is oper-

ated by two interlinking organizations: the tunnel company itself, and the Chicago Warehouse and Terminal Company, which owns and operates the terminals and the connections with the railroads.

The simplest way of expressing physical size, of course, is by means of figures. This tunnel system has, aboveground, four public freight stations. Underground, it has forty-three connections and sidings. In its sixty-three miles of track there are 652 crossings and 1,254 switches. Its underground length is kept dry by seventy-two huge electric pumps. Its rolling stock consists of 139 electric locomotives and 3,000 cars. Its employees number 600. And this whole, busy, underground railway system covers—or rather, underlies—an area not more than six square miles.

To the four public stations, throughout the day, come trucks and wagons from all parts of the city. Inside the stations, a crew of freight handlers sort the shipments according to the railroads over which they will travel, and load the little ten-foot cars. One by one, as the cars are loaded, they are moved to an elevator, which lowers them to the level of the tunnel, where they are made up into trains, ten cars to the train. A squat, square-cornered electric locomotive hooks its forty or fifty horsepower to the train, rattles and rumbles away through the echoing tunnel.

In the basement of a wholesale grocery house on the edge of the Loop, meanwhile, outgoing shipments labeled for transport to retailers in half a dozen states are being loaded into the tunnel company's cars and lowered down a thirty-foot elevator shaft to the tunnel level. Presently, when the train is complete, it, too, trundles away, to deliver its burden to the freight stations of the railroads. In dozens of similar basements, all over the district, other trains are being made up. Beneath a freight yard south of the Loop, a string of cars are being loaded with coal for delivery

to the basement of a great department store. And up one tunnel and down the next, east under one street, west under the next, diving under the river, and pausing beneath wholesale store or railroad terminal, the little tunnel trains are grinding along, thirty of them to the hour, controlled by a dispatcher in an office a mile west of the center of the Loop.

During 1923 the tunnel system transported 523,610 car loads of freight, an average of 1,672 car loads a day. To this total many commodities contributed. The least of these, in tonnage, though not in importance, was coal. In every crowded city the delivery of coal to the larger office buildings and department stores does not serve to reduce street congestion, for the furnaces of a big building consume huge quantities of fuel. To eliminate the coal trucks and, simultaneously, to eliminate delivery at the surface level would go far toward solving the traffic problem. The tunnel trains under Chicago perform that service. In two of the city's railroad yards, there are big coal bins with chutes leading down to the tunnel forty feet below. Standing on the track, beneath these chutes, the little tunnel cars are loaded by gravity. A locomotive clatters up, hooks on, drags them to the basement of a Loop building. A workman tilts the cars. The coal slides out and conveyor belts carry it to the automatic stokers of the furnaces. From railroad yard to furnace door, the coal has avoided the streets. Unfortunately, however, only a few of Chicago's buildings have availed themselves of this service, so that the total number of car loads of coal carried by the tunnel trains, in 1923, amounted to but 7,408, with a total weight of about 30,000 tons.

Bulking somewhat larger in total tonnage is the tunnel's cinder traffic, for the tunnel trains haul away the cinders of some fifty buildings in the Loop district. By doing so,

moreover, they contribute their share to the completion of Chicago's plan of self-improvement. And the way of it is this:

When Chicago was beginning to develop, years ago, one of the railroads promptly took over the lake front. There came a day, eventually, when Chicago wanted a lake-front park, to look down upon from her office windows. So, beyond the railroad tracks, the city began to build a park by the simple process of filling in the lake. Upon the land thus created, Chicago has built the great Field Museum and is building, to-day, a big athletic stadium. Some day, facing the heart of the city, there will be a completed park, with green lawns and curving driveways; and much of the foundation of that park will consist of cinders carried from the Loop buildings by the tunnel trains. Night after night, when the daytime traffic has ceased, the tunnel trains drag their loads of cinders, collected from the furnaces of more than four dozen buildings, down through the tunnels underneath the Illinois Central tracks and over to the foot of an elevator shaft in Grant Park. One car at a time, the cinders shoot up the shaft. A tiny gasoline locomotive hauls them across the "made land" of the new park to a waiting derrick, which picks up the cars, tilts them, and dumps their contents. In this fashion, during 1923, 25,540 car loads of cinders were added to the new park.

In similar fashion, too, the tunnel carries to the park the material excavated in digging the foundations of new buildings within the Loop district. A curious spectator, watching the excavation of a new basement, might marvel at the fact that no trucks or wagons stand waiting for the displaced earth, but the explanation is simple: neither truck nor wagon is needed. The laborers, digging the excavation, load the earth into wheelbarrows, which they push to the mouth of a chute that leads downward, thirty or forty feet,

to the tunnel. The earth, dumped from the barrows, slides down the chutes, falls into the waiting cars standing on the tunnel track, and in them is carried away to help build a park on Chicago's lake front. Even in 1923, a year of relatively little construction within the Loop district, the tunnel transported 45,709 car loads of excavated earth.

Coal, cinders, and excavated material, however, constitute but a fraction—and a small one—of the total traffic of the tunnel system. Far greater, in size and importance, is the transportation of merchandise. Last year the tunnel carried 444,953 car loads of merchandise originating at commercial houses, at railroad terminals, or at its own public stations. In this field, indeed, lies its chief function and its greatest usefulness, for in the area served by the tunnels the street congestion is far too severe to permit ready and efficient hauling at the street level. And the reason for the congestion, in part at least, is the location of the railroad freight terminals.

This situation, of course, is not peculiar to Chicago. Every large city faces similar conditions. Only, in Chicago, the situation is complicated and aggravated by the unusual features of the development of the central business district. So, obviously, the service provided by the tunnel system assumes a definite and considerable importance.

During 1923 the tunnel trains carried 512,664 tons of merchandise, of which 88,298 tons was interchange business between railroad terminals. Traffic, however, diminishes year after year. As the railroads develop and increase their interchange facilities at points outside of the central area the interchange traffic in the tunnel diminishes; so the tunnel must look to other sources for the greater part of its tonnage. In number these other sources are just two—the underground connections with the commercial houses, and the public stations above ground. There is, of course, a

certain amount of incoming business, delivered from railroad stations to the commercial houses or to the public stations; but, because the greater portion of Chicago's incoming commercial freight arrives in car load lots, the tunnel must necessarily concentrate its efforts on the shipments outgoing.

It is difficult to say precisely what percentage of the Loop's outbound freight passes through the tunnel system. The estimates range from 10 to 25 per cent. In 1923 the tunnel trains carried 176,752 tons of merchandise originating at the underground connections with commercial houses and 247,614 tons originating at the public stations. On all this freight, under a tariff approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads pay at the rate of nine cents a hundred pounds, while the shipper himself pays an additional two and one-half cents a hundred.

For the large shipper, obviously, the tunnel offers a method of shipment less costly than trucking. Whether there is any economy for the man who ships a smaller volume of freight is, apparently, a matter of dispute. The officials of the tunnel companies insist that shipping through the tunnel is cheaper than hauling merchandise direct to the railroad stations. In the avoidance of delay and in the prevention of congested warehouse space, they say, there are economies that more than offset the two-and-one-half cent freight rate. Be that as it may, here are some facts that indicate the attitude of the business men of Chicago: The number of car loads handled in the tunnels in 1922 was 475,660. In 1923 it was 523,610. The gain, in this one year, amounted to 47,950 car loads, or a little more than 10 per cent. And, during 1923, more than 50 per cent of the total merchandise tonnage originated, not at the underground connections of the big commercial houses, but at the four public stations of the tunnel company, to which it was brought by truck or wagon from all parts of the

city. The small shipper, it would seem, is finding that he can save money by hauling his outgoing freight to the tunnel stations instead of undertaking to haul it direct to the railroads.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Such a story is really “under the beaten track,” for it uncovers a route that very few Chicago people know about. While it is just an underground roadway, the writer has made it interesting by his detailed description of its operations. In a city where traffic congestion is as bad as in Chicago such a sub-way is important and the statistics the writer presents are most informing.

7.

SMACKOVER, AND SEEKERS OF OIL ¹

By MAX BENTLEY

Oil—and Arkansas.

“Oil,” said Franklin K. Lane, “draws railroad trains and drives street cars. It pumps water, lifts heavy loads, has taken the place of millions of horses, and in twenty years has become a farming, industrial, business, and social necessity. The naval and the merchant ships of this country and of England are using or being fitted to use it. The airplane has been made possible by it. It propels that modern juggernaut, the tank. In the air it has no rival, while on land and sea it threatens the supremacy of its rivals wherever it appears. There has been no such magician since the day of Aladdin as this drop of mineral oil. Medicines and dyes and high explosives are distilled from it. No one knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth. Men search for it with the passion of the early Argonauts, and

¹ Reprinted from *Harper's Magazine* by courtesy of the author and of the publishers, Harper & Brothers.

the promise now is that nations will yet fight to gain the fitful bed in which it lies."

It is oil that has put the state of Arkansas in gold letters on the financial map. It is oil that has made the south of Arkansas the busiest rural corner on that map and trumpeted the lie to the sort of thing you read about in *The Arkansas Traveler*.

Oil, like gold and diamonds, is the magnet that catches up that marvelous mechanism known as the human body, disarranging its inner works, throwing it out of time. Oil is the tide that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune—and to madness. Where oil is, there is more excitement to the square foot, more of expended brain and muscle and sinew, more money made—and lost, more lives made—and wrecked, than in any place on earth where the goal is in the raw and not in the finished product. Where oil is, life is—raw life, lived tempestuously and unevenly.

Of such is the town of Smackover, State of Arkansas, disturbed from its slumber by a babel of voices and the shock of machinery—Smackover, for the moment a turbulent cross current in the heretofore quiet stream of life flowing through the placid basin of the willow-hung Ouachita. This sketch deals with Smackover—and oil.

Our train from Camden to Smackover was crowded to suffocation. It is always that way. Oil-field men are never still. At every stop the crowd thronging the station platform is either just getting off or getting on, apparently in balanced numbers. As the overloaded train whistles for the station everybody, whether getting off or staying on, stands in the swaying aisle to clutch at suit cases, or just stretch, every one looking expectant as if something unusual were about to happen—but what? It seems to be

the custom in the oil country. If you don't fall in you're noticed, and to be noticed is to be stared at.

The shacks of Louann came in sight. Those men had seen Louann hundreds of times. Probably, they had come to dislike the little place in their restless, harried way; yet there was a rush for the car windows. Eager faces were flattened against the glass. Eager eyes peered through the gathering gloom of evening. Louann's business street was lighted with natural gas, hollow iron poles stuck into the ground connected in a primitive fashion with the surface gas line which is laid entirely through the field, with a torch on top. The ghastly flicker revealed Louann's freshly painted welcome to the world: "Eventually, Why Not Now? Louann, the Town of No Regrets!" Shouts of derisive laughter swept the dimly lighted car. The buzz of conversation mounted to a roar. There were boll weevils, derrick builders, drilling contractors, drilling foremen, landowners, lease hounds, rough necks and oil scouts, all talking oil.

With a great creaking and jarring the train stopped at Louann to allow the expeditionary movement to proceed. The crowd inside surged for the doors, the crowd outside surged for the car steps. Through the jam along the platform darted a hatless, weeping woman. She was wringing her hands as she ran and casting an agonized and searching gaze at the car windows. Nobody noticed her. As the evening light fell, bravely in bloom against the bulked shadow of the hotel wall, and barely seen, a plum tree in rare white garment was signaling spring. Nobody noticed it. Beside the track a broken main was sending up a spray of dry blue gas, buzzing like an angry bee, fouling the atmosphere. Nobody noticed it. Nobody had time. Men's minds were too fluid, fluid with the image of oil, only oil.

In due time the expeditionary movement was completed.

We were ready to proceed, with new faces completely filling the car. Griffin next stop, then Smackover.

An odd thing happened. The roar of conversation suddenly died, as it often does in unexpected fashion, from no cause. Across the aisle a tired-faced little woman was talking to her rather overdressed daughter. The younger woman's face as she listened was drawn into lines of discontent and rebellious protest. In the sudden silence their conversation was caught up and projected the length of the car.

"Don't be hard on him, child," the elder woman was saying earnestly. "Don't harass him by complaining. Harsh words, like weeds, should be rooted from the garden of one's mind."

"But, mother——" the rejoinder was lost as the babel swelled forth again.

The train made two starts before it succeeded in getting out of Louann. At Griffin they coupled on five more passenger cars. These were filled in a twinkling. When we pulled into Smackover we had a twelve-car train. One-half the crowd got off; the same number got on. Where were those people going? El Dorado. My friend said the rough necks were too soft to sleep on the job.

"We are too close to civilization here and train service is too good," he said bitterly. "Camden is at the north end of this field and El Dorado is at the south end. They are good towns, old towns—hotels, fresh vegetables, good water. The big play right now is between the towns. These fellows work around Smackover, Griffin, and Louann. They make six dollars a day on the rigs; seven would be a big average for the field. Instead of sleeping on the job, they spend a dollar a day going to Camden or El Dorado at night and returning next morning. Result is, they are late

on the job, sleepy, don't get steamed up until the day's work is half done."

My friend said he slept at El Dorado, too, and returned to the job next morning, but it was different with him. He was an employer.

"Us big boys make the wheels go round. Blame this oil field on us. We did it, with our money and our guts," he said with blazing directness.

It was a bitter point with him that the men were not truly living up to oil-field traditions.

"Why, they're bringing in their wives!" he exclaimed. "Setting a lot of hens around here. This is no place for hens. To live here, to do this sort of work, you got to be a rooster, a big game rooster with a red comb. A hen will ruin a good rooster anywhere. This is a man's place and a man's job," he added. "An oil field is the worst place on earth for women. They ruin the men for hard work. Women are—are *soft!*"

He gestured in a way that embraced the whole car.

"A hundred men here and one woman, and she can kick up more trouble than all of the men put together. I know women, I guess I ought to. They develop a grouch when they have to rough it. Men can be depended on to get along together. Nobody minds a few fights; they sort of smooth things out. Match a couple of big game roosters: one is better than the other and that's all there is to it. Plenty of glory to go round. They're always good friends afterward. But women! To begin with, they come out here grouchy, and the more grouch they develop the longer it stays with 'em. Start 'em to quarreling and they keep on quarreling. They—they expect to be treated like women!"

He broke off to fasten a malignant glare on the neck of the only woman in the car. She was a quiet little woman,

inconspicuously dressed, crowded in a corner. If the fog from strong tobacco distressed her she gave no sign. If the strong language anon circulating thereabouts was offensive no one suspected it. Yet my friend positively glared.

"When we got to Smackover, did you see that lighted sign on Broadway?" he asked in a lowered voice. "It says 'Baths for the Ladies—Fifty Cents.' Baths!" he exploded. "Ha!"

A young woman entered our car and swept majestically down the aisle. She was followed by a rough neck bearing an enormous suit case. As she passed us he overtook her and touched her on the arm. A conversation followed.

"Just a few days more. We'll be off the lease Saturday and I've got a job on Sweet No. 1. Things are better over there," he pleaded.

"Huh! Stay here? Not me!" she responded acridly.

The young man lowered his voice and looked uneasily about the car. I listened uncomfortably. My friend fairly drank it in.

"Stay till Saturday, Bessie, and I'll get work in El Dorado," the husband was arguing, *sotto voce*.

His wife was determined to leave. She told the world she was "done with this hole." She said it stridently.

"I'm tired out," she affirmed. "They've picked me to pieces. What did they do when we burned out? Did any of your men bring me a rag to cover me when I ran out on the street in my gown? Did they offer to buy us a meal, and our money burned up? I tell you, I'm done. I've had enough. This is no place for a woman. I'm tired to death," sweeping a challenging glance along the car.

A dozen men jumped to their feet. She dropped into the nearest seat without a "thank you." With resigned mien her rough neck husband slid the suit case under the seat

and deposited himself beside her. He was going, too, flying the job without a word to the boss, following his woman out of the wilderness.

My friend leaned against me with a significant nudge.

"You see!" he whispered. We both cast apprehensive glances at the belligerent young female sitting stiffly in her seat, rebelliously refusing to accommodate her body to the swaying of the car.

"She's lying," my friend whispered. "This is a *good* place. She's soft and squealing."

It was night when we crawled into El Dorado—thirty-one miles done in two hours, ten minutes. El Dorado, a name to conjure with! El Dorado, linked in song and story with romance and riches! Smackover, a clown name, a name to laugh over! By what stretch of the mind could a name like Smackover be associated with oil? It reeked of the countryside. It suggested buxom cheeks, high boots, square dances.

Louann, the broken gas main, the plum tree abloom, the incident on the train—the night had been full of contrasts. Everything about an oil field is a contrast. Incidents stand apart, like flashing many-colored jewels strung on a chain without rhyme or reason. Visit the oil field for observation and a study of the whole, and you get nothing. Judged from that angle, your impressions are confused and jumbled, you get no clear-cut conclusions. The country is too young, too fluid, too busy trying to find itself. Like the Englishman in America for the first time who tried to sum up his impressions and helplessly gave it up, "everything is so strange—so foreign!" But go into the oil field looking for raw life, and you can find it. You can find it in contrasts, and if you appreciate contrasts then you have come to know the essence—the real delight—of

life. I am casting about for a better word. Contrasts is hardly strong enough. The little English sparrow bearing across my window heavy-winged from the weight of the speckled tail feather in his beak is a living contrast between winter and the heretofore unsignaled spring. The Woolworth tower is a spectacular if obvious contrast. Deeper than contrasts, more vivid, more delightful, are contradictions. That's it. Contradictions is the word. Go to the oil field for contradictions. Seek them, build your own derrick and drill for them and what you will find, what you will extract, will be richer than mere raw oil. It will be raw life.

Next morning we went out into the field, my friend and I. We went because we both had business. Oil was his business. Mine was contrasts; no, contradictions. Also, I wanted to find out why hundreds of derricks had been built along Smackover creek, and why thousands of men were forsaking the comforts of home life to hunt for oil. I wanted to find out what it was all about.

What is it all about? What is behind it? What was it that made a quarter million men in dozens of oil fields forsake the comforts of home life last year and drill 17,338 producing wells, and nobody knows how many dusters, to increase our production by only 78,000,000 barrels? As for dusters (dry holes) the saying is in Texas that a derrick marks every cross section line. (Texas is the happy hunting ground of the wildcatter, may his tribe increase!) At \$20,000 per well, the cash-over-the-counter cost of those 17,338 actual completions was \$346,000,000, or \$4.50 for every barrel of two-dollar oil, two dollars being a fair average price the country over. This is giving the new wells all the credit for new production and altogether ignoring the hundred thousand or so wells drilled and producing

through the past five years. As a matter of fact, if the average daily production per well in the United States is 4.9 barrels (and that figure is computed by the United States Geological Survey), the grand total for last year was obtained from 310,000 wells.

What mad logic justifies this chase after rainbow gold, when the money spent in producing last year's 78,000,000 barrel increase would have paid for all the oil produced in this country in any year prior to 1917?

You might explain the promoter's interest. He is interested not so much in oil as in oil stocks. Rather than geological, his interest is academic except as it touches the human equation. There it becomes lively, psychological, human, and strictly to the point. His study is not of the economics of oil, but of the economy of making oil pay him big money at a small outlay of his own. Instead of analyzing the figures on cost and production, he analyzes the frailties of the human race and proceeds on the hypothesis of how far he can presume on the average credulous man, and how thick he can "put it on."

The driller's interest, moreover, can be explained. With him it is usually so much per foot (win, lose or draw) as long as the head man on the rig does not lose the bit and turn the whole job into an indefinite fishing expedition.

But the uninformed and uninitiated public with money to spend! Resorting to the vernacular, how and where do they get off? What is the lure in oil that induces them to "shake down" when, if the investment were something stable and tangible they would stop, look, and listen, and meticulously examine the title, or location, or the tax rate, and perhaps grudgingly hand over not exceeding one-half the sought-for amount?

Easy money! It must be that. A goal of easy money, reaping without sowing; gambling, bucking the eternal law

of chance for stakes that, while they are large enough to stagger the imagination, are fleeting, intangible, and often unseen; and coupled with both, the spirit of adventure and conquest that forevermore will drive men on in every clime. What are the stakes?

Consumption! We cannot produce enough oil for our needs, even at \$4.50 a barrel. The factories must have oil, the locomotives must have it, now the ships must have it, every one of Mr. Ford's new automobiles must have it. Even now we are drawing on the world for our needs. It is true that last year we produced 62 per cent of the world's oil, but we consumed 69 per cent. Our oil imports have jumped 106 per cent in five years.

How much oil have we? Last year we produced 550,000,000 barrels actually transported, not counting the quantity consumed on the leases for fuel and held in earthen storage on producing properties awaiting transportation. At Smackover alone 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 barrels are in earthen storage above ground, a prey to lightning, a carelessly tossed cigarette. Smackover appears to be sitting on a volcano, but nobody notices it. We consumed last year 587,000,000 barrels. To meet the situation we imported 125,000,000 barrels. We jealously held on to what we had, our exports amounting to only 10,000,000 barrels.

Last year was typical. While in January of this year our production reached the enormous figure of 51,000,000 barrels, we consumed 56,000,000 barrels. Imports were 7,670,000 barrels. At the rate we are going we shall produce 620,000,000 barrels this year—our greatest production of all time—but we shall consume 672,000,000 barrels, and our imports will have to be about 90,000,000 barrels. While at the end of January we had 265,000,000 barrels as stocks on hand, plus the flush yield of 1,208 producing wells completed during the month, the fact persists

that without important new production—without *constant* new production—we shall immediately face a dangerous condition in industry.

What is the answer? The legitimate wildcatter supplies a part of it with his pioneering into new fields which makes the nation his everlasting debtor. Smackover is his monument; likewise El Dorado; nearly every oil field is his monument. The stock promoter supplies the other part. He dangles the figures before an infatuated investing public. He presents them *per se* and blithely ignores such trifling side issues as cost, depreciation, and risk. They give him all the salve he needs for rubbing over the eyes of several hundred thousand Aladdins scattered through the forty-eight states of this Union.

En route to The Largest Oil Well in America, we followed the sinuous meanderings of Smackover Creek. It is a place of bogs and quaking swamp; a natural habitat of swamp rabbit and Arkansas "razorbacks" running wild; in summer a breeding ground for mosquitoes and other malaria-bearing pests. There are no main-line roads worthy of the name. Such roads as we saw were merely primitive scrapings. We crossed the creek four times in a mile, over corduroy bridges whose unplanned pine logs swayed beneath the weight of our horses and sank perilously as the truck that followed us rumbled over. As for the main-line road from Camden to El Dorado, a prominent citizen told us that two weeks earlier sixteen mules had drowned in one day in one mud hole.

"But why don't they fix it?" I complained.

His eyes twinkled.

"Ever read *The Arkansas Traveler*? Remember this one? An Eastern visitor put up for the night with a native Arkansan. He saw holes in the roof of his host's dwelling.

'Why don't you fix that roof?' he asked. The old man looked him over. 'Well, neighbor, when it's dry here that roof don't leak, and a man would be a fool to go out in the rain to fix it!'

The big wells of Smackover have been brought in by agreement and not by law. That is to say, Arkansas at this writing has no such stringent offset law as is operative in older fields, although such a law is up for passage. So far as the law is concerned, drillers may sink their tests fifty feet apart. Yet the agreement between the oil men is stringently enforced by the weight of common consent. They keep their tests three hundred feet to six hundred feet apart. They go farther. They do an unheard-of thing: they swap drillers' logs. Fear of salt water has banded them together for mutual protection. Salt water has ruined more than one oil field in its heyday because some careless driller failed to incase his hole in cement as he went through the water sand. Water, of course, seeks its level.

In the matter of water infiltration, Smackover drillers have had a great object lesson through the disaster which overtook one of their number. Eddie Jones, one of the best drillers in Arkansas, made his test two and one-half miles southeast of the town. At 900 feet he brought in a gusher—not oil but water, fresh water. The water spouted in a six-inch stream 50 feet above the top of Eddie Jones' 112-foot derrick. It flowed 20,000 barrels a day. The well was completely ruined for oil, and abandoned. Fresh water of a fair quality being plentiful in Smackover Creek, Eddie Jones lost some money. If he had brought in his water gusher in many another field—for instance, in the Ranger field of semiarid West Texas—it would have made him rich. Around Ranger water is more precious than oil. Near Ranger lives a certain Farmer Jackson.

When the rigs began going up about the little pond that gives his farm its water supply, Farmer Jackson straightway went into the concession business. He sold water rights to the drillers at five dollars per rig per day—no deliveries. As the rigs moved away, but still on Farmer Jackson's place, the worthy man went into the teaming business, too, and hauled water to the rigs at twelve dollars a day for his team. This was catching the drillers at both ends and the middle, too; and with twenty rigs going, the royalties from Farmer Jackson's little fifty-by-fifty pond were greater than the royalties from his oil. Critical times followed. The drouth came to the land. Farmer Jackson was in despair. Fate intervened, and it rained—a regular gully washer. The pond overflowed. That rain was worth thousands of dollars to Farmer Jackson. It was equivalent to restocking a merchant's barren shelves at no cost whatever for replacement, that particular merchant not having to go to New York for his stock, either.

There is another natural obstacle that makes the game worth the candle. Every well round Smackover strikes tremendous gas pressure. Near The Largest Oil Well in America is a crater six hundred feet in diameter and one hundred feet deep. The walls drop sheerly and reveal, as though it were a geological demonstration on a cosmic scale, the various strata through which the Arkansas bit passes, down to one hundred feet. Once it was a normal test entering the nineteen hundred-foot shale formation. But the bit touched a hidden gas chamber. Gas sprayed over the top of the derrick, and friction set it afire. The casing gave way. Explosions followed. The earth was tossed upward, and boiler, drilling machinery, and derrick disappeared as if by magic and were never seen again. The gas flow was estimated at one hundred million cubic feet a day—enough to supply the city of St. Louis. After seven months

the monster is still growling although subdued, still leaking enough gas to supply a city of 100,000 population.

You see The Largest Oil Well in America from the flank of a narrow and serpentine valley hemming in the bog of Smackover Creek. Sycamores and beech and ironwood grow tall and straight, and rustle a friendly greeting to the softwoods rooted below them along the creek. It is a pleasant view from this elevation, pleasant to the practical oil man because the outcroppings of a geological formation are so pronounced; and pleasant to the mere observer because he sees in this quiet and unmolested stretch of woods a "haven of peace amid the fierce warfare of the wilderness." The hardwoods are ragged with last autumn's golden-tinted leaves, and the trunks have a down-at-the-heel appearance with their scalings of old bark. As we went through, spring was as yet unheralded, even unobtrusively; except that the big red swamp rabbit disappearing under a wildwood tangle nearby moved with a cautious and labored hop. Before us and below, behind us and above, the view was marred or glorified, whichever you wish, by a succession of derricks that rose above the trees and stretched away to the farthest limit of the vision until, along the barren crest of the ridge, they resembled nothing except a few sticks planted in the ground tepee-fashion. We came upon this stretch of woodland in that interesting period between the going of winter and the coming of spring. Our eyes were unaccustomed, our ears were not "attuned to catch and interpret the myriad fluctuating noises of the wilderness"—had we but known, it was old mother Nature at work in that stealthy way of hers, undisturbed by the clamor about her, caught in the very act of packing away last year's garments, preparing her wood folk for their spring cleaning.

They had shut off The Largest Oil Well in America three days before. There were not enough pipe lines to handle the flow. It had filled a thousand-barrel tank in twenty minutes; then, to prove that its performance was no flush-production freak, had filled three more tanks in exactly one hour. It had thrown a solid stream of oil from a six-inch pipe against a splash box thirty feet away, and burst a hole in the box. There seemed no limit to what the monster could do. They had shackled it not only because the pipe lines were unable to carry off the flow, but because they were afraid of it. The driller knew, too well, that in the gas chamber down there in the earth was a fitful compound of resistless strength even now straining against its man-made bonds. When we arrived the monster was still, but preparations were being made to open it up—cautiously.

They opened it up, cautiously, when they were ready. They thought they were ready. The driller waved an imperious signal; the chief rough neck on the rig swung a lever.

“Stand back, everybody!”

Gas, faintly blue and transparent, sprayed thinly from the flow pipe. The pressure became merely stronger, then tremendously stronger; the singing sound mounted the keys, higher, higher, until it filled the air with a warning shriek. Verily, a song of menace rendered in treble keys!

Menace, indeed! With an ear-filling roar the oil came. A six-inch stream shot from the pipe against the splash box. The pipe trembled, buckled, reared backward. Then, as we looked, rooted to the spot, came disaster. The top of the well blew off. Through every obstacle that man had assembled the ruthless monster tore its way to freedom. A jet-black stream leaped cleanly upward until it attained a height of two hundred feet. Far above the heads of the

helpless pigmy earth-men it spread out like a giant parasol. The sun's rays caught it obliquely, turning its greasy green-black folds into wondrous tints of purple, and deep blue, and maroon. Before our eyes Nature had wrought a stupendous painting and with a careless gesture wiped it out. As the oil began falling, the deep green of the pine trees was blotted away. On the instant they were turned a greasy black, and their befouled branches literally rained oil.

The owner of The Largest Oil Well in America had watched the proceedings from a convenient hillside. Sitting loosely in his saddle, hat pulled down, he had idly overseen the preparations. It meant a lot to him to save that well, but he gave no sign. He had wrung fortune from the earth, and here it had turned to misfortune. Well, he had known his danger and brought up against it every safeguard that man had thus far produced, and he could do no more. He could only lose—it is to his everlasting credit that, losing, he lost cleanly and gamely. He merely flung a leg over the saddle horn, pushed back his hat, and deliberately rubbed his cigarette to powder between his gloved hands. He called the driller.

"See that every cigarette is out, Bill, and keep the crowd back," he said. "That's all right about what caused it. We will talk about that later. That's history. Now let's cap it. We've got a job ahead. She blowed that Christmas tree to hell-an'-gone. That shows what's ahead of us. Go to work now."

They did go to work, and they capped it. Seventy-two hours later fifty men on the rig subdued the monster, brought it under control; but not until it had blown off enough oil and gas to pay for itself ten times.

Thus I glimpsed the fiber of the oil man. I thought of the cosmic forces that made the great crater and gave Eddie Jones his water gusher. I thought of the corduroy log

roads and bridges through the swamp. I thought of Smack-over's muddy main street bravely named Broadway; and I wondered, not that man was able to carry on here, but that Nature, for all of her proven power, had enough of power to check these determined men a minute. I thought of a mule in a team I had seen that struggled halfway through a main-line mud hole and then had lain down to die. I thought of the patience and skill of the driver in passing along to that mule enough of his own spirit to make it get up and stagger on to the other side; and I thought how nonchalantly the man had done it. One was a mule, the other was a man. My friend had been wrong: women in the oil field were the least of its vexations. After all, history gives them a fair due, bless them! After all, it was natural for them to want to bathe.

Men are like children. They are responsive to trifling whims. On small provocation they will outdo even the famous Arkansas razorback in running hog wild. They plan a lot of things illogically. They do a lot of little things very badly—but whatever the world needs and wants man somehow will get. The furniture makers need a certain kind of rare wood that grows in the lowest swamps of the Amazon basin, and only there. It is infested, this place, with more reptiles, more winged monsters, more death germs, than any other known area on earth, so they say. The round trip from the jumping-off place requires forty days, and they bring out the wood on their backs: a pitifully small yield for the effort consumed. But they bring it out. A mule will lie down and dumbly await death, but a man—never. Something attempted, something done, after all is the summit of man's ambition; not of certain men, but of all men.

Thus it is that in going to the oil field to study life, one stumbles on contrasts and contradictions, and in due time

comes to a realization that they are but raw life itself, standing apart like those many-colored jewels strung on the chain without apparent rhyme or reason. The contrasts which add spice to the zest of life; the contradictions which epitomize the variableness of it, after all are but cross sections of life "as is"—and the reason they are more obtrusive and sharply cut is that, in the oil field, men live somewhat more carelessly, and therefore more impetuously, more unevenly, more vividly.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—For people living in quiet little suburbs or in busy thoroughfares this story of life in the oil fields is off the beaten track. It is, as the writer says, a study in contrasts. But in his interest in people the author does not forget that the important thing about oil fields is the oil. But even in oil there is a gush and flow that Mr. Bentley makes use of to dramatize his story.

XIII

PEOPLE WORTH KNOWING

“**W**HAT makes a man interesting?” is a question certain to provoke a dozen answers, all containing a measure of truth.

To some persons a man may be interesting because of the facts he has accumulated in the course of a long and fruitful life.

(And yet a man who knows the most about a particular province of knowledge—say railroads or Egyptian archæology—may fail utterly to transfer his own interest to a reader. Indeed, narrow-gauge specialists are apt to become abstract and tiresome.)

To others a man may win an audience of rapt listeners because of the honored place he occupies in the world.

(And yet you have known a barber or a bricklayer, quite obscure individuals, who by the originality of their opinions and the dramatic recital of trivial experiences have proved more interesting to you than many a big-wig in public life.)

To others a man may be interesting because of his oddities of costume, speech, vocabulary, race—all contributing to a picturesque touch of romance that attracts by reason of its novelty.

(And yet that interest in external things speedily vanishes when the strangeness has worn off and the person stands revealed as a stupid ignoramus, perhaps unworthy of respect.)

No, the answer to our question is not to be found in the externals that surround a man, but rather in those innate personal qualities of heart and mind and spirit. The interesting man gives to life a fillip of adventure; his opinions are fresh and unfettered, not the stiff patterns made by a biscuit-cutter; his humor is infectious, his courage for the day's job high and irresistible. He saves us from the dull banality of the mass. And fundamentally he is a man who *does* things in a unique, original way.

In that delightful little book, *The Art of Biography*, William Roscoe Thayer, the author, makes this enlightening comment:¹

The fact that the persons and events the biographer depicts were *real* will lend to them an additional attractiveness.

Given life, the first impulse of life—the incessant, triumphant impulse—is to manifest itself in individuals. From the beginning there has never been a moment, or the fraction of a second, when the universe, or the tiniest part of it, became abstract. In the world of matter not less than in the organic world of animals and plants, always and everywhere and forever—individuals! From atom to Sirius, nothing but individuals. Even in the protean transmutation of one thing into another, of life into death, and death into life, individuality keeps pace with each changing stage.

Since the process of individualization is from lower to higher, from simple to complex, the acknowledged great men in history, or the persons who stand out from any mass, are endowed with unusual qualities, or with common qualities in an uncommon degree—an endowment which gives them more points of contact, more power, more interest, more charm. These are the men whom biography perpetuates.

The master creations of fiction spring from the human brain; the subjects of biography are the very creations of God himself. The realities of God must forever transcend the fictions of man.

Frederick L. Allen classifies humans into *jiggers* and *goons*, terms that interpret their personalities as displayed in speech

¹ Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

and action. Thus does Allen characterize the goon in a recent issue of *Harper's Magazine*:

A goon is a person with a heavy touch, as distinguished from a jigger, who has a light touch. While jiggers look on life with a genial eye, goons take a more stolid and literal view. It is reported that George Washington was a goon, whereas Lincoln was a jigger. . . . Mr. Lloyd George is a jigger; the way he squints up his eyes is one of the most jiggerish things in contemporary affairs. Mr. Harding, on the other hand, friendly and affable though he may be, is revealed as a goon in his messages, the language of which is of incredible specific gravity. . . .

A goonish style is one that reads as if it were the work of a goon. It is thick and heavy. It suggests the sort of oatmeal served at lunch counters, lumpy and made with insufficient salt. It is to be found at its best in nature books, railroad folders, college catalogs and prepared speeches by high public officials. It employs the words "youth" and "lad"; likes the exclamation, "lo!" and says "one may readily perceive," instead of "you can easily see."

The trouble with the goonish style usually is that its possessor forgets that he is addressing ordinary human beings and writes for something strange and portentous which he thinks of as the Public.

The young or inexperienced writer frequently achieves goonishness by writing for Posterity, forgetting that the real posterity will consist of a tremendous lot of people more or less like those who live in the next block.

In all intimate portraiture of interesting men and women the artist in words must in his first strokes on the canvas trace the revealing atmosphere he expects to create for his subject. He should forecast the essential humanity of the man, the outstanding personal attributes by which his friends know him. In the opening paragraphs of his book *Joseph Pulitzer—His Life and Letters*, Don Seitz gives a unified impression of the great editor. And he follows it up with a sketch that quickly affords the reader a close-up of Mr. Pulitzer's appearance, character, and personal traits. Read it:

Joseph Pulitzer was tall—six feet two and a half inches in height—but of a presence so commanding as to make his stature seem even greater. His hair was black and his beard a reddish brown. A forehead that well bespoke the intellect behind it shaded a nose of the sort Napoleon admired; his chin was small but powerful and of the nutcracker variety, such as the portrait of Mr. Punch affects. To conceal this he always went bearded after he was thirty. His complexion was as delicate and beautiful as that of a tender child. His hands were those of genius, with long, slender fingers, full of warmth and magnetism. The eyes before they became clouded were of a grayish blue. Always weak, they never lent much expression to the face, yet his visage was animated and attractive. Temperamentally, his was the type of the poet and musician; yet, while adoring music, he professed to care little for verse and rarely read it. However, he appreciated the singers in his native tongue, and, I have often thought, really repressed his poetic instinct for fear it might be considered a weakness.

The nose vexed him. If there had been any way of modifying its prominence, he would have greatly rejoiced. But it was the delight of cartoonists, chief of whom was his friend, Joseph Keppler. When idling together in the cafés of St. Louis, Keppler would rack his brains for an idea, and failing to find one, would remark: "Well, Joey, there's only one thing left to do. I'll go back to the office and draw your nose"—which he invariably did, to the great disgust of the subject.¹

It is the purpose of this section to introduce some worthwhile people made of the same earthy stuff as ourselves, as pictured at their daily pursuits, interpreted through their hobbies, and caught in their ruling enthusiasms.

1.

(*Collier's Weekly*)

"EVERYWHERE I GO I FIND A PAL"

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

"Sure I know Billy Graves," said the man at the hotel desk in Columbus. "You'll find him out at the university."

¹ Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Simon and Schuster, New York.

That wasn't so definite. For Ohio State is a mile long and nobody knows how many miles deep, and has about ten thousand students and nearly a thousand teachers. But the very first man I met on the campus said: "Sure I know Billy Graves. You'll find him in the big yellow building over next to the new red one." And in the corridor of the big yellow building a smiling coed said: "Sure I know Billy Graves. You'll find him in Room 203."

Yes, everybody knows Billy Graves—leastwise, everybody who knows Ohio State University. I remember a man like that, in a school back East, a little shrimp of a chap named "Copey." You remember your man. In fact, they are the only ones we do remember—these rare more-than-teachers. I wonder why there aren't a lot of them—but here's Billy Graves, large and pink, with beamy eyes and kewpie figure, gripping my hand and asking me to lunch—and perhaps he'll tell us the secret formula of the "professor-plus."

"Roast beef medium is good enough for me," said Billy, with a gentle laugh at his own hominess, and a large greeting for the roomful of grads and lady grads, back for the big football game. His jollity was home-made, not home-brewed. He didn't produce a flask. He didn't ask me whether I'd have orange juice or ginger ale. And he didn't notice that any of these things were being done at adjoining tables—until I called his attention to it.

"I'm an interested observer," he said, "but I fear I'm not a very wise one. People come to me and say: 'Did you see this or that?' And I have to confess that I did not."

"Does that go for all sorts of youthful follies?"

"Perhaps," he said. "I suppose, among ten thousand boys and girls there must be some drinking and considerable 'petting'—I believe that's what they call it nowadays—

but either I don't see it or the boys and girls I know don't do it. I rather think that the latter is true." He thought a moment. "Of course, there's some rouge, and the other day I heard a girl swear right on the steps of our building. At least, she said 'My God!'—and I call that swearing. But, then, she had just seen the mark I had given her on an examination—and I didn't have the heart to reprimand her."

I thought I had discovered already two reasons for Billy Graves's success; after thirty years of school-teaching, he had Faith—and Tolerance.

Long before we reached the pie, Billy and I found that we had dovetailing views on Ludwig Lewisohn, Roosevelt, St. Loe Strachey, Ford, Hearst, Chic Harley, and Red Grange. But mostly we talked about Ohio State "boys." Did I know Who's-this? He was editor of What's-this. And what did I think of What's-his-name? Billy thought he was a fine fellow—dumb in his English classes, but great on finance.

The man's knowledge of the details of Ohio grads' daily lives was encyclopædic. Through his eyes, I looked into homes and offices in every part of the world.

"I like 'em best when they're grads and when they're freshmen. I haven't much use for sophomores in any walk of life."

"I can see how you can keep in touch with the freshmen—they're underfoot all the time—but how do you manage the grads?"

"They're easiest of all. They treat me as an equal. The freshmen have the mistaken notion at first that I'm superior—and that's fatal to friendship."

Every time this big-hearted man expressed himself—and I always felt that he was doing nothing else—he gave more reasons for his professor-plusness; he not only had sym-

pathy with these boys of his, but he persuaded them to a sense of equality.

"Just the same," I insisted, "it's a big stunt—physically, I mean—to keep in touch with a lot of men and women ranging from twenty to fifty and scattered from Bakersville to Bangor."

"Well," he mused, as if he had never thought before that he was doing anything unusual, "I guess most of the faculty men do the same thing."

I smiled my incredulity, and he went on: "Of course I've special opportunities. I'm an Ohio State man myself, Class of '93."

"I don't believe it."

"I don't believe it myself, except once in a while at class reunions. We had one the other day, a thirtieth, and 'most everybody was back—all the women, being eight, and a good sprinkling of men—and I tell you I was shocked. Why some of those people looked as if they had one foot in the grave. I mean the men, of course. The women and I felt just as young as we used to."

With that he sprang nimbly into the driver's seat of his little coupé. "I call this my car," he said as he put his foot on it. "But one of the boys told me the other day that that was because I didn't know any better!"

Did I say Graves had a kewpie figure? That's not fair to the professor or the kewpies. For, if it was strictly so, the latter wouldn't be so funny or the former so nice. He looks more as your mother always likes to have you look—"heavier than you used to be." Perhaps it's his complexion that's kewpyish; perhaps it's his eyes, beady and smileful, like a very wise baby's. Perhaps it's the jolly young soul that shines through his great, comfortable personality. Anyhow, he's something awfully nice to play with—and he's more like a kewpie than a Teddy bear.

"Yes," he said, as we started on the jump for the football game, "it has helped to be an Ohio State man. You see, I belong to one of the fraternities. I don't live there—though I'm a bachelor and might—but I get around two or three times a week, sometimes oftener, and the boys treat me just like a big brother. And I find time to write a column in the college paper. That helps to take off the classroom curse. And I've been a state officer and sometimes a national officer of my fraternity. These jobs keep me traveling a good deal—and I see a lot of the old boys that way. Then, of course, there are these home-coming games—like this one to-day. You'd be surprised how many old fellows I see at a time like this."

I was. We had seats in almost the topmost row of the mighty stadium. Massed below us, in sweeping curves of the towering concrete, were fifty thousand cheering savages. You'd have sworn that not one of them had a thought for anything but the mud-stained leather oval and Hoge Workman and Red Grange. But between the halves came the levee! Old men of thirty and forty, spry youngsters of forty-five and fifty, dignified alumni of twenty-three and twenty-four, crowded around "C 22 A" with, "How's Billy Graves?" and, "Well, well, Billy Graves!"

And as each man reached over the shoulder of the one ahead to grip the ready hand, there was no fumbling on Billy's part, no blocked kick or incompleated pass. He came right through with the first names; and then with the last, as he introduced their owners to me—supplementing each introduction with a descriptive phrase which showed that he knew just what each man was doing, and where, and how well. He didn't just remember them. He knew them!

A youthful spirit and a youthful memory—these were two more of Billy Graves's qualifications for professor-plusdom.

"But," I said, "there must be a lot who do not come back; who can't."

"Yes," he replied, "and of course I lose track of many of them—splendid fellows too. But I write to a good many. I always did like to write letters, and when I discovered that letter-writing was the only way to keep these boys my friends, I made up my mind always to find time for it. Sometimes it's rather late at night—but I usually manage at least one letter. Of course," he added, simply, "the boys would never write to me, but they'll answer my letters."

Perhaps here, more than in any of his other qualities, Billy Graves had disclosed the secret of his success: he finds time for things, he manages, he writes letters. And the boys answer—lucky boys!

Of course there's not a word of truth in what Billy said about the boys not writing to him except to answer. They write long, laborious letters in which they bare their souls and think out loud, just as they used to, in the presence of this sympathetic, interested man. "He is closer to the youth of the Middle West, exerts a greater influence," said one ten-year grad, "than any other man since Roosevelt."

Even Governor Vic Donahey, who is decidedly town and not gown, had an enthusiastic word for Billy Graves. "A fine gentleman!" he exclaimed, when I told him I'd been to the game with Billy. The governor has so many children—ten in all—that he can never remember which ones went to college and which didn't, but he remembered that Elizabeth went to Billy Graves! "Yes," confirmed Mrs. Donahey, "and he's a fine gentleman!"

It occurred to me, after the game, that if more of "the fine gentlemen" who now hide the light of their fineness under a classroom bushel would take off their green shades,

we'd have fewer young folks' problems—and fewer educational ones, too. Perhaps—I wasn't sure—we might have fewer crabbed, disappointed, sour-stomached professors!

We were hustling along in the semi-darkness to the side street where Billy had parked the little car. Students and their girls, graduates and their wives, were all about us.

"What," I ventured, "do you get out of being a professor-plus?"

He thought a moment in the quiet darkness. Then he said: "The thing that means most to me is that everywhere I go, everywhere I may ever want to go, I am sure to find a pal."

Just then we passed a tall boy and a wee girl in busy conversation. It was too dark to see their young faces, but it's never too dark to listen. The boy was saying, ". . . And Billy Graves says, 'not for him!'"

Graves turned around with a laugh. "Good evening," he said.

The boy wasn't embarrassed. He laughed too. "I was talking about you, not to you. I was quoting one of your articles."

And after we had gone on ahead, I could just imagine that young man saying to his girl what almost everybody, who is anybody in the Middle West, is proud to say:

"Sure I know Billy Graves."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Here is an intimate portrait done when the sitter did not know he was being transferred to canvas, along with his real opinions, radiating personality, his felicity of phrase. The sketch is well done because it is so unstudied, so fair to the man himself as he is known to thousands of Ohio State University students. The methods used by the writer in getting a close-up of his subject are useful as guides to future procedure. Note the actual quotations and specific references.

2.

(Farm and Fireside)

LUE GIM GONG

BY JAMES H. COLLINS

They did a very neighborly thing, the Florida folks, when Lue Gim Gong seemed likely to lose his home. With principal and interest, he owed \$5,700 on a mortgage, which had run along quite a while and then fallen into the hands of people who threatened to foreclose.

Two business men of Deland, near where he lives—V. W. Gould and R. W. Thiot—used their own credit to prevent this, were appointed trustees for Lue Gim Gong, took a new mortgage for \$6,000, and issued sixty \$100 bonds, which were bought by Lue Gim Gong's friends all over the state. These bonds pay six per cent interest, and run ten years. Lue's fruit crop, marketed through the Florida Citrus Exchange, brings enough each year to take care of interest and principal.

Who is Lue Gim Gong?

Well, to begin with, a Chinaman with a vote, because he was naturalized in this country before our exclusion laws. Then a boy who threatened to run away from his home in China when he was eleven years old, if his parents would not let him come to the United States. They let him come, and he turned out a good Baptist and a real Christian.

Furthermore, probably the first Chinaman to think about a republic in his own country, for, as long ago as the 'seventies, he and four other young Chinese in the United States met and formulated a republican plan of government for China.

And on top of that a pomologist and plant breeder, the "Burbank of Florida," holding the Wilder medal awarded

by the United States Department of Agriculture for his best-known creation, the Lue Gim Gong orange.

Lue Gim Gong's memory will undoubtedly be kept green for many years by his orange, of which thousands of acres have been planted in Florida. It is a distinctly new variety that he produced by cross-pollenizing a Hart's Late with a Mediterranean Sweet, and, besides being a particularly fine orange in flesh, flavor, and juice, it has two valuable characters of its own.

First, it resists cold that will kill other oranges. Since the "big freeze" of 1896, Florida's citrus-growing industry has moved south from Deland, where it then centered. Lue went through that freeze, but instead of moving he stayed and developed a hardier orange, and now experts say that if other growers had stayed, too, and developed hardier varieties, that section of the state might still be a great fruit-producing region.

Second, it has a peculiar way of sticking on the tree after it has ripened, unchanged, keeping itself in a sort of natural storage. Thus, when other varieties of oranges have ripened, and been picked and sent to market, and the fruit is scarce and prices are high, the Lue Gim Gong can be picked to fill in the gap. They say in Florida that it can be marketed over a greater range of months in prime condition than any other variety.

When I visited Lue Gim Gong's grove, the Chinese wizard showed me oranges that had been hanging on the parent tree four years. Of course, they had grown misshapen and were not fit to sell, but he said oranges held on the tree two years had been shipped and sold.

Why hasn't this creation made the little old Chinaman a millionaire? Chiefly because there is no way of patenting or protecting an original plant creation. In recent years able business men with capital and the ability to draw tight con-

tracts, and also advertise, have built new varieties of fruit like the Delicious apple and Temple orange into properties that can be at least partly controlled and made profitable. But Lue is more a scientist and philosopher than a business man.

His orange was developed years ago. The simple contract he made to sell bud wood from the original tree to one nurseryman, and no one else, which he religiously lived up to, did not prevent the wide dissemination of his orange without return to himself.

Another interesting creation is his Gim Gong grapefruit, the result of cross-pollenizing a Florida variety with the Trifoliata orange. This is a hardy citizen, too. Most orange and grapefruit varieties are evergreen, but the Trifoliata is a perennial—that is, its leaves fall off in the fall and its sap descends to the roots. Thus it will stand pretty cold winter weather where other varieties freeze. The Gim Gong drops its leaves when the fruit ripens. The fruit is ready for market a month earlier than other varieties, yet can be held on the tree in good condition, and has the further peculiarity of not growing in clusters, but each on a stem of its own—grapefruit got its ridiculous name, you know, from its habit of growing in clusters like grapes.

Another product of Lue's wizardry is a perfumed grapefruit, more curious than valuable; also a salmon-colored raspberry, and a tomato that often throws out branches fifteen feet long in a semi-tropical climate and bears large clusters of shapely fruit. Years ago, before moving to Florida, he cross-bred a currant with grape pollen, producing a "cherry-currant," so called on account of its remarkable size, and it is still grown extensively in northern states.

Lue Gim Gong is a frail little man, elf-like, living almost a hermit's life in his old grove with his pomological creations and experiments. He was born in the province of

Canton, China, which is not unlike Florida in its climate. His father was a farmer, raising fruit, and his mother taught him pollenization.

When he was a boy, in the late 'sixties, the Chinese were finding a wonderful new land of opportunity in America. An uncle came back from California and told such glowing tales that Lue decided he must go and see this wonderland himself. The trip to Hong-Kong was made by canal and river, the boy guiding a party of grown men who were going to America, too, but did not know how to get there.

It took two months to reach San Francisco in a little schooner. The boy had brought some silks to sell, and began working his way east until he reached North Adams, Massachusetts. There he was practically adopted by Miss Fanny Amelia Burlingame, cousin of an American ambassador to China, and, besides getting an excellent education, was naturalized and became an ardent American. But in the rugged New England climate he became consumptive, and was ordered home to China to die. In 1886 he went back, but grew so homesick for the United States and his American friends that he quickly returned.

Lue Gim Gong is a practical Christian, a member of the First Baptist Church of North Adams, Massachusetts. When visitors call upon him in his grove, he never lets them depart without a brief religious ceremony in his "chapel." This is probably the smallest, simplest, and most beautiful church in the United States. Its roof is the foliage of tall old orange trees; its walls, their trunks and intertwining vines; the aisles between and its floor, the clean warm Florida sand. There are no pews, and the pulpit is an orange box covered by a fertilizer bag. Here the old hermit offers up a prayer, talks briefly of spiritual and moral things, and invites his guests to join in singing hymns.

More than once his kindly trustfulness has been abused

by white people, who have tried to steal grafts of his plant creations and have swindled him out of the annual crop, which is his only means of living and getting out of debt. But he has never complained or held resentment, and when friends recently rallied to help him through his debt crisis, he sent them this message:

"Faults I have and mistakes I have made, but my intentions and aims are to be honest and honorable in all things or dealings, and my will is good to encourage the right and discourage the wrong. If there are more honorable and honest ways to do business, even in my declining age I am willing to learn them."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is a neighborly story, written about a real man—not a Chinaman as such. Notice the tone of respect with which the story is told and the simplicity of style that somehow brings out the unassuming, quiet character of Lue Gim Gong.

You see the old man at his work, surrounded by the trees that he loves and in his "church." Not through an elaboration of mannerisms, not through a character study has Mr. Collins drawn Lue Gim Gong, but through a description of his accomplishments, the work in which he has achieved success. It is his orange raising that has made him distinctive and worth a story.

3.

(The Dearborn *Independent*)

HE IS BLIND, BUT A DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

BY GEORGE C. HENDERSON

Silence settled over the giant crowd of 25,000 persons gathered in the University of California stadium. The last man who was to receive a degree arose in his seat. On the platform where sat the governor, judges, public officials, educators and distinguished diplomats and statesmen, the president of the university faced the direction from which

the last applicant for a degree was to come. In an impressive ceremony the university had conferred degrees upon 2,154 men and women. Among those so honored was the richest man in the state, internationally known as a railroad financier, Henry E. Huntington, nephew of Collis P. Huntington of Central Pacific fame, and Dr. George Henry Falkner Nuttall, famous Cambridge University biologist.

Expectantly the crowd awaited the 2,155th scholar.

He stepped forward, a rather stooped young man, wearing a cap and gown.

A roar of applause burst from the multitude. It shook the stadium and reverberated from its walls. Students jumped up from their seats and cheered. Even the grave and dignified functionaries on the stage clapped their hands.

Bewildered, uncertain, the object of all this approbation stood stockstill. He seemed as much dumfounded over his reception as were the large number of visitors who did not know him. There was nothing distinguished in his appearance. He did not seem to be anyone in particular, and yet the applause had far surpassed that accorded to any other applicant. The only outstanding thing about him was the splash of color on the shoulder of his black gown, which marked him as a Doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D.), one of the highest honors conferred by the institution. It signified that he not only had been graduated from the university, but that he had accomplished three years of post-graduate work.

Then a strange thing happened. Another student stepped up and took his arm. Together they advanced to where President W. W. Campbell stood. The president extended the parchment, official recognition of Donald Whitney Wheaton's attainment of his Ph.D. degree.

But instead of reaching out and taking the sheepskin, Wheaton's hand went feeling about through the air. His fingers had to be guided. He could not see. He was blind.

A blind student had attained one of the highest honors of the school, an award that thousands of "seeing" men and women had failed to achieve. That was the reason for the applause.

Donald Whitney Wheaton, blinded at birth, unable to see more than a bright smudge of light by looking directly at the sun, had conquered his disability and at the age of thirty stood there, smiling modestly as he received the plaudits of his fellow men and women.

Just how California's blind Doctor of Philosophy managed to achieve such success while living in continual darkness, he himself did not attempt to explain fully. He refused to take credit for the consuming thirst for knowledge with which he was endowed, or the intense desire to achieve something for the benefit of humanity which he has harbored since first he could reason. At eighteen he had been graduated from high school; at twenty-five he took his A.B. at the University of California; when only twenty-seven years old he secured his Master's degree, and then at thirty, his Ph.D.

For twenty-two years he has attended school and college without being able to see one line of type. He studied geography although unable to see the maps. He played football, despite the black void that hid the pigskin from him. Botany became one of his hobbies, yet the plants which passed through his fingers were invisible to him. To accomplish his work better, he learned to operate a typewriter.

How could a blind man accomplish it?

It was to learn this that I called at his home and waited for him. Presently he came striding along the sidewalk, with his head up, just as if he could see. He carried no cane, yet he magically turned aside to escape running into a tree which a nature-lover had permitted to grow in the parking, and deftly avoided a pedestrian.

In the garden in front of the house, he stooped, picked a flower, and inhaled its fragrance avidly, like one in love with earth's manifold beauties.

As he entered the room, I stood perfectly still, and yet he came toward me and looked directly at me, inquiring: "Is this Mr. Henderson?"

"Oh, then you can see me?" I asked. "I made no noise, so you could not have heard me."

He laughed easily.

"Noises which escape the untrained ear reach those whose blindness forces them to develop other senses," he replied. "Although your breathing was slight, I could detect it."

"But how did you know it was not the maid who admitted me?" I insisted.

"Well, the maid does not smoke," he retorted, quickly. "You gave off a very distinct odor of tobacco smoke. Not a cigarette, rather a cigar or pipe."

"It was a cigar," I admitted.

Wheaton was born in Alameda, California, in 1894 and a few days after his birth he became blind "through legislative negligence," as he phrased it. "If the 'prevention of blindness' bill, providing that the eyes of all infants must be washed with nitrate of silver at birth, had been passed in 1893 instead of 1897 by the state legislature, I would be able to see as well as you," he declared. "I suppose it is an irony of fate that I should discuss in my Ph.D. thesis the fight made against this bill by legislators who ridiculed it as the 'red eye' bill."

When eight years old Wheaton entered the California School for the Blind at Berkeley and studied there for six years. He learned to read "Braille," the raised-letter system of writing and printing. Laboriously he "felt" his way through geography, reading, arithmetic, United States history, and writing on the Braille machine.

Although the raised-letter system enables the blind to read by feeling the letters, it is at best a slow and cumbersome process. It takes twice as long to read as by sight, and one volume in ordinary type requires six big volumes of Braille to reproduce it.

Besides reading, he listened to lectures on various grammar-school subjects, and it was in memorizing what he heard that he developed an acute memory which stood him in good stead.

The building of a memory Wheaton considers his outstanding accomplishment. At first he had great difficulty in remembering the lectures that he heard. He set to work trying to find some remedy for it, and in the end, although only a youngster, he arrived at the same conclusion that psychologists reached later—memory is an association of ideas.

"My memory system was elementary," he explained. "For instance, I had difficulty in remembering the period during which Napoleon III ruled France, until I associated his rule with the fact that he aided England against us in the Civil War and that during this time of strife he tried to establish an American empire in Mexico with Maximilian. This fixed the Napoleonic period in my mind vividly as being almost parallel to our Civil War time.

"I applied this system to everything. I never learned a fact without trying to associate it with some other fact that was more familiar, if possible. In this way I worked out a memory system that became automatic, because it was not artificial."

It was while attending the Berkeley school that Wheaton was inoculated with his love for sport, which now causes him to attend baseball games, track meets and football battles, even though he cannot see the players nor the plays.

At the age of fourteen, his parents took him to Boston

to attend Perkins Institute and from that institution he was graduated with high-school credits four years later. He had developed a deep interest in history and this led him to enter Tufts College, Medford, Massachusetts (not a school for the blind), as a special student in history.

Everyone marveled at his daring in attending a school for "seeing" people, but he secured the textbooks in Braille or had people read to him those that he could not get in the blind language and by bringing his highly developed memory into play at lectures, he astounded students and professors alike. Wheaton's interest in athletics of all kinds was a source of profound wonder to men and women who could see. He became a member of the Glee Club and he attended track meets, ball games and mass meetings, where he cheered as loud and as long as any of them.

In 1916 he returned to California and entered the state university to try for his A.B. degree. He was immediately impressed by the difference between a large university and a small college. At Tufts everyone knew him and consequently lent a helping hand. At the University of California he encountered scores of people who did not even know he was blind and who were dumfounded when he removed his glasses to prove it to them.

With full confidence in his ability he took on a heavy course of study, including logic, botany, astronomy, German, Latin, history, political science and education. In astronomy, while other students could look through a great telescope and see the stars, he had to visualize them from descriptions and then remember those descriptions. In spite of this handicap, he took high honors in his class. In German and Latin he found especial application of his "association of ideas" memory system, since he could trace the roots of hundreds of words and phrases of the English language to the older tongues.

In 1919 he took a course in historiography, under Professor Henry Morse Stephens, in which he traced the development of history from Herodotus to the moderns, and in the same year was awarded his A.B. degree. Next he took up post-graduate work in political science and historical methodology, and in 1921 was awarded his Master's degree. By this time he was so much interested in California history that he decided to specialize in this field with the intention of writing it from the place where Bancroft left off in 1890, while working off the requirements for a Ph.D. He took a seminar in political science, improved his reading knowledge of French and German and plunged into the big task of writing a history at the same time.

It was with high elation that he received word to choose his doctoral committee and submit it to the dean of the graduate division. He chose Professors Bolton, L. J. Paetow, Eugene McCormick, John Van Austrin, Edward Sait, Dr. E. T. Williams and Dr. Russell.

It was with considerable trepidation that he submitted the completed thesis to the committee. He had written something which he could not even see. He could not read his own thesis and yet he had given it to a critical group of men, who had the power to refuse him his coveted degree. After ten days of suspense, he was notified that his thesis had been accepted.

But he had not yet secured his degree. He must appear before the doctoral committee and later take a public examination.

Before the doctoral committee he sat in a chair and answered questions shot at him by the men whom he had chosen. For two solid hours he stood up under the test. Then he was ushered out into a hall and told to wait. The fifteen minutes that elapsed seemed like fifteen hours. Pres-

ently the door opened and the professors came out to grasp his hand in congratulation. He had passed

"I suggest that all applicants enter this test blindfolded," Professor Paetow proposed, "if blindness can produce such a scholar as Doctor Wheaton."

The two hours' public examination was perfunctory.

Donald Whitney Wheaton, A.B., M.A., Ph.D., at thirty years of age, is just starting his career. Only history will tell to what heights the blind historian may rise.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—An achievement story, this, on how Donald W. Wheaton overcame the handicaps of blindness and won a scholastic reward. The article begins with a vivid scene which immediately introduces the subject of the sketch and presents a good idea of his personality, later described more fully when he talks with the interviewer. A photograph of Mr. Wheaton at the typewriter and another one of his strong, sensitive fingers, enhance the appeal.

4.

(American Magazine)

SHE SELLS INFORMATION AND IDEAS

BY LOWELL R. BUTCHER

When Miss Myrtle Rivenburgh, of Greenfield, Iowa, was a high-school girl she suffered a serious illness, and one day as she sat propped up, slowly convalescing, she overheard the family physician talking to her mother and father.

"I'm awfully afraid," he said, "that Myrtle will be helpless the rest of her life."

With nerves shattered by illness, the doctor's words sounded like a death sentence to the young girl. She crept away to her room and locked herself in to sob in despair. Her girlhood dreams of becoming a missionary were swept

away. Too weak and ill to attend school, she saw nothing in store but to stay at home and brood over her troubles.

Then one day a happy thought came: Perhaps the doctor was wrong! Or perhaps there was missionary work that could be done at home, even if her health would never permit her to go abroad.

With more hopeful thoughts in her mind, she began to gain strength, and finally took up canvassing work. As her health became better she rented a few lots for a garden. Outside work proved beneficial, and the income from the garden and the canvassing paid for two lots.

From gardening and canvassing, Miss Rivenburgh went to work in the local newspaper office. Here she began to clip and file all kinds of informative articles. Besides adding to her own fund of knowledge, she was able to supply others with data. Club women of Greenfield came to depend upon her files for facts when writing club papers. Sometimes Miss Rivenburgh would add to her income by writing a paper for some woman who could not find time to do it herself.

In these frequent calls for information she saw an opportunity to render a service and also to earn a living in an unusual and interesting way. So from these files of newspaper and magazine clippings her Information and Idea Shop was evolved.

At first the headquarters for the shop was at Miss Rivenburgh's cottage, but as the business increased a three-room suite of offices was rented in the downtown business district. As the shop grew, it expanded its scope of usefulness: It became a headquarters for lost and found articles, a woman's needlework exchange, an employment bureau, a real-estate office, a publicity medium, and, in the words of the slogan she adopted, a place to get "anything you want." It caters to needs that are ordinarily unfilled, and the income

therefrom gives its owner a comfortable living. This is perhaps the only business of its kind in a town the size of Greenfield.

If a local minister wishes to include economic data in his Sunday sermon, he can find the needed facts and figures in Miss Rivenburgh's files. If a local business man is at a loss for appropriate toasts to be given at a banquet, he consults the files of the Idea Shop. If little Maud loses her coat, her mother knows the garment will probably turn up at Miss Rivenburgh's. When Mrs. Brown arranges an afternoon's entertainment for some of her friends, she can find appropriate menus in Miss Rivenburgh's files. If the local restaurant man needs an experienced waitress, the Idea Shop can find the girl he wants.

"I don't try to fit what I have to the customer's needs," says Miss Rivenburgh. "I don't try to sell a piece of real estate unless I am sure it is what the prospective buyer wants. I find out exactly what the customer needs and if I don't have it listed, I make every effort to locate it. If a girl applies for work, I endeavor to place her in surroundings that she will like. There are two parties to every transaction, and I attempt to bring together the two who will be naturally satisfied. I consider that I have done a greater service when I have satisfied both.

"I charge a small fee in advance when people list their needs. After I have carried out the order, I wait until I am sure that both parties are satisfied before I collect my service fee."

Miss Rivenburgh's first aim is to perform a service, and in many instances she makes no charge for assistance. She has never abandoned the idealism that made her, as a school-girl, want to be a foreign missionary.

All through her fight against poor health—a fight which she has won—Miss Rivenburgh has had a helpful slogan.

Printed on the reverse side of her business cards, it runs like this:

If you make up your mind what you want,
If you work for it with all your might,
If you are sure that you are going to win,
You will succeed.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—A fight against odds is always interesting. This story of achievement is particularly appealing because Miss Rivenburgh had to struggle against ill health. The writer has made his article helpful to other persons who might want to follow Miss Rivenburgh's example by showing the various kinds of service she gives in her shop.

5.

(*Chicago Tribune*)

SUPERLATIVE AMERICANS

THE MAYO BROTHERS

BY JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

When Sam Blythe came to Europe in 1916 he fleetingly cheered many a weary heart from the Baltic to the Black Sea—especially the doctors, who were bearing a heavy burden of work and anxiety—with the latest Mayo story. New then, it has since become one of the classics of medical anecdotage.

In Rochester the one type of patient with whom they are not patient is the bustling millionaire who, hurrying into that metropolis of healing, begins uttering orders at the railway station and expects to be hurried away, clothed, cured, and in his right mind at the end of a week. One of that gentry did so bustle into Rochester and up to one of the huge hotels and through one of the white enamel subways which honeycomb the center of the town, linking up its system of clinics, hotels, and hospitals. And, bustling thus along, heavy with self-importance, he beheld a countenance that he knew was the countenance of a Mayo. To it he said

with a certain peremptoriness: "Well—well! How d'you do? Are you the *head* doctor?" And to this the countenance replied with a certain tense distinctness:

"No, I'm the *belly* doctor. It's my brother Charlie you want. He's the *head* doctor."

The tale is highly illustrative of Dr. William James Mayo, to-day in his sixty-second year; very erect; hair snow white and abundant, but closely trimmed; face smooth shaven, firm, and not deeply lined; hale cheeks with a pink glow in them; eyes bright and good-humored; manner brisk but not abrupt—with homely cordiality in it, rather; his utterance incisive, rapid, but not hurried, and his manner of speaking marked occasionally by unexpected and biting emphasis, as when, referring to a certain blundering line of policy which had aroused public resentment, he said, "That was tactlessness"—but he made it three, quick, hard bites—"tact-less-ness."

Sometimes a strain of sturdy eloquence hurried into his talk, as when, the visit drawing to a close and he speaking of an institution (the Mayo clinic) the activities of which are 30 per cent charitable and in which, though he and his brother founded it, he now has no financial interest beyond his salary, he said:

"Now, Mr. Bennett, I don't want any cant or—well, any bunk—to flow into this article. But I'd like to express the ideal we have tried to work by up here—this way"—and he slowed down a bit and looked very earnestly across the table into my eyes, saying:

"We wanted—my brother and I—that everybody should come here—clothed only in the nakedness of his distress."

There was a little pause after that. He kept gazing steadfastly across the table, and I—I gazed out into the deepening twilight, a touch of awe upon me, for I felt that a good man had let me look into his heart.

"That is beautiful," I said, and kept pondering.

But he, returning to his brisk, incisive manner, brushed away the spell and said:

"What we are doing is no more than any doctor is doing. He isn't suing. You know the kind of man your doctor is, and you know he isn't suing people, and you know he does a large amount of charity work. The medical profession is altruistic. It always has been. It looks big—what we are doing up here—because it's done in mass. That is the only difference. The reason I am talking to you about these matters is that I am satisfied that what we are doing here can be done other places. And the advantage of doing it in mass is that the patient gets the benefit of all the resources. My brother and I look upon ourselves as trustees of sick folks' money. 'Can I do this?' is a question members of our staff often ask—naturally. 'Well,' I tell them, 'you can do anything you think you ought to do with a sick man's money.' The property which has grown up here, some of which you have seen to-day, represents eight and a half million dollars, most of which is actual money, and its organization and administration are a democracy. Trustees own it on behalf of the public and posterity. They appoint five men, the medical staff elects six more, and these eleven constitute a medical council which controls the Mayo clinic. But my brother and I could not be sure that any plan of administration we had worked out would be feasible forever. How could we be sure that what would be the wisest way a hundred years from now, or a hundred and fifty?—yes, and even fifty. So it is provided that if the present plan ever proves not feasible the whole plant goes over to the University of Minnesota, to be administered by it, just as it now administers the Mayo foundation of two millions, which is already its absolute property and has been since 1915. The board of regents of the university governs that."

Abruptly coming back to emphasis after this routine matter concerning millions—for as routine he hurried through it—Doctor Will said:

"The money from which all this grew came from the people, and back to them it must go. So far as this property is concerned, my children will have no better chance than yours."

Abruptly he shifted from the general to the specific, as often he did during the talk, his features relaxing from grave intentness and a twinkling smile coming into his eyes. Now his tone is matter-of-fact:

"People will tell you that we—my brother and I—own these hotels and make big profits from them. We never had one dollar's worth of interest in these hotels or any other business enterprise at any time, have not now, and never will have. We own no part of the Mayo clinic, no part of the hospitals, no part of the hotels, and as for our work at the clinic, my brother and I are on salary. As to the hospitals, the Catholic sisters of St. Francis maintain 600 beds at St. Mary's, the Lutherans 150 in their nursing home, and the Kahlers, 1,200. J. H. Kahler is a very fine man, whose interests have grown with Rochester's interests. He came here twenty-seven years ago to take over the management of a hotel that had been a failure."

"Well, then, how did it all get started? I mean your present immense resources."

To a less candid man the question might have seemed insolent. I did not like to ask it, but I was puzzled by the Aladdin aspects of everything around me—this country town of a population of 14,000, with its subways of gleaming tile beneath it, with its enormous caravansaries that they do not better on Broadway or on the Strand, with its excellent special train service from remote cities, with its battalions of quiet, obliging servants, civil porters, soft-speaking nurses

and doctors, assistants and students, representing at one time or another of late, if not at the moment, England, Ireland, Scotland, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Australia, and New Zealand, and with its spacious clinic and hospital and hotel lobbies and rest-rooms full of sick people from the four quarters of the globe. That last is no fanciful statement. Going into one of the local photograph galleries patronized by patients, I saw (pictured) the Mongolian countenance of a director of the Russo-Asiatic bank at Tientsin, and the countenances of presidents of South American republics and of many of our federal officials. It was a kind of contemporaneous hall of fame, that little, tasteful, small-town photograph gallery.

Yes, it was all Aladdin-like, especially when you minded yourself of the fact that well within the memory of men now living this Rochester was an outpost—the starting point of the trail to the Black Hills, and the place where the railroad ended.

Doctor Will, far from resenting the question, began answering it almost before it was finished:

"In 1891 my brother and I found ourselves out of debt. So we took what we had and divided it in two—dollar for dollar. One we kept for ourselves and the other, and its playmates, we turned over to an agent for general investment, and he was to do what he thought best. He was a good, able fellow, and the dollars he was in charge of rolled up enormously, for those were the days of wonderful returns in the Northwest. Those other dollars, though—the ones my brother and I kept and lived upon—they were very elusive. Well, when that able fellow that we had intrusted half the dollars to got through we had about one and a half millions. We turned that over to the University of Minnesota as an endowment for medical study and research, with the understanding that they should hold it until it became

two millions. It did become that, so now Rochester is a graduate medical school. Young men registered at the university must, in order to study here, have had their fifth-year work and their B.S. (or B.A.) and their M.D. And they must come from Class A schools. Then they stay here three years. For them we have 184 fellowships, each paying \$600 the first year, \$750 the second, and \$900 the third. If a man is married we give him work enough to bring him up to a living stipend. And we hold ten places open for promising material of any character. What I mean is that if a medical man can come and show he's got the stuff in him we won't shut the door in his face. Homœopaths and all—we shut the door of learning to nobody. In other words, there is a provision made for the man that had a bad start. The plan is working out well. We try to make the living expenses of the student staff and the employees as light as possible. For example, we have a service that provides 600 people with three meals a day for 85 cents. They live as well as I do. I often eat there."

Very interesting to me—for I could remember the time, and it would be about forty years ago—was his reference to the period in American life when to "go to the hospital" was considered almost an ignominy by the well-to-do citizen. "Doctor Will"—everybody on the staff and among the attendants spoke of him that way and I heard a young doctor stop the other brother, now in his fifty-eighth year, with a cordial cry, "Oh, Doctor Charlie! I want you to meet Doctor N——, who is here for the day"—well about the old attitude toward hospitals, "Doctor Will" put it thus:

"When the first hospital was built here, the hospital in this country—especially in the rural districts—was almost on a level with county poorhouses and jails. It was difficult to get people to go to one. Well, my father"—he paused a

shade there and I'll swear I thought he was going to add "and my brother's father," for always he made me feel that two men were talking to me—"my father did a great deal to dispel that prejudice. And out of his determination to do it was born the ideal that we like to think we are living up to in honor of him and of medicine. We like to think that maybe here is one place in God's green earth where the sick middle man—the man of the middle income, I mean—is as well treated as the sick rich man and the sick pauper. In many a hospital, you know, or maybe you don't, it's the sick middle man who, in proportion to his means, bears the heavy burden. The millionaire doesn't bear it because for him it is no burden at all. The purpose of the clinic here is not to take sick folks' money, but to take care of sick folks. But not to pauperize them! We haven't a charity bed—not one. We don't put a mark on a man. If he does happen to be needy he doesn't leave here with that thought burned into him. He leaves here with a new angle. We don't want philanthropy. We never had a dollar given us. The whole institution rests on mankind's sense of moral obligation, and at the same time it functions along the lines of sane, fair business administration. That is why I am going into these details. I believe the same kind of proposition can be made to function in the same way elsewhere, that is to say, not foster paupers, but at the same time benefit suffering people. Every fact in the history of the institution bears out my faith in its ideal of service. To deny its material success—its prosperity—would be to talk cant, and yet 30 per cent of the folks who come here pay nothing."

What he said next is interesting as exploding the common saying that, though the middle man and the poor man squeak through prettily at Rochester, the millionaire is made to pay—and pay. It was this:

"We never think of putting in a preposterous bill. And

in the case of every bill that is over \$1,000, every dollar above the thousand goes into a general philanthropic fund. That is to say, if a bill is \$2,000, then \$1,000 of it goes to the clinic—never more; the rest of it to general philanthropy.

"We never took a note. We never permitted a man to mortgage his stuff. We never charged more than he ought to be able to pay comfortably in a year, and under no conditions must a man's bill exceed 10 per cent of his annual income, no matter how long he is here. That's the maximum, and it, I should add, does not mean that, if a man's income were \$100,000 a year, we would send him a bill for \$10,000. That would be what we call a preposterous bill."

The conversation drifted briefly toward the subject of physical well-being in its relation to moral well-being, and he said:

"I don't give people good advice as to their conduct, except when it affects their health. I advise them as to their physical well-being. It's wonderful how much they can do for their moral health after the physical has been put in order."

He said a good deal about the system of examinations at the clinic. I had looked on at several of them during the day, and the physician from Chicago who accompanied me on the trip had said they were beautiful in both their particularity and their comprehensiveness. Doctor Will's summing up of the nature of them was pithy. Thus—

"Instead of the patient having one spoke looked over, we go over the whole wheel."

He seemed to wish to emphasize the fact that a surgeon armed with knives does *not* meet you at the Rochester railway station, for he said that of the thousands of patients annually treated at Rochester, only one-third are operated on, adding, "The final summing up of a patient's various examinations is done by the original consultant. The sur-

geons, if they are needed at all, don't come in until after that."

Those of full habit should ponder this, which he said when he pointed an accusing finger at my companion:

"In an operation a fat man is three times the risk a lean man is. But take his weight off him and he's a pretty good risk. To send him back home to do it himself after he's had his examination is no use—no use giving him a diet list, which he wouldn't follow. So we send him over to Miss Foley at the Olmsted diet kitchen (Olmsted is the name of the southern Minnesota county of which Rochester is the seat), and say, 'Take fifteen pounds off this man and then send him back to us,' or, 'Take this person, put ten pounds on him, and send him back.'"

I asked him whether people thought too much or too little about their health.

"Too much," he said, "but not too much if they could think intelligently."

"What do you think of Coué?"

He began to smile broadly; then broke into a chuckle. "The medical profession," he said, "could well afford to pay Coué to stay in this country." Then, naming various 'ists and 'paths and 'pracs, he said, "First one of 'em seizes nothing out of the air and holds it in his hand and says to the sick man, 'See, there it is!' And then another grabs the sick man's knee and tells him that there is what ails him. The sick man can *see* his knee, so for a while he's pretty contented. But then a third comes along and he says, 'No, it's here—here in your spine!'—thereby stabbing No. 2 in the back by going for what the sick man can't see. But Coué says, 'You don't have to pay others to fool you. *Fool yourself.*'"

I told him we wanted to get something of the personal aspect of celebrated men into this series of articles, but to

this he replied that as far as he was concerned it would not do at all, intimating that it would be resented and put down to self-exploitation. And besides, I could see plainly enough that he does not care for it. He is wrapped up in the clinic and sick people.

"But won't you just tell the people how you relax from the strain of your work?"

"I don't know that I feel it as a strain," he answered. "If a man is interested in his work he finds the strength for it in the working of the old proverb, which says: 'The back of the ass is shaped to the burden.'"

Thus, as we began with mottoes, so with mottoes we come to a close. For the one in the tiny frame on his working table, which says, "He loved the truth and sought to know it," and which he told us was to go on his and brother Charles's tombstone, drew him at parting into a little homily on truth. He looked gravely at the motto and mused:

"If I ever found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow—and that golden pot is the pot of truth—I would be the most disappointed man in the world. Truth is not absolute and mathematical. You don't *discover* it. You put it together. Find a new fact, add a new fact, and you have to reinterpret your truth. It is something you seek—never find."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The interviewer here has shown Doctor Mayo aglow with his work. He has given us a glimpse of him in his working atmosphere, and imbued with the spirit of help. But this is not a one-sided picture; it is a well-rounded view of the doctor, but the main interpretation is given through his work, in which, of course, the public is chiefly interested. The reporter enters just enough into the story to show us the doctor's reaction on another person. You have a genuine admiration for Doctor Mayo when you finish the story, don't you?

XIV

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, TO-MORROW

"Is there anything in the paper, Sir?"

"Anything in the paper! All the world is in the paper. Why, Madam, if you will but read what is written in the *Times* of this very day, it is enough for a year's history, and ten times as much meditation."—THACKERAY.

A GOOD text, this, to prove the distinct service of the newspaper as the minute-hand of History. The student of vanished yesterdays is able to come into close contact with important epochs and personalities through the columns of old newspapers which recorded these matters when they were still warm with life. Such a record may not have the perspective which only the passage of the years may bestow, but newspaper files at least show the contemporary estimate, and as such are invaluable witnesses.

A collection of newspaper clippings may often be used as the basis of a feature story, serving to show the contrast between the dead past's valuation and present-day opinion. Newspapers and magazines take occasion from time to time to publish articles in which the historical background is greatly in evidence—although the stories themselves are usually suggested by some timely topic associated with the news. Generally the occasion which prompts the preparation and printing of the article is firmly embedded in the opening paragraphs, so as to give pertinency to the discussion.

Here is an incident which illustrates forcibly the value of

a collection of newspaper clippings filed in a quickly accessible manner. A feature writer looking through a newspaper came across the following news item:

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Winston County, Alabama, which occupied a unique position in the Civil War because of its loyalty to the federal government, may be wiped out of existence by the same government within the next few days. The growing national forest reserve in North Alabama is fast covering Winston County and within a short time virtually all of it will be bought up by the government.

When Alabama withdrew from the federal government just before the Civil War, Winston County withdrew from the state of Alabama, remaining loyal to the union and establishing a government of its own. Ed Payne was elected governor of the new state composed of Winston County. He established a bank and issued his own money. He wrote on pieces of wrapping paper promises to pay, called it money and circulated it. Strange to relate every piece of this money was redeemed dollar for dollar.

This story recalled to the feature writer a clipping he had once filed telling the story of a similar independent state called the "Republic of Jones" down in Mississippi. With it was a second clipping about another independent but short-lived state or republic up in New Hampshire called the "Indian Stream Republic." He remembered also that there had once been an independent state called Franklin which later became the State of Tennessee. It did not take long to look up Franklin in one of the standard histories of the United States.

With these four examples the writer composed a story about some of the independent republics which had once existed in the United States but whose history, or even the fact of their existence, was little known. The whole story was hung on the news peg of the press dispatch telling about

Winston County. A syndicate immediately accepted the article.

Historical feature stories—a convenient label for these delvings into the past—are made pertinent by the recurrence of an anniversary or some significant date, for instance, the 218th anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin. The occasion gives an excuse for writing; it forms a pattern around which the story is built. After he has made his contact with the reader and the immediate event, the writer confines himself to the records of the past, gathering up the threads at the end and binding them into the present.

The accompanying sketch on the fiftieth anniversary of the typewriter is a skillful example of this kind of literary treatment. The first three paragraphs give the significance of the story, the third ties it up with a local concern, the fourth and fifth note important celebrations, and then the story concerns itself with somewhat prosaic historical background.

Wherever fingers beat a ceaseless tattoo on the keys of the typewriter in 1923, every click of the key might be called a salute to the memory of Christopher Latham Sholes, Wisconsin editor, printer, postmaster.

For a half century ago, Sholes pieced together, after years of efforts, tossed into the scrap-heap, the first typewriter "that would work"—the forerunner of the perfect machines that are indispensable in every business office to-day.

In the Chicago offices of the Remington Typewriter company—which in 1873, then making guns, turned out the first commercial typewriter—will be one of the veterans of half a century ago, side by side with machines depicting intermediary steps to the "mill" of 1923.

Meanwhile, Charles E. Weller, now of Laporte, Ind., one of the first to test Sholes's device, is heading a movement instituted by the National Shorthand Reporters' Association, to erect a monument to mark the inventor's grave in Forest Home Cemetery, near Milwaukee.

Undoubtedly the most pretentious ceremonies held during the fiftieth anniversary of the typewriter's birth will be at Ilion, N. Y., under the auspices of the Herkimer County Historical Society on September 12. It was in this town that the first commercial machine was manufactured.

In a sizable booklet, published by the society, the history of the indispensable machine is traced from the first glimmering of the idea, in 1714, when good Queen Anne was on the throne, through scores of fruitless attempts, through the first practical device that would write faster than a pen to the faultless "mills" to be found in every business office to-day.

"Looking back over the past, we can see why it came when it did, and why it could not have come before," to quote from the "Story of the Typewriter."

"In the days when commerce was smaller, when writing tasks were few or when the ability to write and even to read was limited, the world could get along after its own fashion without the writing machine. As education grew, as business grew, as all human activities grew, so the need grew, and it grew much faster than any real consciousness of the need."

In the case of an annual red-letter day—for example Lincoln's birthday—there must be some fresh material, some new incentive for writing another story about a man whose biography is already so firmly established in the minds of all Americans. Walter P. Beazell, assistant managing editor of the New York *World*, remarks, apropos of Lincoln's birthday: "The approach of that anniversary suggests the discovery of some new contemporary of Lincoln; the finding of some hitherto unpublished letter of his, or of some new anecdote about him, the existence of some hitherto unknown, or little-known, memento, the securing of some new eyewitness story of his assassination; the current prices at auction sales of his Lincolniana and comparison of present prices with those five, ten, or fifteen years ago."

Holidays—Fourth of July, Christmas, St. Valentine's Day, Thanksgiving—naturally encourage search for some

little known event or fable connected with the day we celebrate. Most of these days have an atmosphere of emotions, memories that make people especially receptive to stories that at other times might have little appeal. The excuse for publishing the stories is the fact that the approach or passing of the great day naturally sends the thoughts of readers into reminiscent channels. It is wise, therefore, for the writer to connect the past with the present in the early stages of his narrative, to indicate clearly his right to adorn historical lore with fresh colors. A Christmas story may find a place of lodgement because it comes with the high tide of the holiday spirit.

Here is a story mellow with personal recollections, reprinted from a newspaper, pertinent only because of Christmas, when the minds and hearts of people turn toward the old days:

"It was Christmas Eve!"

How many stories have begun with that arresting sentence? From Dickens downward writers have woven their plots round the great day of Christianity, with its poignant human appeal and picturesque atmosphere. In the familiar setting of snowflakes, Yule logs, and mistletoe boughs, cold weather and warm charity, have been laid many enthralling stories, writes James Dunn in *London Answers*.

But fact can be more thrilling than fiction and I recall three thrilling Christmas Eves that have excelled in adventure anything that I have read in imaginative literature.

Newspaper men, more than their fellows, meet with strange experiences in the routine of their daily lives, but few can place their most interesting episodes in the romantic setting of Christmas Eve. What novelist would dare to wreck the "Flying Scotsman" amid the wastes of Westmoreland on Christmas Eve? But that was what occurred some fifteen years ago amid the snow-bound hills beyond Shap Fell.

Well do I remember those tragic days of a sad advent. A coal-mine explosion near Manchester had made a sorrowful

Christmastide for many Lancashire homes, and it was from a colliery town of lowered blinds that I was hastily summoned to report a train disaster on the Midland Railway.

Never shall I forget that swift dash by motor car up the steep and lonely hills to a tiny hamlet where in a gray valley lay the ashes of the "Flying Scotsman."

"Ashes" is the right word, for nothing was left of the proud train but a serpent-like trail of charred wood and twisted iron. Even now I can see a young married couple searching frantically for the body of their baby; even now I can hear the choking sobs of the signalman whose confessed mistake caused the disaster. I recall the little band of rescued passengers crouching under the granite crags, while doctors and railwaymen sought to identify the dead.

And it was Christmas Eve! A few miles away villagers were singing Christmas carols and from many a cottage came the sound of festive merrymaking. Never shall I forget that mad night ride down Shap Fell toward Christmas morning, leaving behind the tragedy of Christmas Eve.

And the story goes on to describe a Christmas on the Belgian frontier; and another in rebellious Ireland.

Again the article may relate an everyday occurrence, adorned in holiday trappings:

The merry Yuletide has its seamy side. Every year the Christmas season develops one curious human phase. The fear that Santa Claus will not come to some homes and the sight of so many pretty things displayed in the stores lead to a marked increase in shoplifting. This year the psychology of desire, temptation, and fall has been busily at work.

There are shoplifters of many kinds—the professional, the occasional, and the spontaneous. All three of these types and their variations may be seen in the Women's Court, sharply etched against the background of Christmas.

The writer went down to the court in an effort to find out what a shoplifter's Christmas is like. The court is a big Gothic room, with stained-glass windows, adjoining Jefferson Market Prison. Most New Yorkers who pass this mediæval structure at

one time or another, standing beside the Sixth Avenue Elevated road, never suspect the drama which goes on inside.

Seasonal vagaries, too, are timely subjects for the feature writer's pen. Spring annually brings forth articles on gardening, moving, vacations. Winter with its first snow, suffering among the poor and the high price of coal, is a fruitful topic for the writer with imaginative insight.

A feature story, like the Greek God Janus of the two faces, may have a forward look as well as a backward one. Scientists and philosophers often predict coming changes on earth and in the life of man. If these scholars are correctly quoted there opens up opportunity for a story interesting as well as true, more interesting indeed than are legends of the past, for mystery and speculation are the romance of life.

Here is a prediction that might well give stimulus to some fertile mind:

An invention within the next 150 years, more significant than the steam engine, to offset the rapidly decreasing supply of coal and oil was predicted to-night by Prof. Herbert S. Philbrick of the Northwestern University School of Engineering, speaking before the Medill School of Journalism.

He who would write about the past or the future must make use of many sources of material, dozens of them available in his own city. In Chicago, for example, the Chicago Historical Society is a treasure house of records relating to Chicago's history. Here is to be unearthed information about Indians, French, and fur traders, a photograph of Marquette's map and some of his papers, likewise literature of early French exploration in the Mississippi Valley, with a host of letters and documents.

Early newspapers and old-time directories also furnish

ideas for special yarns. In every city there are historic places alive with story possibilities.

Any good book of reference will suggest articles which may be built around red-letter days—anniversaries, birthdays of celebrated men, holidays, battles, national festivals.

Writers who intend to publish anniversary articles, narratives based on holidays, and the like, should remember that editors prepare their issues months in advance and that manuscripts should be sent in long before the day which erects the scaffolding for the story. In January the writer should prepare Memorial Day and commencement articles for publication in May and June magazines. In March articles for July and August should be written; in June, stories for October and November publication.

The following narratives will illustrate some possibilities in choice and treatment of historical feature material:

1

(New York *Herald-Tribune*)

WHEN GRASSHOPPERS PULLED TRAINS

The electric locomotive slid softly into the terminal and came to a gentle stop. Two of the outgoing passengers turned to notice the crew, who were stepping from their cab. The fireman—if such he may be called on an electric—was an immaculate young chap, not even deigning to wear overalls. The engineer was a scholarly person, who might have been a college professor. He wore a white collar.

One of the two observers was Eugene Beggs, of Paterson, N. J. Mr. Beggs chuckled. There were reasons.

"Seventy-five years ago," he declared, "when it was my boyish ambition to be a locomotive engineer, that wasn't quite what I had in mind. Engineers got only two dollars

a day then, and time and a half and double time were ideas which never had occurred to us."

Those were the days of the old "grasshopper" locomotives. Mr. Begg remembered two of them on the Paterson & Hudson River Railroad. Their boilers and cylinders were upright and they had a fan blast, for that was necessary in the use of "stone" coal, which was what they used to call anthracite in those days. They couldn't pronounce the other word.

"In those days," said Mr. Beggs, "the town was never mixed up with a lot of new-fangled time changes. Down in the railroad yard at Paterson a large bell was suspended, and three times a day, just fifteen minutes before train time, Rody Claxton would ring it loud enough to be heard all over the place. Railroading was a rougher game than it is now. They didn't wear white collars then. I recall old Tom Blakely, who was one of the first engineers. The Paterson & Ramapo road was built to connect with the Erie at Suffern and to the P. & H. R. R. R. at the junction, one-half mile from the town. One day the Ramapo train was on the way to Jersey City and Tom Blakely was coming to Paterson with his train. The road was single track. A curve at Lake View happened to be in an unfortunate place, considering the schedule the two trains were running on.

"Blakely and York, the engineer of the other train, didn't see each other coming on account of that curve, and consequently they met rather suddenly. The Blakely train was a mixed one, passenger and freight, and, judging from the flour that was scattered over the countryside, the Blakely train had the worst of the concussion.

"They still had the old flat rails in those days, and I can remember when they first started to tear them up and lay the T-rails. The flat rails were dangerous. One of them once

turned up over a wheel into the car in which my mother was riding from New York. It tore her dress.

"Railroads have improved since those days," added the old engineer, "but I don't believe they are as saving and economical as they used to be. The saving of coal and oil used to be drilled into us engineers, so that once when an engineer was asked what he would do in case of a collision, he said:

"I would grab an oil can and a lump of coal and jump!"

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Just a humorous, breezy reminiscence, but suggestive of the changes in railroading. Notice the particularly good lead.

2

(Kansas City Times)

CHURCH ANNIVERSARY RECALLS WITCHCRAFT

The coming celebration of the 250th anniversary of the first church in Danvers, Mass., recalls the fact that it was in this church the so-called "Salem witchcraft craze" had its beginning, in 1692, when Danvers was a part of Salem and known as Salem Village.

The first case of witchcraft in Essex County, however, was that of Mrs. Morse of Newbury, who in 1680 was tried in the local court and convicted. But her life was spared through the clemency of Governor Bradstreet, who first sentenced her to be hanged and then twice reprieved her sentence, in spite of the protest of the House of Deputies. She was granted a new trial, at which she was acquitted.

Had Governor Bradstreet not been superseded by Sir William Phipps, under the new charter, it is doubtful if the Salem witchcraft craze would have spread into any such

holocaust of suffering and terror as the whole colony was obliged to endure for several years. As Winifred F. Nevins says in his *Witchcraft in Salem Village in 1692*:

"In 1692, as in 1680, he (Governor Bradstreet) dared to resist the clamors of a misguided people and judiciary, and an unlearned, superstitious populace. Had Governor Phipps possessed his intelligence and firmness the harvest of death on Witch Hill would not have formed a part of our early American history."

It is a curious fact in this witchcraft craze in Salem, as in Boston, and in Virginia and South Carolina—or wherever it was rampant—that the judiciary were infected with the virus of the delusion as badly as any other people in the community. If anything, the judicial mind seemed to crystallize the intolerance, prejudice, and fanaticism that marked the craze.

Of course, some excuse for this—from a legal point of view—may be found in the existing English laws on witchcraft and the court procedure that was current in 1619. And possibly some credit should be given such men as Judge Samuel Sewall, who eventually saw the absurdity of the whole thing, but not until many had suffered death or torture by their decisions.

What gives interest at this time to the craze that started in the home of the Rev. Samuel Parris, pastor of the First Church in Danvers, is the manner in which it started and spread until the jails were so full of victims that the authorities were puzzled what to do with them or how to maintain them.

When you read the evidence in these old witch cases you find things mixed and jumbled together in a sort of "hell broth" such as the witches in "Macbeth" brewed. Things that are credited to-day to epilepsy, suggestion, hypnosis,

neurasthenia, or nervous exhaustion were then liable to bring one to the gallows.

In England as late as 1718 a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, nine years old, were hanged in Huntingdon "for selling their souls to the devil, tormenting and destroying the neighbors and raising a storm, so that ships were almost lost—by pulling off her stockings and making a lather with soap."

As a rule, in Great Britain, however, it was the eccentric people in towns and remote places that were usually stamped as witches, while in Salem any person or class was liable to come into the dragnet. Ministers, squires, and merchants and their wives were as apt to be "named" and "cried out" as the most menial in the community.

One of the wealthiest and most enterprising merchants of Salem was Phillip English. In fact, he was said to be the richest man in the Colonies in 1692, and had at that time the finest mansion in Salem, which stood for 150 years. To this mansion at eleven o'clock one Saturday night came the high sheriff and deputy and attendants demanding admittance and the person of Mrs. English, whom they "cried out."

The officers came into the bedchamber and, opening the curtains, read the mittimus and ordered Mrs. English to arise. She refused and they put a guard around the house.

The next day she went with the officers and was confined for six weeks in the front room of a public house, the Cat and Wheel, under guard. Three times a day her husband was permitted to see her, and at the end of the six weeks he, too, was arrested.

They were sent to Boston and with the aid of powerful friends were smuggled to New York, where they were kept in hiding until the "storm" blew over.

But to come back to the beginning of the craze in the

home of Rev. Samuel Parris of the First Church. He was the center of the excitement for some time. He had been a merchant in the West Indies before he took up the ministry, and when he came to Salem he brought with him two servants from Barbados, a young woman named Tituba and her husband—half Indian and half negro.

She was familiar with some of the voodoo rites practiced by the negroes on the West India islands and she entertained Pastor Parris's children with some of the practices at times. Other children in the neighborhood joined the Parris children in the kitchen, where Tituba entertained them with her crooning, her fortune-telling, etc.

It wasn't long before the strange powers of Tituba were whispered about and her works and influence over the children were regarded as devilish. The children began to act strangely—or people thought they did—and after a time Mr. Parris called a meeting of ministers of the neighboring parishes to investigate and pray.

This stirred up some of the eccentric and weaker-minded people in the community, and then all sorts of stories were broadcast and Salem Village was a ferment of gossip—gossip that became more and more exaggerated and included, besides Tituba and her husband, John Indian, several women in the village, including Sarah Good, Sarah Osbun, and Bridget Bishop.

Leading citizens lodged complaints and the accused were examined in the First Meetinghouse—which gives the house its fame in this respect. The children named Tituba, Sarah Good, and Sarah Osbun as their "chief tormentors."

Sarah Good was about seventy years old, the wife of a laborer, a melancholy, distracted woman. She was the first to stand trial and was placed in the Ipswich jail, ten miles away, whence she was brought on horseback every morning

and returned every evening over rough roads the first week of March, 1692.

The trial ended several months later in the death by hanging of Bridget Bishop, Sarah Good, Sarah Wildes, Rebecca Nurse, and two others.

Friday, August 19, Rev. George Burroughs, who had been minister of the First Church, and George Jacobs, eighty years old, of the village, were among five hanged. September 22 eight more were hanged. Two women died in prison, one of whom was 106 years old and had been accused by her own daughter.

Giles Corey was pressed to death because he would not plead to his indictment. The law permitted torture until the victim either pleaded or died.

It was not until October that the reaction set in, and then only because nearly every family, high and low, had been made to feel the effects of the craze and the ruthless authority of the law.

Strangely enough, Tituba escaped death. In fact, she never got a court trial, but was kept thirteen months in prison.

After it was all over, the attainder which attached to the victims and their families was removed and many of the families of the victims were given a financial compensation for the wrongs done. That is more than was ever done in Europe.

But it is not because of the witchcraft craze that the First Church is to celebrate its 250 years of existence. It has had a worthy history, and this it will celebrate.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The news peg is used here as a point of divergence rather than relating it closely to the anniversary of the church. This strange witchcraft craze will always be an interesting subject because of its mystery and supernatural implications. Here,

too, no logical development of the subject is attempted, but merely suggestive and significant events in this period. The writer hints at the psychology of the craze and also its precedent.

3

(*Boston Evening Transcript*)

SHADES OF THE PAST LINGER ON OLD-TIME TAVERN SIGNS

An exhibition of old Colonial tavern signboards at the Rhode Island Historical Society in Providence brings back the shades of chariot and phæton, coach and curricle, of calash and of whisky—not the beverage of a later day, but the old-time conveyance.

The society has gathered thirty relics of the past for the exhibition. They were not all painted by Benjamin Wests and Gilbert Stewarts, as were many in the middle Colonies; some pictured horses with legs that would have shocked Remington; some were done by ignorant artists who converted original names like "The Bacchanalian" into "The Bag of Nails"; some were the merest daubs to comply with the law or attract the attention.

In early days it was the law that there be signboards. Even early ordinaries had them. In Salem in 1645 the ordinary keeper had his license granted with the proviso that "their be set up some innoſensive ſign obvious for direction of ſtrangers." In 1665 Rhode Island courts ordered that all persons appointed to keep an ordinary should "cause to be sett out a convenient ſigne at ye moſt perſpicuous place of ye ſaid houſe, thereby to give notice to ſtrangers it is a houſe of public entertainment, and this to be done with all convenient ſpeed."

There were ſigns painted and carved in wood, ſigns mod-

eled in terra-cotta and plaster, signs painted on tiles and wrought in metal. Those in the exhibition are almost all of wood, such as the Golden Eagle, one of Colonial Newport's most famous shop signs, and the sign of the Greyhound, was on Williams Street, Providence, in 1772. The greyhound was Nathaniel Wheaton's sign.

The collection includes the famous Turk's Head after which a club, a building, a corner, and what not else are named in Providence. It includes the famous bunch of grapes that hung outside the shop of Benjamin and Edward Thurber as early as 1776—a fine example of Colonial wood carving, five clusters, which hung from a wrought-iron arm.

The Turk's Head on exhibition is not the original, but a copy from memory by Artemus Westcott. The original sign was set up by Jacob Whiteman, who opened a general store and traded mostly in Turk's Head salt. He erected a pole at the corner of the store and put the carved head of the painted Turk upon it. The corner became a center from which all important localities took direction and it has retained since the name that it acquired then. It was known throughout the colony.

After forty years the great storm of 1815 washed the Turk's head from the post. Rescued, it was taken south and put over the door of an auction store in Montgomery, Ala.

What happened to it then depends upon which story is believed. One says it was stolen by roistering youngsters. Another relates that a band of wandering Indians took it away. When the Creek War broke out the governor offered a reward for the head of a noted chief, and one day received a large box directed to him with particular care and respect. It contained, carefully packed in sawdust, not the head of the chief, but the head of the Turk. And still later the head went to New Orleans, where again it served as mark of identification in the marts of trade.

There are all kinds of signs in this collection. Toll-bridge signs and tavern signs, the sign of a druggist and the sign of a bootmaker, the sign of a great jeweler and the sign of a bank. They come from Providence and Pawtucket and Rehoboth and Thompson, Conn., and Lime Rock, R. I., and Brockton, Mass., and Willimantic and Coventry and Pomfret and Harmony. Inns include the Anawan House, Vernon Stiles Inn, 1831; Ben Grosvenor Inn, 1765; W. P. Witter Inn, 1829; A. Bowen's Inn, 1811; Daggert Tavern, 1725. The sign from Grosvenor Inn, Pomfret, is one of the few of which the sides are not alike. A. Bowen's Inn, emblazoned with a coat of arms and a yoke of oxen, stood on the Coventry road on the Hartford stage-coach line.

Alice Morse Earl has written of the heyday of this hospitality in *Stage Coach and Tavern Days*; Edwin Field has covered the same subject in *The Colonial Tavern*; Frederick J. Wood has related the story of the great coach roads in *Turnpikes of New England*. There were jolly stopping places on those old roads as well as dreary appointments and hard beds. Food was cheap and so was liquor. At the Center Hotel at Centerdale, R. I., the liquor was kept out of sight under the bar. The sign that hung there is now in the exhibition. It kept its place in the winds and rains from 1824 to 1852. Beneath its ægis could be had brandy, rum of the Indies, rum of New England, gin from Holland. No lager was sold until after 1870. The tavern bill of one Christopher Brown in 1817 was: Two quarts New England rum, 25 cents; one lodging, 8 cents; one gill of bitters, 10 cents; cider, cigars, and tobacco, 8 cents; board for a week, \$2.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This article shows what can be done with an exhibition story. The writer has woven about the tavern signs the atmosphere of the days of stage-coach travel and tavern-keepers who were "mine hosts."

*(New York Times)*NATION'S TRIBUTE AGAIN TO BENJAMIN
FRANKLIN

Next Thursday the 218th anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin will be observed in New York and Philadelphia with exercises indicative of the ever-increasing regard in which the nation holds this many-sided genius.

If Washington is supposed to be "first in the hearts of his countrymen," Franklin should be hailed as first in the homes of his countrymen, for his inventions and adaptations of his discoveries have found their way into well-nigh every American home. As antique dealers know, the Franklin stove is being carried down from many an attic to honored places in restored Colonial houses. The proprietor of Poor Richard's Almanac invented the first mangle for ironing clothes, and Washington was present at its first demonstration.

For queer-sighted folk who kept one pair of spectacles on their nose and another pair in forgotten reserve upon their foreheads, Franklin developed the first bifocal glasses. When summer comes and people seek protection from the sun's rays by slipping into white clothing, their gratitude should be paid to Franklin, who first conducted experiments proving that dark colors absorbed heat while white resisted it. And in snatching electricity from thunderclouds Franklin may be said to have gone further than any one else in his day to tame the electrical giant which ultimately became a household slave.

Therefore, what the Franklin of the twentieth century has to say of the Edison of the eighteenth century should be of special interest when the following letter is read at

next Thursday's New York celebration in the Aldermanic Chamber at City Hall:

To the Benjamin Franklin Memorial Committee of the New York Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution:

I am in hearty sympathy with the work of your committee in keeping alive the memory of our illustrious American, Benjamin Franklin. I admire him as a sturdy patriot when patriotism meant more than mere words; as a diplomat, philosopher, and correct observer; and as an apostle of hard work and sterling honesty. Long may his name be honored!

(Signed) THOMAS A. EDISON.

Generally in references to Franklin a handful of hyphens must be used. It is not enough to term him the printer-scientist, or the philosopher-diplomat. Attaching hyphens to all of Franklin's occupations would yield a tail as long as that of one of his famous kites, for his greatest achievements were as printer, publisher, statesman, diplomat, philosopher, scientist, journalist and author, musician, economist and financier, philanthropist and humorist.

From five federal departments of the government are due filial tribute to Franklin. Of interest to the Treasury Department is the fact that in France the first of America's "liberty loans" was raised by Franklin. The traditions of another, the largest, business organization of the government, begin with Franklin as the first postmaster-general. If John Paul Jones is remembered as the founder of the American navy, it was Franklin who persuaded the French government to equip Jones's squadron, of which the *Bon Homme Richard* was the flagship.

And if shirt-sleeve diplomacy occasionally has come from the State Department, it must be remembered that Franklin was the homespun diplomat at Versailles. Indeed the results of Franklin's missions in France and England merit him

the title of America's greatest diplomat. It was he who raised Cervantes's maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," from the Quixotic meaning it previously had in diplomacy, for Franklin was so honest in his intentions that he even communicated them to the known British spy in his house at Passy. Not without reason did the British ambassador complain that Franklin violated all rules of diplomacy.

In addition to these connections with federal departments, another of Franklin's achievements which ultimately became established as a part of the Department of Agriculture was his founding of the first weather bureau in the country. Another "first" that history gives to Franklin is the initial suggestion for daylight saving.

Mention has been made of Franklin's connection with the founding of the American navy, but this is not his only claim upon seafarers for remembrance, for he is credited with first suggesting that oil poured upon the waters will still a tossing sea. Elsewhere among his papers are studies made of ships' water-tight compartments, a principle he is said to have adapted from the Chinese.

If any man deserved the appellation "founding father" it was Benjamin Franklin. The University of Pennsylvania regards him thus; so does the American Philosophical Society. Of Pennsylvania's first militia regiment he was colonel. In Philadelphia he organized her first fire department, street-sweeping force, and police department.

It is not generally known that "Tin Pan Alley" can claim fellowship with Franklin, but research by historians has uncovered a number of ballads which at different intervals he wrote. When he was but fifteen his doggerel verses were sung on the streets of Boston; his most successful composition have a "Down, Down, Derry Down" refrain. In later life he wrote the words for a drinking song, and a number of other pieces of his appear in contemporary song

books. There is no record of "Poor Richard" ever having composed music, but he played three musical instruments—the harp, guitar, and violin—as well as inventing another, the "armonica," which consisted of a brochetted row of musical glasses revolved by a spinning wheel's foot-pedal arrangement. One of these instruments is in the Metropolitan Museum.

Others of Franklin's innovations include a press for copying letters, the forerunner of modern office methods; a device for smoke consuming and suggestions for abating the smoke nuisance that yet have to be followed in some Pennsylvania cities; and a "Scheme for a New Alphabet and Reformed Kode of Spelling."

Thus far no mention has been made of Franklin's main occupations—printer, publisher, and author—for, despite his ventures into other fields, at scarcely any time during his eighty-four years was he very far distant from the smell of printer's ink. It was as a printer that he was apprenticed in Boston. It was as a printer that Franklin vainly sought work in New York a little more than 200 years ago, before going to Philadelphia. It was as a printer that he made his first voyage to England 200 years ago next November. And even as American commissioner to France he set up a small printing press at Passy.

In the conduct of his newspaper, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which he acquired in 1729, he so increased its circulation that the volume of advertising rose high above that in contemporary publications. Franklin was thus the first newspaper proprietor whose returns came more from advertising than from circulation sales. Moreover he had definite opinions upon the conduct of a newspaper which might be accepted as the maxims of many reputable newspapers of two centuries later.

"In the conduct of my newspaper," he wrote in his Auto-

biography, "I carefully excluded all libeling and personal Abuse, which is of late Years become so disgraceful to our Country. Whenever I was solicited to insert anything of that kind, and the Writers pleaded, as they generally did, the Liberty of the press, and that a Newspaper was like a stagecoach, in which any one who would pay had a right to a Place, by Answer was, that I would print the piece separately if desired and the Author might have as many Copies as he pleased to distribute himself, but that I would not take it upon me to spread his detraction; and that, having contracted with my Subscribers to furnish them with what might be either useful or entertaining, I could not fill their Papers with private Altercation, in which they had no Concern, without doing them manifest injustice."

Appearing in the *Gazette* were a number of advertisements of almost modern flavor, such as "Dr. Bateman's Pectoral Drops, which are given with such great success in all Fluxes, Spitting of Blood, Consumption, Small-Pox, Measles, Colds, Coughs and Pains in the Limbs, in Joints . . . and in a Word, restored Hundreds of Poor infants to their Strength and liveliness that have been reduced to mere skeletons." And from the "agony columns" of English newspapers might have been the following advertisement Franklin inserted himself in the *Gazette*:

"Taken out of a Pew in the Church some months since, a Common Prayer Book, bound in red, gilt, and lettered D. F. (Deborah) Franklin on each cover. The Person who took it is desired to open it and read the eighth Commandment, and afterwards return it into the same Pew again upon which no further Notice will be taken."

This week's celebration of Franklin's birthday will take place exactly 200 years from the year when the young printer sailed for England for the first time. Scores of organizations with whose activities Franklin had some con-

nection will send framed testimonials to be laid at the base of his statue in Park Row. The only wreath among the tributes will be one from President Coolidge. Under the auspices of the Sons of the American Revolution, birthday exercises will be held Thursday morning in the Aldermanic Chamber of City Hall.

In Philadelphia the Poor Richard Club will make its annual pilgrimage to the grave of Franklin at Fifth and Arch Streets.

Friday night in New York the International Benjamin Franklin Society will dine at the Astor and 1,000 guests are expected. John Clyde Oswald, president of the society, will preside, and other speakers will be James M. Beck, Solicitor General of the United States; George H. Carter, Public Printer, chief of the Government Office at Washington, and Commissioner Grover A. Whalen.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This anniversary story is lifted out of the ordinary by closely relating the achievements of Franklin's life with modern invention. No attempt is made to survey his life, so well known, but to pick out interesting bits that are not so generally recorded. Note the news peg at the beginning and the end. The purpose of the article—to record Franklin's varied interests—is quite clear.

5.

(Kansas City Times)

AGE AND NEGLECT THREATEN "OLD IRONSIDES"

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

So Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote of the good ship *Constitution*, better known as *Old Ironsides*, and, in consequence, the veteran ship of the American navy was spared after a Secretary of the Navy in Washington had ordered its destruction.

Old Ironsides again is threatened with destruction as it lies in its wharf at the Boston navy yard. News that the venerable frigate is in danger of falling to pieces ought to provoke as general a patriotic reaction as that inspired by Holmes's thrilling poem in 1830. *Old Ironsides*, once pride of the American navy and whose achievements in the War of 1812 thrilled the United States, was then saved and rebuilt. Again in 1897 the grand old warship seemed doomed. But popular demand for the ship's preservation resulted in the building of a roof over the ship and other precautions.

Congress at the last session neglected to appropriate the \$400,000 needed to recondition the famous fighting craft. Now its timbers are reported by experts to be rotting so rapidly that salvage by rebuilding is considered problematical.

Holmes's poem added to the fame of *Old Ironsides*, whose thrilling history adds a lustrous page to the record of the navy of the United States.

The frigate was launched October 21, 1797. It was built to war against the Barbary pirates and took a notable part in the siege of Tripoli. But it was in the war against Great Britain in 1812 that *Old Ironsides* really won its laurels. Its first exploit was a remarkable escape from a pursuing squadron of five British ships off the coast of Long Island. With a wind, the *Constitution* probably could have out-sailed its pursuers, but the sea was a dead calm. So Captain Isaac Hull ordered the ship's boats lowered, and they towed the vessel. However, slow progress was made, and the British ships, using similar tactics, were gaining on *Old*

Ironsides when the ingenious commander thought of a new method of locomotion. When night came, a boat was sent ahead with an anchor attached to the end of a long hawser. The hawser was stretched its length and the anchor dropped; then the men aboard the vessel hauled in the hawser, pulling the ship forward. In this way the frigate kept ahead until a breeze came to the rescue.

In August, 1812, the *Constitution* had its first real sea fight, when it came up with the British frigate *Guerrière*. After thirty minutes of brisk fighting the British flag was struck. Captain Dacres, the British commander, offered Captain Hull his sword, but the American commander declined it, saying any man who knew so well how to use a sword might keep it.

Off the coast of Brazil the *Constitution* fought another notable duel later in the war, capturing the British frigate *Java*.

While the question of whether it is greater wisdom to build one big battleship or construct two of smaller power is being discussed, and while the comparative merits of naval bombing planes and dreadnaughts is being debated, it is interesting to revert to the contention of Joshua Humphreys, the constructor who built the *Constitution*.

"Several questions will arise," he wrote to Robert Morris in 1793, "whether one large or two small frigates contribute most to the protection of our trade, or whether two small ones are as able to engage a double-deck ship as one large one. For my part, I am of the opinion that the larger ones will answer best."

The *Constitution* was the result, and in that eventful night off Cape de Verde, when the frigate conquered the *Cyane* and the *Levant*, the superb American vessel made good the contention of its builder that one big ship was better than two smaller ones. In those days, ships of war

were rated by the number of guns they carried. James Fenimore Cooper in his *Naval History* credits the *Constitution* in that action with fifty-two guns. He further relates that the two other ships carried a total of fifty-five, or three more than the *Constitution* mounted.

After the two British ships had surrendered and their crews had been brought on board the *Constitution*, "the defeated captains fell into recriminations, each accusing the other of some neglected opportunity. Stewart, the *Constitution's* commander, so runs the yarn, entered the cabin at this moment, to find his captives engaged in bitter talk.

"Peace, gentlemen!" he said. "The eventual result would have been the same no matter what either of you had done. If you have any doubts about it, I will put you and your crews back on board your ships and we will have it over."

Just how true this story may be is uncertain. But as the battle in the first place seems to have been fought for the mere love of fighting, the yarn probably has some germ of truth. Stewart had known a full month before, but unofficially, that peace had been declared, but it seems his men were spoiling for one more good fight before news of peace should officially be had, and Stewart was only too willing to oblige them.

Another story relating to this memorable engagement is to the effect that when the frigate was preparing for action, and that "when the tub of grog was brought on deck for serving out just before the action began, the men turned it into the scuppers, saying they wanted no 'Dutch courage.'" But it seems when the battle was won they wanted a double allowance. They must have been hard-drinking as well as hard-fighting men, those pigtailed seamen.

After the close of the war of 1812, *Old Ironsides* never fought again. It was in 1830 that the proposal to scrap the ship inspired Holmes to write his famous poem, "Old

Ironsides," the first stanza of which has been given. The other two stanzas are:

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea.

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This historical feature on *Old Ironsides* was suggested by the announcement that the ship would be dismantled because it was no longer seaworthy. Note the striking poem which introduces the story, also the use of historical data throughout the narrative. The article is illustrated with a sketch drawn from the painting by Marshall Johnson.

XV

CONFESSIONS

ONE of the most engrossing human documents extant is the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, Florentine goldsmith, sculptor, engraver, and adventurer. Arthur Symonds, who translated Cellini's experiences into rugged English, believes that from its pages "the genius of the Renaissance, incarnate in a single personality, leans forth and speaks to us."

Certainly Cellini has taken his own measure and also the measure of his times. Within his book he has imprisoned, full flavored, unblushing self-worship, along with his philanderings, successes, and failures, his murderous assaults upon rival craftsmen, and his hot, robust enthusiasms. Cellini's autobiography is really a full-length confession story, because it deals so largely with one man's reactions to the busy life around him.

Cellini's example is duplicated some years later in the diary of garrulous Samuel Pepys, who held up the mirror to the intrigues, scandals, and political cross-currents of Restoration London. He, too, knew what it was to confess his shortcomings and adventurings, brazenly and joyously.

In the pages of his diary he recorded in secret cipher all the tittle-tattle of the town, including a frank discussion of his own interests, admirations, and weaknesses, an amazingly audacious performance as outspoken as it is ingenuous. Pepys believed his diary was proof against prying eyes, which accounts for the fact that he brought to his confessions such

engaging candor and such vivid actuality. Pepys had no intention of making himself a hero, much less of courting the applause of hero worshipers. He was interested primarily in himself, in his own concerns, indeed in everything that touched the rim of his everyday life. Accordingly, he wrote without self-consciousness and with unstudied charm, and had no haunting fear of criticism.

In more recent times, other men have left their imprint upon autobiographical literature. Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Carnegie, Edward Bok, Mark Twain have all sought to interpret themselves in the light of their activities, using as a medium the first person.

In these latter days we have been fascinated by another piece of intimate autobiography, namely the letters of Walter Hines Page, ambassador of the United States at the Court of St. James's, 1913-18, letters which have had no equal since the time of Robert Louis Stevenson. In his memoranda, written at the end of the day's work, Mr. Page set down apt characterization, impressions of wartime England, observations in and around London, always tinged by his own direct, honest style and piquant wit.

Many magazines of to-day, aside from the books that come monthly from the press, are strongly autobiographical, because of the insatiable appetite that most people have for modern realities rather than the sugared romance of yesterday. Autobiography has a lure for most people because of its authenticity and because it exhibits human nature "with the hood up."

As a type of writing, a confession story is quite different from the personal-experience story because it deals with more intimate personal matters and is intended for a more limited audience, sometimes just the man himself. It is in essence subjectively rather than objectively dramatic, and is more concerned with sketching a man's philosophy on outward

events than upon the mere recording of them. In fact, sometimes a confession story becomes so confidential that the author is unwilling to reveal his name, but prefers to print the article anonymously. At other times the confession story may be masqueraded under a fictitious legend, more frequently may carry such an announcement as "Reported by" or "As told to," with the name of the reporter indicated.

Broadly speaking, confession stories divide themselves into two groups. The first is swung around a distinctive personality with which the public is familiar. Newspapers and magazines in text and pictures have popularized many Americans so that anything they may say or think—particularly if these opinions display them in some unexpected guise—is always certain to attract an audience.

The literary editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, for instance, believes that you as a book lover may be interested to know how a number of contemporary authors respond to the question, "What book would you rather have written than any other?"

Here is a sample answer as submitted under his own signature by Jerome K. Jerome, whose book *Three Men in a Boat*, delighted us a generation ago:

DEAR MISS BUTCHER:

It is a difficult question to answer. There are so many books I should like to have written, and you pin me down to one. Let us say Wells's *Outline of History*. I could not have done it. It would have taken me years and years to have done it. It is the sort of thing that Wells knocks off between writing a novel and propounding a new religion. But I should like to have done it.

Yours sincerely,

JEROME K. JEROME.

Note the evident honesty, enthusiasm, and freedom from affectation that characterizes this expression of judgment—

a tabloid version of a confession story at its best, using for its hub a famous authority.

A second group of confession stories does not depend for its interest upon a familiar name, but rather upon forthright discussion of a theme of popular appeal. A striking example of this sort of article is that recording the experiences of an audacious bootlegger, as recently published in a national magazine. The article carries no by-line, but the editor assures his readers that he has verified the accuracy of the incidents recorded and has established the fact that the bootlegger had once been a school-teacher who has some flair for writing.

It is of little consequence in this instance whether the author's name is printed, in fact greater proof is given of its authenticity because the story is told from an impersonal, detached point of view.

The accompanying article on "The Best Cure I Have Found for the Blues," as printed in the *American Magazine* carrying the initials C. W., illustrates this human-interest type of confession article:

I HAVEN'T TIME FOR THEM

Surely I know what the blues are. I pride myself I could have them just as well as the next person—if I had time. Blues are classed as luxuries with me; and I have had to taboo most luxuries.

The nicest kind of blues I know is self-pity, and I'm always planning to indulge in it. But, as sure as I begin, something bobs up to interfere. For instance there was that rainy spell some time back, just the day for a nice spell of the blues, especially when one is rheumatic, or has a leaking roof; then, at the crucial moment, in came Sonny with a hurt foot. Of course I had to help him get well in time to win the big game.

"Oh, well," I said to myself, "wait till to-morrow; then I'll pity myself."

Early the next morning I was called over to my neighbor's sick baby. No, it didn't die; but it took all our skill to prevent its death. It was several days before I was in the mood to pity myself again.

Then, one afternoon, I became dead tired of housework—prosaic, ceaseless grind. The world outside was scarlet and gold, and—right here Husband 'phoned for me to go with him to the woods. How could I pity anyone who had been spared for a treat like that?

When I got home I found Cook gone and supper not ready. I went to the kitchen. "Now," self-pity clamored, "is my chance. Nurse me a while."

"Yes," I murmured, "I will. Only first I must feed my cross, hungry family."

I made biscuits, gravy, and pie. And—well, my family is a satisfaction when it's fed. They laughed and sang till I forgot the promise I'd made to myself, and went to bed and to sleep. The next day I had difficulty recalling why I'd meant to pity myself. It was like a week-old cut, healed over and painless.

"Never mind," I said, "Next time I won't be so busy."

But it is always the same. Days, weeks, and years go by, with the blues waiting just within calling distance, but, up to date, I have been too busy to call them.

C. W.

Stories of this unsigned variety often permit a magazine to undertake campaigns for the uncovering of information connected with the common but unstudied experiences of men and women. A case in point is a composite story based on interviews secured from five college instructors, indicating the hard struggle many young teachers must undergo on meager salaries before they reach a place of promise on the average university faculty. Such a frank picture of conditions will carry its own obvious moral.

One of the significant trends of the times is the establishment and wide popularity of magazines exclusively concerned with confessions, true and otherwise, accompanied by elaborate photographic illustrations. One of these periodi-

cals, in commenting upon the kind of manuscript solicited, states its policies in the following terms:

We use stories dealing with the period of adjustment undergone by young people coming into contact with life as it is lived by adults and finding the world a different place from that in which their parents grew up, presenting present-day problems, particularly those that confront young men and young women. Sex may be introduced to strengthen drama, but not elaborated upon, but the story must be dramatic and have heart interest, and drive home the fact that deviation from the accepted moral code brings serious consequences and suffering, even though strong natures rise from the depths into which their moral delinquencies have plunged them.

In his autobiography Mark Twain makes this pertinent comment, applicable to all those who would deal with the stuff of personal impressions and viewpoints:

What a wee little part of a person's life are his acts and his words! His real life is led in his head and is known to none but himself. All day long and every day the mill of his brain is grinding and his thoughts, not those other things, are his history. His acts and his words are merely the visible thin crust of his world, with its scattered snow summits and its vacant wastes of water—and they are so trifling a part of his bulk—a mere skin enveloping it! The mass of him is hidden—it and its volcanic fires that toss and boil and never rest, night nor day. These are his life and they are not written and cannot be written. Every day would make a whole book of 80,000 words—365 books a year. Biographies are but the clothes and buttons of the man—the biography of the man himself cannot be written.¹

The stories that are to come illustrate the confession story at its best. They are authentic, vivid, dramatic, with none of the buncombe of the spurious product written inside the office.

¹ Excerpt reprinted by permission of the publishers, Harper & Brothers, New York.

(*American Magazine*)

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER

AN INTERVIEW WITH MARTIN W. LITTLETON

AS REPORTED BY RICHARD KENT

The most satisfying exhibition of wit it has been my fortune to observe in the course of a good many years' experience as an after-dinner speaker and toastmaster happened at a dinner in New York.

On this occasion the toastmaster was evidently enjoying to the full the rôle he was playing. He tossed off ambassadors, generals, and statesmen as though he were batting out biscuits for the benefit of some consumers' league. Finally the time came for him to introduce a certain famous man.

"We have with us to-night, as the next speaker, a well-known spellbinder. I may say that he is one of the most noted windjammers the country has ever produced. All you've got to do is to drop a dinner in the slot, and up comes a speech! Gentlemen, I take pleasure in introducing Mr. ———."

Thereupon the famous guest, tall and distinguished, a most facile and elegant speaker, rose to fulfill his obligations; but first he paid his respects to the toastmaster.

"I thank the toastmaster," he said, "for his graceful introduction. I suppose, gentlemen, it is true that I am reduced to a parity with Tommy Tucker, who comes to speak for his supper. But in one respect at least I differ from the toastmaster. If you drop a dinner in my slot, up comes a speech; but with him it is otherwise. If he drops a speech in your slot, up comes your dinner!"

And then the deluge—a howl of delight from the audience. I never hope to see the tables turned on a facetious toastmaster in a more satisfactory manner.

The thing that most delights an after-dinner audience is sharp repartee or a witty turn that gets a man out of a tight place. I've found that an after-dinner gathering is generally a pretty generous group of folks with the speaker who hits the mark right at the start. But when the speaker doesn't please, diners are often very intolerant. They begin to murmur. The conversation grows until the noise in the speaker's ears is like the volume of Niagara. But when diners have been a little unfair to a speaker in this way, they are very quick and liberal with their recognition if he comes back at them with the right sort of reprisal.

Not long ago, at a dinner in New York, I introduced a speaker from the West—real West, of limitless landscapes and windblown distances, and he spoke colloquially, with breeziness natural to him. The audience didn't like it. He had an alkali accent, and his audience didn't like that. When he called attention to certain facts of interest about the West, the critical Easterners became restless and noisy.

The Westerner stopped. His jaw dropped. He cast a lazy look around the room. He started to speak again, but paused abruptly. Quiet came.

"You know, folks," he drawled, "I've never been to a city as big as this before. It's been a puzzle to me. The bigger it gets—the more of a monstrosity your metropolis becomes—the prouder you seem to be of it. Your high buildings amaze me. I didn't understand at first why you wanted to stack yourself on one another to such heights. But when I went up to the top of one of your skyscrapers I found out. When you folks get up there you look toward the west, and your education is broadened by the discovery that there's something lying out beyond Jersey City! Now, if

you'll be patient a minute, there are some things I think you ought to know about this country you've discovered from the tops of your skyscrapers."

That twist and the lazy drawl made a hit. In an instant the singed cat had become a Bengal tiger. Through cheers his speech progressed with sharp and alkaline comparisons of East and West.

I have participated in many formal banquets, informal feasts, and delicious dinners, when the occasions have been both adorned and marred with speeches. I have found that, as a toastmaster, my sympathies are about evenly divided between the diners and the speakers. As a speaker, I regard the toastmaster as an unmitigated nuisance. As a diner, I enjoy to the full the ills that befall toastmaster or speaker. When the audience treats the speaker with cruel inattention, I rejoice. If the toastmaster blunderingly brings confusion upon himself, I am glad that I am there. I have not the least disposition to be magnanimous in these matters. I have been through the torture. Now I find consolation in the misery of others.

This frank confession of my point of view should preface anything else I have to say on the subject of post-prandialism. While my life has not been permanently embittered by my experiences, I want my fellow countrymen to know that my sufferings as diner and listener have been exceeded only by the cruelty of my experience as toastmaster and speaker.

Once, I will admit, my sympathies did go out to a speaker who found himself in a hard predicament. He was the shyest, unhappiest, most diffident and miserable little chap who was ever called upon for a speech.

This man had gone out in a lifeboat from Atlantic City, had buffeted a raging sea, and, by a display of real heroism, had rescued several people from a capsized sailboat. In

honor of his courage and achievement a big banquet was arranged for him at an Atlantic City hotel. A number of us went down from New York.

The tables were loaded with riches. The diners were dressed in their happiest clothes. The little fellow—he was about thirty, with a sun-tanned, weatherbeaten face—had the seat of honor. His wife looked down upon him from the gallery. A general spoke. Then an admiral.

It was apparent that the hero did not know exactly what was happening to him. He had understood he was to be given a dinner. Nobody had asked him if he had a dress suit or if his constitution after the heroic rescues was in shape for a real ordeal. Abashed, he listened to the speakers' praises. And if his rugged complexion could have paled he certainly would have gone deathly white when he heard that he was going to be presented with a medal. Then he heard himself not only called upon to get up and rescue that medal from the hands of the official giver—but to make a speech!

It was plain from the look on his face that he wished those people whose lives he had saved were at the bottom of the sea. But he got up. Like a drowning man himself, he clutched the edge of the table. I knew he wished he could get under it. His lips moved and he may have said something. If he did, I didn't hear it, and I was close by. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead—and mine. Yet he was probably a braver man than any one of us could have been.

Finally he sat down, and I breathed freely.

When the toastmaster laid the medal in front of him, he looked at it and clenched his jaws. I knew that he'd made a resolution not to rescue any more folks so long as it obliged him to accept a medal and make a speech.

One question often asked the experienced public speaker,

"What are the signs that tell when you are interesting your audience?" This is not a difficult question to answer, for the successful public speaker has to study closely the people who make up his audiences. He learns instinctively and by conscious observation a great many things about people which, except through his experience before an audience, he might have missed, and some of these things that a speaker knows best of all may prove useful in the daily work of the banker, the executive, the professional man, or the salesman.

When people are interested in what you are saying they give very impressive evidence of it by a sort of conspiracy of silence. A room or hall that is crowded with an interested audience seems more silent even than if it were empty. Every eye is turned on the speaker, and everyone seems to be making a sort of automatic effort to applaud—but soundlessly.

Ordinarily, when an audience is keenly interested, no one coughs or stirs; but if some one does make a sound which amounts to a slight disturbance, a change of expression comes over the faces, a slight indication of irritation, which says as plainly as words: "Keep quiet. I want to hear what he is saying." The one who made the disturbing sound feels this rebuke. The next time you are in an audience you may have a chance to observe how, after such a momentary stir of disapproval on the part of the audience, the silence immediately becomes more profound than ever.

In every audience there are many people who, when intensely interested, repeat with their lips what the speaker is saying. They follow so closely that they are right on the speaker's heels, almost framing the words before he does, but never speaking them. Many others, while not following with their lips so closely as this, do, from time to time, visibly repeat after the speaker the words or phrases that impress them as most apt.

If you are a close observer, you will notice that many

people in private conversations have this habit of repeating, with a slight motion of their lips, words or phrases that particularly impress them. This is a sign not only that the man to whom you are talking is interested in what you are saying, but also that he agrees with you, that you are convincing him.

The lawyer, the business man, or salesman who gets this sign when engaged in a conference, where his object is to persuade, has tangible evidence that he is winning his point. On the other hand, when a man repeats a phrase or sentence after you and at the same time shakes his head, you know that he is disagreeing with you and that you have hit upon one of the things that he may regard as a main objection to your proposal, or as a weakness in your point of view.

If you are really interesting the person with whom you are talking, you get from him a sign that is unmistakable—the expression on his face. It is impossible to describe this expression exactly, but it is one by which you can tell you are getting undivided attention. He may lean forward a little, or he may nod slightly. Then you know you are matching minds. If for some reason he is unwilling to let you know how far he agrees with you, the expression on his face may not be very intent, but it will not be a vacant look, his eyes will not be roving about restlessly. They will be looking at you steadily or at some object reflectively. If he were disposed to agree with you, but still were looking for possible grounds on which he ought to object, he might turn in his chair and gaze steadily out the window.

When a public speaker finds on the faces of his audience the expression which tells him he has won their sympathy and is convincing them, he knows that he should briefly follow that particular line of thought to its logical conclusion, and make his direct appeal for anything he wants the audience to do, as soon as possible. If similar indications of

interest and conviction come in the course of a private conference, these must be taken not only as a favorable sign, but as a warning—against the danger of saying too much. It may then be time to stop talking and to give the man a chance to come to a decision.

People may be hostile to you and your ideas, and at the same time be very much interested in what you are saying. Even though they are polite enough to listen and not interrupt, they give you unmistakable signs of their hostility. They have an expression of resentment or incredulity.

There is one peculiarity common to hostile audiences and hostile individuals: While listening to you politely and even with interest, they seem to let your voice go on through them and out into the world at large. When you are talking to a man or to an audience that agrees with you, your voice seems to come back with a good hearty rebound.

Remember this: When we fail to interest or convince those with whom we are dealing, it is usually because we have not considered the subject from their point of view.

Few people who have not had considerable experience in public speaking realize that there are "leaders" in every audience. The leaders are persons who listen most intently to what the speaker says. They are discovered by the speaker because they are the first and heartiest to applaud, or they may turn to their neighbors and quickly whisper something in a way that shows they have been impressed. Often there are as many as half a dozen "leaders" in a single audience.

It is generally supposed that country audiences are more demonstrative and enthusiastic than city audiences. From my experience, however, I would say that the contrary is true.

Country audiences are most enthusiastic on patriotic subjects, the home, and national ideals. City audiences are

stirred to enthusiasm most quickly by a quick retort or a witty turn. Country audiences are far more responsive to stories than city audiences. This, I suppose, is because country people do not read so many newspaper jokes and have fewer opportunities to hear jokes and stories on the stage. There is one thing that country audiences especially dislike, and that is the effort of a speaker who comes from the city to talk and act as though he were a countryman himself. The man who tries to make a hit in this way may get a few laughs at the start; but very soon the audience becomes cold and distant, feeling that the man is a humbug and is trying to curry favor.

Both city and country audiences are perfectly willing to listen to the man with whose ideas they disagree if the speaker himself is not too dogmatic, and if he shows that he is willing to discuss and explain his point of view. As one of the audience, your sympathy often helps a speaker, and your hostility may also help by stimulating him—if you don't interrupt with too many questions. A little heckling, a question or two, or some other kind of protest is not invariably a bad thing for the speaker. In this connection I remember an experience I had in London a few years ago:

At a luncheon of the America polo team, I sat next to an English barrister, who invited me to that evening's dinner of the bar in honor of Augustine Birrell, then Secretary for Ireland.

On my way down Fleet Street to the dinner, I felt a keen sense of exultation. Was I not going to see all the wax figures rise in their places and suffer as I myself had suffered?

Hardly had I arrived when an elderly gentleman told me that the dignitary who was to propose the toast to the bar of England was unable to attend. Since I had recently con-

ducted a trial that had attracted international attention, he thought it would be appropriate for me to take his place.

My vanity must have been touched, for I was rather pleased that he was disinclined to accept my excuses. The first thing I knew I found myself sitting at the speaker's table with the other waxworks. The thing that perplexed me was that I could see no toastmaster. I soon discovered that there wasn't any.

The time for speaking came. An ancient servitor in knee breeches came to the board and cried: "My lords and gentlemen! Give heed! Give heed! Lord Shaw!" Lord Shaw, in concluding his remarks said something like this, "I propose a toast to the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, and with it I couple the name of So-and-so." Then So-and-so arose. After each pair of speakers the grizzled monitor came forth with his "give heed," and so the program progressed.

I think, myself, that this procedure has some nice points about it. But if you're new to the circumstances, if you're one of the fellows expecting to be promulgated into the lime-light any minute, and all the while you feel yourself getting emptier and emptier of anything worth saying, you wish you knew just when the firing squad would arrive.

Finally, one of the speakers coupled with his toast the name of "Mr. Littleton, New York." And I noticed with a peculiar sinking of the stomach that he had announced my cable address. I didn't resent it, but the unusual touch stood out more vividly in my mind than anything I had to say.

I stood up. Everybody could see at a glance that I didn't belong. I knew it better than anyone else. No wonder, I thought, that the previous speaker gave my cable address. They'll want to know where to send condolences to my wife.

Then I got under way with some weighty remarks about my having come from a polo luncheon to a dinner of the bar without being just sure where one began and where the other left off. Presently I realized that I had not mentioned the guest of honor. So I said:

"I must hasten to pay my respects to the able and distinguished Irishman, Mr. Birrell, who—"

But no sooner had I said "distinguished Irishman" than shouts of "No! No!" went up from all parts of the room.

Mine was the unenviable position of a speaker who has made an egregious error which is instantly recognized by everyone in his audience. Obviously Birrell wasn't an Irishman. What could I say? Having nothing to say, I waited for the "Noes" to cease. Then, without knowing where I was going, I went on: "Well we're all lawyers here. All I can say is that Mr. Birrell looks like an Irishman, he speaks like an Irishman, and he's Secretary for Ireland. That, I should say, makes a good *prima facie* case!"

This evoked laughter, but obviously I was expected to go on and, as luck would have it, the right words came. "If," I said, "because of his brilliancy and wit I naturally ascribe him to that section of the Empire from which we are accustomed to look for these particular qualities, you'll forgive me!"

Then they were satisfied. They were kind enough to rise and cheer. And when it was all over I decided I would still be able to stay in London without disguising my name. Then I discovered that the lot of the after-dinner speaker is indeed a thankless one. I was accused of having perpetrated my mistake about Birrell's nationality intentionally, in order to prepare the way for a graceful compliment. I had, of course, simply proceeded on the assumption that the English would make a man Secretary for Ireland because he was an Irishman.

The long-winded speaker who is like a fast through-line, transcontinental express with no terminal facilities is the hardest for the toastmaster to deal with, as he is the hardest for the audience to endure. The shortest speeches are made in New York, where the approved length is fifteen minutes.

From my experience, I would say that the biggest handicap a man can have as an after-dinner speaker is a career in the United States Senate. The great thing with speakers in the Senate is deliberation, the choice of polysyllables, and the length of time a speech can be made to last. Moreover, a man in the Senate gets accustomed to prepare state papers for posterity. He may talk without interruption for hours at a time, with scarcely any audience except a stenographer. So he really acquires the habit of dictating. This kind of speaking is entirely different from that of meeting the emergencies of after-dinner baiting.

I recall two speakers who were scheduled to address the banquetting members of a patriotic organization. The first speaker was a witty man and he was disposed to have some fun at the expense of the second speaker. After using the time allotted to him, the first speaker called the attention of the banqueters to the fact that he was going to save them from the ordeal of listening to the second speaker by taking up his time also. He continued and made a very long speech, which lasted until a late hour, and many of his humorous remarks were at the expense of the second speaker. When the second speaker's turn came, he said:

"In view of the lateness of the hour, I rise merely to remind you that I am from Texas. While my friend was speaking I was thinking of the old Texas farmer who was pouring raw vegetables into a hog trough near the highway. While he was thus engaged a queer character who had escaped from Harvard University happened to come along.

" 'Don't you know,' said this scientist to the farmer, 'that if you cooked those vegetables the hogs could digest them in half the time?'

" 'Which? What's that?' returned the farmer, excitedly. And then, after chewing over the dietetic idea for a moment, the farmer said, 'Suppose they could! What, in Heaven's name, is time to a hog?'

With that the speaker sat down, and then the storm broke. Doubtless it was a brutal retort, but the first speaker certainly had brought it on himself.

Simeon Ford, one of the ablest and wittiest after-dinner speakers we have ever had in this country, told me once that he had never made a speech without suffering great nervousness beforehand. In his case, the ordeal was so great that, though he invariably met with success, he finally swore off from this form of recreation.

When you see indications of nervousness in a speaker, don't be too sure at once that he is not equal to the occasion. There is no good speaker who doesn't at the start suffer a little tremor of the knees, a dryness in the throat, and an increased heartbeat. Instead of being signs of inexperience or cowardice, these may be indications of the speaker's intellectual stimulus—a good sign for both speaker and audience. The man who arises without a tremor to talk to an audience in cold blood is the one most likely to bore you.

There is no agony on earth like that endured by the speaker who is going through from a nervous start to safe ground. The very nervousness which fits him to make a good speech he has to conceal from you in the audience as much as possible. He has to recover himself quickly, for he cannot let his audience feel that he lacks confidence. His road is never plain. He doesn't know just where he is going, nor whether you want to follow. And this is not because he is anxious to please the crowd, but because he has

something he wants to communicate and make plain. This is true of any after-dinner speaker who is worth his salt.

I have a definite conviction as to the value of after-dinner speaking in any civilized community. In my own mind, I separate what we know as after-dinner patter from the historical, intellectual contact of minds that are stimulated by the promulgation of ideas. To my mind, the fun-making in after-dinner speaking is merely incidental.

It is the same old story: Much as we would like to think that we are moved by reason, the whole world is, in fact, moved by emotion. The man who tries to be very serious or very witty may easily fail, but the speaker who appeals to you with real conviction never fails. No matter whether the greatest subject to him is the breeding of white Leghorns, the plight of Christians in Armenia, or the League of Nations—if he is really deeply convinced, so that he has a message for you, his speech will go like a flame. It won't matter how his convictions are clothed, either, but only with what sincerity and emotional power they are launched at you.

A good many after-dinner speakers, who have really been serious men and who have achieved reputations for humor, have found themselves handicapped by this reputation. I know a forceful, able man in New York who has a nationwide reputation as a "witty" speaker. Sometimes, after becoming known as a wit, he would make a serious, important speech without being funny once, but his auditors were always inclined to laugh at the serious things he said, because they thought that, coming from him, they must be intended to be funny.

One night, when he still hoped that he could kill his reputation as a funny man, he made a serious speech on a subject of national importance. It was well received by his audience; no one laughed. His was the last place on the pro-

gram. Before he had completed his address the newspaper reporters had gone. The morning newspapers gave an account of the affair, quoted from most of the speeches at length, and concluded their accounts by various observations, the tenor of which was, "Mr. So-and-so made a witty speech, and was received with shouts of laughter."

Mark Twain was one who suffered especially from the tendency of an audience to think that a man with a reputation of a wit is always bound to be funny. Underneath, Clemens was a serious, even a tragic, man. More than once I have been present when he obviously wished to appeal to an after-dinner audience with pathos. But all the serious things he said were mistaken for humorous exaggeration.

He once challenged me to tell him a funny story that he had never heard. He thought it couldn't be done, but I remembered a little clipping I had once made from a newspaper. It happened that he hadn't heard this story and it amused him considerably. I suppose the story is well known now: The editor of a country paper received from a subscriber a picture of a domesticated man, which carried this written information: "This is a picture of your subscriber kneading bread with his coat off." The editor promptly wrote back that if the subscriber didn't pay up what he owed the editor would soon be needing bread with his pants off!

I have known speakers who made a point of never arriving until the dinner, or even the speaking, was well under way. Their coming in late not infrequently causes the audience to rise and cheer. Some speakers find such a demonstration very satisfying, in spite of the fact that they may have deliberately provoked it.

This sort of thing happened one night when I was serving as toastmaster. The belated speaker came in when one of the speakers was nearing the close of his remarks. The latter had to stop speaking while the new arrival shook hands

with the others at the speakers' table and acknowledged the applause. The new arrival was a man famous for his great string of funny stories. When quiet was restored, the speaker who had the floor said, "I was not aware that our distinguished friend was going to speak here to-night, or I would not have told his favorite story!" Then he sat down.

When the distinguished friend rose to speak immediately thereafter, he floundered painfully. He didn't want to tell any story that had been told there already that evening, and thus confirm the fact that he had a "favorite" story, or a limited supply of them, and he had no way of knowing what stories the previous speaker had told. He made a very short speech.

I have been present on some occasions when the most amusing speech was made by a man who was not on the program at all. I have one case in mind in particular.

The State Bar Association was holding its banquet at the Ten Eyck Hotel, at Albany. John Millburn presided, and Mr. Millburn is by no means an undersized individual. The dignified figure of Judge Parker, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, was at Mr. Millburn's right. To the left of Judge Parker was another whale of a man, six feet two.

We had with us that night a very distinguished doctor of laws from Tokio, Doctor Mashajuma, and he was about as tall and portentous-looking as the average Japanese. He sat at Mr. Millburn's right, and beyond him was a Canadian, six feet three. This made a mighty imposing array of tall men with a break in the sky line just where the little Jap sat.

The speaking had progressed. The chairs were pushed around in disorderly style. The familiar lazy loops of smoke were hanging from the ceiling. It was late, and it was what we now refer to as the pre-Volstead era. Mr. Millburn at this point introduced our distinguished Jap-

anese friend, Mashajuma. The Jap rose, and while standing the top of his head came just about even with those of his neighbors who were sitting. As he began to speak there was a slight disturbance in one part of the dining room.

The trouble came from a man who was obviously suffering from the low visibility of his surroundings. Struggling to see better, he stood up and, pointing with his fingers, identified to his own satisfaction each one of the big fellows who had spoken. As the Jap continued, the disturber said, somewhat irritably, "Shut up!"

"Sh! Sh!" came from all parts of the hall.

"Shut up!" said the disturber again.

"You shut up! Put him out!" came from the indignant lawyers.

Thereupon the disturber rose to his full height, interrupted the distinguished little doctor of laws, and said:

"Mr. Toastmaster, I make this point so you can understand my position. If you're going to have this man from Tokio speak, why, in Heaven's name, don't you make him stand up?"

This interpolation was certainly amusing at the time, and undoubtedly from the peculiar angle of the speaker's vision the point was well taken. The laugh it awakened was inevitably spontaneous and the little Jap didn't seem to mind. He went right ahead with his speech. He didn't understand what the disturber had said any more than he understood what he himself was saying. All the English he knew was the speech he had especially learned for the occasion.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Here is a story written in the style of an after-dinner speaker's speech. The reporter has caught the easy flow of words, the selection of broadly interesting material and humor that make the toastmaster entertaining. Half a dozen speakers

are introduced, along with actual circumstances and audience. The writer dwells on one incident just long enough to seize your interest, and then he passes on to another equally good story. The style is quick and light to suit the subject. The detached point of view of the reporter who "listens in" upon Mr. Littleton, a famous raconteur, saves the article from self-glorification and egotism.

2

"OLD BLOOD AND THUNDER"

THE CONFESSION OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY CONCERNING
THE SUCCESSFUL AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

By ELSIE B. JOHNS

In the outer office they call the boss "Old Blood and Thunder," but I never make that mistake.

It is true he raises his voice in anger. It is a known fact that he stirs up his force of employees as a storm muddies water, but in the private office he can be calmed down till he is lamblike in meekness.

I have been his private secretary for five years, and in that time I have had ample chance to study antidotes for his excitability.

The rest of the people in our office think it is great fun to imitate the boss, but not when he is around, of course.

It is too bad that all his employees cannot know what a good sort Mr. Brown really is. I would like to tell them about the little tubercular newsboy he sent to a sanitarium, if it weren't violating confidence. I would like to read them some of the letters he gets from the Off-the-street Club. The boss is a director and every year he takes charge of their benefit field day. There is seldom a day passes that I do

not see some evidence of his generosity. He is kind-hearted to the point of being unwise. He subscribes much more than he can afford to charity, and his gift list is several notebook pages long. Other men on his income—the boss draws \$15,000 a year—think first of that bank account and rubbers for a rainy day.

All men are a little queer, I suppose, but none more so than Mr. Brown. It is impossible for him to be agreeable, just because that seems to be the thing to do. He needs a little special occasion or dramatic moment to coax out his innate goodness. He thrives on flattery, and when the spot light is on him there is no stopping his flood of oratory. The boss presides at our annual banquet. He appoints Mr. Waters to entertain his wife during the evening, and then he flits about the banquet room the rest of the time, shaking hands with the men, complimenting their wives, praising their children.

“My dear!” he bustles back to his wife. “What do you think of this fine little family of mine?” The boss has eighty-six on the payroll.

His wife knows his cue. She smiles at him and tells Mr. Waters that her husband is such a child! Mr. Waters never suspects, nor does anyone else, that he has quarreled with her all the way downtown about some trifle that has gone wrong about the house. I can’t help knowing these things, for Mrs. Brown has frequently come down to the office and sputtered about her woes.

Mr. Brown is one of those nimble-witted men who always has an alibi. He is never to blame when anything is wrong. The world is peopled with idiots, and the most intense variety of idiot is always just where he happens to be. The day he drives, all the foolish automobilists are out. They smash his fender. They cut out in front of his car. They shoot on to boulevards without a signal. The boss will tell

you the world delights in tempting him to swear. He feels that Central plagues him with more than his quota of wrong numbers, busy wires, dead lines. At home, Mrs. Brown says it is the gardener who gets credit for forgetting to put away tools. Everyone knows the boss leaves a trail of disorder wherever he goes.

He loses his glasses innumerable times a day, and just as regularly as he loses them, so do I unearth them from a pile of personal mail on his desk or he finds them in his vest pocket, the same pile of mail and the same vest pocket every day.

Yet, he gets red in the face, insisting that he saw me take them, and what is more, he really believes he makes me think I did.

The boss is a handsome man with broad shoulders. He has a reputation for being genial. Like every other man in the late forties, he delights in believing he has drunk the waters of eternal youth. He yearns for flattery as flowers for dew, and he is far more curious than any woman I have ever known.

In five years I have learned to know all the men friends of Mr. Brown, which ones are welcome and which ones not. I sense when to interrupt him and when to snarl a savage "No" to all comers. I can tell the difference between those who come to buy and those who come to sell, and I can spot a clever life-insurance or book salesman in any group of people. The boss has coached me long and diligently.

It is my business to know the birthdays and special anniversaries of his family and near friends, also their hobbies. His brother is devoted to trout fishing, for instance, and Christmas time I automatically scout around the outers' shops for some novelty in rod or reel. The boss' wife boasts that her husband personally selects her gifts and pens her

the most tender love notes to go with them. She little suspects that I do all his gift shopping and that I stand over him with fountain pen and paper, and even help him draft these endearing little messages of his affection. It is not that he doesn't love her. He will tell you he is much too rushed to have time for sentiment.

On all holidays I send Mrs. Brown flowers with his love and his personal visiting card. He pays the bill, that is all. *Matinée* tickets are alternated with silk stockings and candy, and it is no small job to rehearse the boss so that he can return an intelligent answer when his wife thanks him.

The day before her birthday I remind him not to go home grouchy. When his wife is out of town I get in touch with his men friends by phone and see that he is invited to their homes to dinner. For this tender ministering unto his loneliness am I rewarded by friend wife or by the boss? No! How could I be? Neither of them knows!

Carlyle said something about no man being a hero to his valet. I wonder whether Carlyle ever heard of the genus private secretary. For of her no truer word could be said.

A secretary sees the boss at his best and at his worst, most often the latter. She knows more about his real worries than his own family, and, unlike his own family, she decides it is quite worth while to study his moods.

Take my case!

When the market breaks against Mr. Brown nothing soothes him so much as finding us all busy as ants. Moving about the office, he sees all eyes glued to our work. On the other hand, when he has made a nice little profit, that is the time to ask for an afternoon off. It is also the time to present all the expense checks for signature, checks that have been accumulating against this sunny day. My em-

ployer does not know it, but I watch the ticker just as though I had real money up. When I see things come his way I hustle out my file called "Propitious!" and get his okeh on all new plans which in less auspicious moments would be sure to meet instant death. There is a regular army of boon-seekers around his desk when I give the signal "Luck is with us!" and not one slinking figure in sight when I hang out the sign, "Danger, Blasting!"

Most people who work for Mr. Brown say he is not human. They think of him as first cousin to a traffic policeman or a jail warden. He represents authority, but that he has any of the so-called baser emotions, they do not realize.

Each day in our office, just as in any other office, the hour before luncheon is a time of tragedy. The boss is hungry. He would not confess it for the world, but he feels a cavernous void in his stomach. We of the rank and file lose none of our dignity by climbing up on a stool before the lunch counter downstairs and eating a sandwich or some sticky pastry. The boss must wait until he can go out to his club. Then after luncheon comes high tide. The boss settles back with a fresh cigar and our office becomes the land of milk and honey.

His wife happened in one day just about this time and jokingly remarked that she couldn't believe her eyes. Her husband looked a positive saint, she said. I couldn't help thinking that his angelic moods might be transferred to his home if she were only willing to play up to him a little more.

"Honey catches more flies than vinegar!" said Cleopatra. On this principle empires have been builded and wrecked. Men are as wax in the hands of women who will take pains. The boss' wife remarked one day that it is immoral to flatter a man. She is holding out for Unadulterated Justice, and she seems to find herself working a tread-

mill. Mr. Brown is an upright citizen, so far as any of us knows or cares to say, but he is only a man, after all. Manlike, he gravitates to those of the soft voice and winsome manners. He will give most generously to one who coaxes. He will give flat denial to anyone who shrieks from a soap-box on the corner, "Rights, Justice, Fair Play, Equality." He is a man, and what chance has a woman in a man-made world, unless she plays the game as he wants it played?

Every woman knows that the more sedate a man appears, the less it takes to upset his equilibrium. Some women learn this fact by experience. Movies and the stage have educated the rest. I have seen the merest wisp of humanity coax the boss to do what five minutes before he had declared he would never do. An organizer for a riding club sold the boss a membership when he knows he looks ridiculous on any kind of steed and that when he rides he will be lame for days.

The boss phones Mrs. Brown from the office when he comes in from a business trip. He tells her he has never had such a hard grind since he's been in business, worked like a dog every minute of the time, but that is not what he tells Bill and Jim, or any other man friend who may inquire, and in golf season he never goes away that he does not take along his clubs.

Sometimes I have driven to the station long hours after shop closed to meet the boss as he came in from a trip. I have volunteered to take down his report in shorthand, for the next day it is always hard to pin the boss down to a two-hour job. The boss always beams when I suggest it before he goes. He says that he will work out his notes on the train and that we will pitch in for a solid evening's work when he's not occupied elsewhere. He comes back without

a scratch on paper and greets me with an absent-minded chuckle.

"You're a brick to come, Miss Roberts," he always says, "and I know I ought to work to-night, but a trip like this stirs up the eternal boy in me. We'll do it to-morrow!"

Sometimes the boss grows philosophical.

"Women are vain by nature!" he said to me on one occasion, and ordered mirrors to be taken down from over the washbowls out in the office, but on the inside of his own private clothes closet he has a full-length mirror, and when he looks into the glass I cannot help seeing that it is not without appreciation. It is part of my duty to keep a cake of imported soap in his soap dish and a can of fine talc on his shelf. The bootblack makes morning pilgrimages to the office to shine his shoes, and Mr. Brown has been late many times to conference in order to keep an appointment with his barber.

At home I sometimes jokingly call the boss Mr. Fix-it. That is because he boasts that he is as much at home with a chisel and a hammer as any carpenter. He says that not enough dignity is attached to the crafts. Also, now and then he feels a surge of petty economy. I have seen him delay a half-day's dictation to take off his coat and tinker with his swivel chair.

"Do you want the janitor?" I suggest, with restraint. It is all I can do to keep from laughing, for the boss pants when he leans over and little cushions of fat bulge out around his waist line.

"Certainly not!" he will answer, straightening to his full height. "It's these small leaks that make business unprofitable."

If I could put my finger on one single thing that does most to disrupt the even tenor of our ways around the office, I should say it was Mr. Brown's detachable-blank-check

habit. Hate of hates! There ought to be a law forbidding the writing of checks without accurate filling in of stubs. I have worked days and nights trying to make bank accounts balance. The boss has a checking account in four banks. In each of these there is some personal friend who solicits his business. To make them all feel good, he tries to divide his patronage, but his good-heartedness is turning my hair gray.

Never once do I know just how much money the boss has. We write checks on Bank A for hundreds of dollars when there is a balance there of less than ten. The boss lost at poker one night, giving a check to cover, but, of course, the next morning he did not remember to tell me about it. Then, when I find we are overdrawn, such a scurrying as follows, personal appeals and promises, and I hurry over to deposit a check on Bank B to cover the deficit. These little flirtations with fortune occur most often over the week-end, so that Monday may truly be called indigo in hue.

The boss is president of our firm in name only. He owns very little stock in the business, but I am the only one outside the board of directors who knows it, and I hold my job because I do not talk. He is looked on by all his friends as a wealthy man, and it works a hardship on all the Browns to keep up appearances. Mr. Brown has a good income, but almost no money in the bank, and still he goes on down the primrose path, indulging every whim. It worries me. Just why I should take this deep interest in the spendthrift Mr. Brown cannot be answered, except that I have to soften the wrath of those who have extended credit. They think it is laziness on my part that lets them go month after month unpaid.

"Send them all their money," urges the boss. It is only by use of diplomacy that I can tell him Mrs. Brown's sum-

mer in Maine has made that impossible. She buys most recklessly at the shops, but I am not in position to suggest the exchequer is low. She looks at the boss' income through one end of the telescope; their bills, through another. Never once in five years have we had money enough to meet all current obligations; nevertheless, there is no let-up in buying. When it comes to counting the cost, however, we are the Great Postponers. I urge a budget system. That is how we run the business. But the boss looks at me indulgently and says I cannot teach an old dog new tricks. He is worried about expenses, in an impersonal way, but it gives him a feeling of importance to step into the best shops and order without reservation.

He boasts that he never asks the price of merchandise, but selects for quality, and he always buys an assortment. He says he instructed the clerk to send on approval, but he never permits me to take anything back. He buys enough for three men, and his chief indulgences seem to be ties, custom shirts with monogramed sleeves, and the sheerest of linen handkerchiefs. The stenographer next door assures me all men are alike, and she reminds me it is the male bird that wears the plumage. I think back to the day the boss ordered the mirrors down and smile.

Mr. Brown is a champion golfer, and during season I spend a large part of my days on the long-distance phone, having him paged at one country club and then another. When his name is in the papers I see that he has copies to mail to all his friends. Telegrams, letters, phone calls come pouring in during the summer. The boss pretends not to like this gallery of applause. He answers everyone's congratulations with, "Pretty good for an old fellow!" But let any of us forget to contradict Mr. Brown when he says his best days are over, and we would pay the price that folly always exacts. When the boss says it, it's different!

I wish Mr. Brown could get as genuine a thrill from his business as he does from golf. I have known him to bolt a directors' meeting when there is a championship meeting. Only the fact that he speeds up like a steam engine when he does work and that he is well liked among the trade, make him tolerated by the owners of the business during summer.

Some of our biggest deals have been put over on the fairways, so the boss tells me, when I say reproachfully that Mr. Field, our principal stockholder, called him six times on the telephone, only to be told that Mr. Brown had refused to be paged.

A sentence describes the boss. He means well! It is only because his intentions are the finest that he is excused for failure to meet even simple obligations day in and day out. He gives rash promises.

"What harm, if it makes anyone feel better?" I have heard him say. "We may all be dead before we have to make good!"

Around the office we know Mr. Brown's chief weakness, and when we ask to have anything done we get his promise in writing. He phones his wife he will be home early and dallies around the office until after six. He tells me he will come back in time to sign his mail, and disappears for the afternoon. I wait until everyone else has gone home, worried for fear he may have been run down by a truck. I phone his home and find he has been there for an hour and is even then having forty winks before dinner.

A capable woman spoils any man with whom she comes into close daily contact, anyone will tell you. Mrs. Brown says her husband grows more dependent each day, and it is all because we indulge him during the day at his office. A private secretary knows she must be efficient or some one else will take her place. In the degree to which her effi-

ciency increases, so, all too often, increases her employer's dependence upon her. When she is away from her desk he is like a rowboat without a rudder.

Mrs. Brown says neither her husband nor any other man can develop to his full capabilities without constant scourging.

"Let him struggle along and worry!" she boasts is her motto for Mr. Brown at home.

She even adds, "It's good for him!" and she says it is only the man who is literally hurried along to the grave by an extravagant family who ever overtakes success.

There is no doubt in anyone's mind that I have ruined the boss. He has learned to dodge responsibility as an alley cat dodges alarm clocks. He is fat and jolly, so says the world, and for this there is a reason. I am vain enough to think he would be far less comfortable without me, and he is not slow to say so himself. Christmas time he comes into the office with a gift he has selected at one of the stores, and I prize it because the boss went out of his own accord and bought it. He presents it with a few words to the effect that he appreciates all the worry I go through on account of him. Really, it is worth the effort, just to know he is grateful. He speaks of me often at home, I know, and Christmas week we always have a dinner party when the boys are home from military school. Mrs. Brown comes in to be with us, and she compliments me by saying she feels Mr. Brown is so safe in my care!

It took me a good many years to realize a private secretary can be something more than a mere cog in the machinery of commerce. I almost believed I had ceased being a person at all, when the truth came over me that I formed no small part of the boss' life. I spend the best hours of the day with him. I know most of his secrets, far more than does his wife. I make periodic appointments with his den-

tist, his oculist, his physician, and insist that he report regularly at a gymnasium. I have interested him in counting calories. Books which his business demands he read, I go through for him. I hound him in the interest of duty until he is glad to go his way without default. It is easier to dodge a subpoena server than me, he says, when I am hot on his trail.

He tries all sorts of weak-kneed excuses. That is the way of a man with a woman, but I have had to develop a relentless follow-up system, and he knows from experience that it is easier to do the job the first time than to think up a series of alibis. He never gives in without a sham struggle, of course. That would not be in line with his theory.

For this service to Mr. Brown, naturally, a generous price is paid. It takes hard work and patience to keep his fires of genius stoked, and if I have worked up from the ranks to a seat in the private office, it is only because responsibility does not frighten me.

The boss gets credit for being a success. Yet, left alone in his office, he could not find his way around among the scores of records and reports and statements that I consider it stark duty to know from a to z. It is my province to be informed precisely which branch of his business is profitable, and to be able to write out a report in dollars and cents. The boss knows in a general way, of course, but his secretary must speak in figures, not figures of speech. I must know how much overhead is eating into profit, and to this end I study every scrap of information that comes into our office. If I had the authority I would cut his payroll to the bone. It is impossible to sit in his office and not know deadwood when I see it. The boss listens to flattery. A woman is suspicious when pretty speeches are made by those who work under her. The boss often mistakes ap-

parent busyness, rattling of papers, scurrying from one side of the office to the other, for real work. The painstaking details of management are a foreign language to him, and the picture is not exaggerated. It is typical of American business.

The boss, my boss, is pretty much like any chieftain in any other office. He is the Successful American Business Man, and our hats are off to him. Without the leaven of his personality and magnetism the office force would be dull as ditch water and business would shut down inside of a month. He is more of a trial to me than boils were to Job, but in spite of it all, I close my desk each night conscious that I am among the chosen.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—These intimate confessions of any secretary about any American Business Man Boss are full of flavor because of their general application and their specific touches that reveal the one man in every characteristic mood and whimsy, each richly interpretative. Mr. Brown is a live personality as well as a type, but there are many times when any man may be recognized in him. The secretary builds up a picture of herself as well as that of her boss. The light vein in which the story is told is the thing that makes this a capital story. There is a bit of seriousness under it all, sugar coated. But in describing her boss, the secretary has made herself a bit toploftical.

3

(*Atlantic Monthly*)

FERGUSON—REX

BY '90

Middle Age stood before the counter of the College Drug Store and examined with reflective eye the display of college insignia ingeniously wrought on banner, pipe, and shield. The panoply and regalia of youth, the splendid

uselessness of most of the articles, the tragic solemnity of it all, filled him with longing for a time when these, and not an impaired digestion and shattered nerves, were the realities of life.

The early twilight of a winter afternoon had fallen on the quiet college town. Groups of students passed the glare of the windows, boyish laughter and youthful jest marked the close of the day during which countless parental hearts had followed these boys, in imagination, to and from the classroom and shared with them their work and play. This winter day counted among its most blessed memories the thousand and one self-denials and personal sacrifices of a thousand parents, that these loitering feet might continue to tread the streets of this little college town and that these boyish voices might continue to fill the twilight air with laughter and song.

The door opened and in a whirl of snow a young man entered. He was only a boy, but he came as a monarch might enter the home of a humble subject. As he shook the light snow from his capless head and from the collar of his leather jacket, he smiled a casual greeting to the clerk behind the counter and glanced with pleasing frankness, but without a ray of interest, at the unfamiliar middle-aged figure at the pipe counter. With entire accustomedness he stepped behind the counter and slipped a package or two of cigarettes into his pocket. In leisurely circuit of the store, he acquired a bag of salted nuts, a box of matches, and a few other necessities of the moment. Then he lounged to a stool at the soda fountain. The clerk, anticipating that this would be his last stop, stood, awaiting the inevitable order. "The usual" was all the description necessary, and forthwith he was supplied with an amazing combination of fruits and syrups and ices of which he disposed slowly and silently. This done, a fresh cigarette

was lighted and, stopping only to view with appraising eye the feminine beauty and pulchritude in an advertisement of the picture at the local movie-house, he nodded a farewell. He turned a moment at the door to murmur, "Charge Ferguson," and disappeared. The clerk made some entries in a dog-eared book and turned to other duties.

Middle Age watched with a curious sense of humility the slender figure of the boy as it melted into the darkness of the street. Surely he never handled himself in that way. He felt a little as if a splendid pageant had passed; he recognized that feeling of reaction that comes when the last glittering wagon has gone by in the circus parade, or when the last soldier has hurried along trying to march in step to a distant band. He stood silent and for the moment depressed and then he knew what the feeling was and whence it came. He recalled a coronation procession in a European capital. That was all. He knew now what had happened. Royalty had passed. The youthful king, the hope of his nation, had shown himself to his subjects, and was even now immersed in the duties of the court. Yes, the young king had passed and for a moment the dull eyes of Middle Age failed to recognize him.

As Middle Age walked with cautious step over the ice and snow, he pondered on what he had seen. What of this gallant young king, what manner of man was he, what of his court? To what advisers would he lend his ear? How would his kingdom prosper? How sure is the vision of those fearless eyes? As he tapped the frozen ground with his walking-stick he found his ears ringing with that cryptic phrase, "Charge Ferguson." How simple it all was! Those magic words had placed at youth's behest the entire glittering pharmacy. But who was Ferguson? The unseen elder Ferguson who acted as royal treasurer and met

these drafts on the royal exchequer? Middle Age wondered if the royal moneys were being wisely expended.

These questions could be answered only by acquaintance with Ferguson, and to this task Middle Age devoted himself for many weeks. The Royal Personage was not difficult of approach. He met advances with the same disarming self-assurance with which he purchased his cigarettes. He looked into the eyes of Middle Age and alleged Experience with a disconcerting frankness. He treated the whole episode of this strange acquaintance without concern and without interest, but from beginning to end with faultless and unfailing courtesy. If he did not seem abashed by the evident interest of his new friend, he certainly did not swagger. He never posed, he never evaded, he never condescended. The whole matter is now lost to him in the intricate and pressing life about him, and Middle Age has become, no doubt, a blurred and indistinct figure in the crowded canvas of undergraduate life.

Not so Ferguson—he stands out as clear as a cameo in the mind of his inquiring friend. It is this unforgettable figure, this graceful, ardent, intelligent, but often mistaken and hence much criticized, Heir of the Ages that I shall attempt to sketch. It is wise and right that we should be interested in him; he will soon inherit his kingdom and we shall all soon be under his sway. It is meet that we be concerned about him, and proper that we should see if the kind of example and instruction we have given him are the best we have to offer.

In the first place, Ferguson is no mean and unattractive figure from the eugenic standpoint. He is better made, better built, better put together, and carries himself better than the youth of past generations. Middle Age bungled through hours of gymnasium exercise under the watchful eye of a skilled and kindly trainer. He dressed and bathed

with Ferguson. He watched him do his work, he saw him lounging in the dressing rooms, and he cheered him in the heat of passionate striving for victory. He saw him win and, what is better, saw him lose like a gentleman. It is an experience not without its embarrassments to Middle Age to stand with a dozen Fergusons in shameless nudity and discuss a book, a play, a victory, or a defeat. You feel singularly out of place, for you are a rapidly decaying mortal and you find yourself standing with the young gods on the slopes of Olympus. No, dear friend, so anxious about the physical degeneration of the race, you need not worry. Ferguson will carry on.

So much for the body. How about the head? Ferguson prefers to call it his "bean." Here we are on less sure ground. Middle Age had concerned himself with other matters so long that an accurate appraisal of Ferguson's bean is a difficult matter. This much is sure. Ferguson wants to know. He does not accept the formulæ of past generations; he accepts them only when he thinks they are proved. He has become skeptical about so many of them that he has a habit of throwing them out of court without proper consideration. This is bad for Ferguson and annoys his elders and his preceptors. He must be shown the unwisdom of doing so. He is interested in very different things than those that concerned his father. On the whole they are much better and more important things. He can hold his own in a discussion without losing his temper better than his elders, but he has a tendency to stick to the weak side of a case after he knows it is lost. He likes lost causes. He will look in the eyes of the professor of economics and tell him he does not agree with him; this annoys some professors of economics and Ferguson is called "rebellious." He is less rebellious than any type of man alive, for the simple reason that he feels in the bottom of his

heart that the thing is not worth the trouble of rebelling against. He knows it will all come out in the wash, and the real facts emerge if he only thinks and talks about it enough. That is one reason why he is so difficult to argue with. The principal trouble with Ferguson's bean is that he allows this habit to lead him astray. He is so sure of the unimportance of a host of unimportant things that he fails to see, sometimes, the tremendous importance of some really important things. That is one of the great problems in the training of Ferguson for the throne.

There is a certain type of elder that insists that Ferguson is "radical." He is. But bless your dear anxious heart, brother, he is at the same time the most conservative, tradition-bound, and stand-pat of mortals. Take a look at the little world he has built. Examine its laws and its customs. He has a code more rigid than the laws of the Medes and Persians, more inflexible than Draco at his best or worst. He believes in a Code, in an Established Order, he trusts in Authority and worships Order. He is a little uncertain about the wisdom of some of the regulations governing the outside world, but he has no doubt about the wisdom and validity of his own. When he comes to the throne he will see that the same order prevails and that authority is respected as fully, and rather more fully, possibly, than it is now. The statute book may change in detail but the underlying principles will never be altered by Ferguson.

His attitude toward his teachers and his studies baffles a dull observer, but in the main it is governed by his predominating intellectual trait. He admires manhood vastly more than scholarship. He has yet to learn the important place pure scholarship holds in the general plan of things. He is sure to learn this in time. If he finds in the scholar the man he is looking for, the scholar can lead him any-

where. But the tremendous forces that have made Ferguson what he is have left him where he refuses to see the scholar if the man is not there. It is said that he will learn nothing. No candid observer could claim that the outward and visible signs of mental accretion are overwhelming, but in private conversation Ferguson displays at times a disconcerting clearness of vision, and a wealth of real understanding about a lot of things that he regards as important. A great amount of it he gets in the classroom, but alas, the hard-working instructor too often is left in ignorance that the seed has fallen in fertile ground. Ferguson does not care for facts as facts. He is interested in principles. The problem is to show him that the facts illustrate the principles.

Ferguson's attitude toward what is called vice is a curious thing. He is an utterly sophisticated person and will talk with entire frankness. He does not drink half what his father drank, and not a tenth of his sainted grandfather's daily potion. But when asked why he does not drink madly, wildly, as all college students are supposed to, his explanation is a little difficult to follow. He does not regard the use of liquor, its purchase, possession, or manufacture as a crime. No amount of legislation or vociferation on the part of the moralist can make him do so. But he knows that on the whole it is a bad practice, and with that curious half-blind clear-sightedness that is his salvation he promptly places its excessive use in the limbo of the things that "are not done." Temperance has found a place in his involved ethical code because he has found it good. Good for himself, good for others, and good for the little world in which he lives.

Of the other major vices which are supposed to be characteristic of the college man, he is singularly free. But do not think for a moment that the horrid visage of vice rouses him to a fine frenzy of righteous indignation. Ferguson is

not given to frenzies, nor does he indulge much in indignation, righteous or otherwise. Vices of the grosser sorts he regards as bad form and worse manners. These have found their place, too, in the catalogue of things not done. Ferguson's father may have been a model youth, but his rectitude was the result more of the fear of consequences and a very tepid conventional morality than a reasoned balancing of good and evil in the terms of practical daily life. These things do not seem to be to Ferguson "moral" questions in the sense that used to be emphasized, and woe to the man, preacher or layman, who tries to inflame Ferguson's mind with the presentation of them as instruments of a personal devil. The truth of the matter is that Ferguson is not "good." He does not care to be. But he has tucked away in his bean the elements of a practical philosophy of life vastly more durable, and of infinitely greater tensile strength, than the somewhat flabby "morality" of his father's generation. He does many, many things that cause the judicious to grieve, but the judicious like to grieve and Ferguson just now is a favorite object of solicitude. When he comes to the throne many things may happen at his court that would not have happened in the early nineties, but when it becomes necessary to do so he will clean house thoroughly and effectively. He will do it with a cool head and practised hand, but without averted face, and with no display of moral indignation. His administration will be clean.

Ferguson's religion is a much more private and personal thing than his father's. For that reason it is harder to get at and more difficult to describe. It governs his life much more than he suspects and provides him with just what he needs during a very brief and bewildering period. The men who are active in religious work he regards as no better and no worse than anyone else. Their activity alone wins them no special consideration, but on the other hand it does

not place them in a class alone. Ferguson's father used to call them "gospel sharks" and they were held in more or less contempt by youths who joined their associations and dabbled in their undertakings while they sneered at them behind their backs. Ferguson may or may not share their labors, but he no longer sneers at them and, if they "make good," they are elected to his clubs and receive college honors. This change is well to ponder on. It is more significant than it seems. Ferguson will never be as "religious" as his father in the class of ninety, but he is quite as likely to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.

Of the lesser amenities of life, Ferguson is a past master. His manners can be perfect, so perfect that the wonder is where he acquired them. As a host he is delightful, as a guest considerate and easy. For social conventionalities he cares very little, but he seems to know instinctively what to do and not to do.

In qualities of heart he is supreme. The warmth of youth tempered with shrewdness, the quick impulsive thing done with feeling and with grace. He rarely blunders and never "slops over." His court will be gracious.

It has been said that Ferguson lives by code. Never did mortal do so more thoroughly. Of all the monuments of civil life, none can equal in architectural intricacy Ferguson's code. It has been built piece by piece to meet the requirements of the moment. Devoted as he is to it he will scrap the whole thing to-day and replace it with another to-morrow if occasion demands. But it serves his need and, with all the somewhat grotesque detail that seems to mar its outline, it is built on solid foundations. He errs in trying to apply it to every question and in trying to make it fit every emergency, but it is a pretty safe chart, and it is very doubtful if his elders could supply him with anything better. The last test of a man is whether or not he "makes good." Now

"making good" with Ferguson is a complicated proceeding, but in the rough a man makes good when he measures up to the code, accepts it, and lives by it.

What has the code done for Ferguson? What are the provisions of the code? The limitations of time and space make their enumeration impossible even if an outsider knew them. But there is evidence on every hand of what it has done. It has made the Honor System a reality. It has made possible a considerable degree of participation by the student in the details of college administration and discipline. It has created a sentiment for clean living. It has made fashionable and desirable some of the simple old-fashioned virtues—truthfulness, kindness, fellowship, and helpfulness. It has laid the heavy hand of student authority on many silly and unwise practices. It has given his little world a life well ordered, reasonably self-controlled, considerate of others, and in essentials healthy and normal. What more can a man-made code do?

And so Ferguson lives. Four years is a very short time and Ferguson has to take many short cuts; he has to cut a good deal of red tape and he must ignore much that might well be considered important if he is to do half what he wants to do, or what is expected of him, before he graduates. Unfortunately, too much of his time is given to the practical details of his life, and too little to the work of the classroom and laboratory. He does not use his time wisely, but it may be that his father does not.

It has doubtless been observed that the mind of Middle Age is a bit dull, and has not caught the fine lights and shades in Ferguson. This may be so, but it has caught the masses and the general outlines of the picture. Ferguson's critics will not like the picture and of course much has been omitted. Perhaps his virtues have been over-emphasized and his faults ignored. For faults there are in plenty. Ferguson

is callow, but he is young, and Middle Age has long since given over the criticism of youth on that score. Time will remedy that. And Ferguson is not half so young and callow as Middle Age was at twenty. Ferguson is self-centred. He has to be. How can he help it? His life makes him so.

Ferguson is noisy and excited over his sports, dull and apathetic over his work. It occurs to Middle Age that he was too. Ferguson is "intellectually indifferent." Possibly, but the fact remains that in ninety students joined debating clubs simply to "join" and left the dry shells of the organizations to be carried on the backs of a few devoted souls. "Grinds" they were called, a little higher in the social scale than the gospel sharks, but not much. Now, while debating is not a major sport, it is a recognized student activity and preëminence in it brings a sure reward. Ferguson is not as intellectually indifferent as he sometimes appears to be. Another and more serious charge is that Ferguson's code only works one way. He insists on its recognition only when it is to his advantage. There is some truth in this. Ferguson at present is compelled to attend chapel and church services. He does not like it. So he acts badly. He has adopted an attitude which he may think is dignified nonresistance. It may be nonresistance but it certainly is not dignified. He slouches into chapel, and sprawls, and yawns, and reads newspapers under the noses of distinguished gentlemen who have come to talk to him for the everlasting good of his soul. It is one of a very few instances where the code does not work, and where Ferguson refuses to play the game. After witnessing this surprising exhibition it was something of a shock to Middle Age to hear Ferguson ask grace before his Sunday dinner, in the presence of forty of his fellow students, with a simplicity and dignity and lack of unctiousness that was in striking contrast to some of the visiting clergy of the nineties.

Yes, all the things that his critics say are more or less true. But none of them have put their finger on the real trouble. The real reason why Ferguson is a problem, both to himself and his instructors, is that with all his shrewdness Ferguson has not a glimmering idea as to the real reason why he is where he is. Ninety cannot tell 1924 why he has come to college, because he has come for entirely different things, impelled by utterly different causes than those which sent Ninety. The college should tell him: sometimes it does and sometimes it does not.

As Middle Age looked over the plant, saw the machinery working, examined the raw material, and handled the finished product of this strange and unfamiliar factory, he could not resist the conviction that with all its perfections, with all the evident care and skill exercised in the management, and with its wise choice of workmen, there was one great need. This need is recognized in the industrial world now as never before, and that need is a good "contact man"—some one who can interpret the college to Ferguson and Ferguson to the college. He must be a rare man, but he can be found. He must make good, and if he does make good many of Ferguson's troubles will vanish, production will be speeded up, strikes will be averted, and the finished product vastly improved.

In the meantime, O elder Ferguson, a health to you! The four years will be soon over. Stand it a little longer and, in supreme confidence that the investment is a good one and extra dividends certain, respond manfully to the oft-repeated, royal command—"Charge Ferguson!"

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This sympathetic close-up of the college man as offered by an old grad of the class of '90—who reveals himself as McGregor Jenkins, publisher of the *Atlantic*—bears closely upon intimate biography, with an undercurrent of penetrating

opinion and comment. Starting with Ferguson as encountered in the drug store, it proceeds in orderly fashion to delineate the personal qualities of the present-day undergraduate, as contrasted with the oldster of yesterday. It is a good piece of writing, vivid, honest, friendly.

XVI

HUMANIZING THE ABSTRACT

ELECTRICITY, I take it, is not the most easily understood phenomenon in the world. We marvel at the displays of its power, but stand in awe in front of the mighty dynamos, and are still further mystified when the experts begin to describe the operation of generators and transformers. Our minds do not compass the meaning of such things as volts and electromagnets—nor are scientific explanations easily grasped by the man of the street.

All this was forcefully borne in upon me the other evening when I attended a motion-picture exhibition sponsored by the manager of a municipal lighting plant. The film was entitled "The Return of Benjamin Franklin" and was intended to show how electricity had become the servant of man—lighting his cities, propelling his street cars, blasting his mountains, running his factories. First it pictured the young Benjamin Franklin as he experimented with his kite and string, and later represented him as stepping from his pedestal in the park that he might accompany his guide about the city on a tour of investigation. Franklin saw the modern wonders of electricity—and was able to acquire a grist of technical information in the space of a day's journey. Incidentally, the onlookers in front of the screen received similar visual education.

It is the business of the trained guide to bring technical information quickly and vividly to the mind of the casual

reader. Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, Director of Science Service, Washington, D. C., makes these pertinent observations:

The large number of our college graduates who have been trained in the method of science and inspired by its ideals and yet are not able, for lack either of genius or of opportunity, to devote themselves to its advancement should constitute the Middlemen of science, its spokesmen and popularizers. They might stand between the small group of research men, absorbed in their specialties, and the great mass of readers to whom the progress of science is of importance and would be of interest if pains were taken properly to present it to them. . . .

The newspapers and magazines offer unprecedented opportunities for reaching the public, but these channels are insufficiently utilized. Occasionally a brilliant article appears in print and proves that it is not impossible to be both accurate and popular.

Several allies may be called upon to help the writer to humanize the abstract.

The first of these is the spell of the narrative form itself. The story and the story-teller have never lost their appeal. The quality of suspense, of movement toward the final sentence that will satisfy kindled curiosity, mingled with the interplay of conversation and characterization, will always insure an attentive audience. In fact, somewhat erudite philosophy may often be sugar-coated in parable form. Do you recall La Fontaine's quatrain:

Fables in sooth are not what they appear,
Our moralists are mice, and such small deer;
We yawn at sermons, but we gladly turn
To moral tales, and so amused we learn.

A second ally is the typical incident which may be effectively used to point the direction of the entire story. Let us say that the writer is engaged in preparing an article on institutional work—in this instance the management of a hospital. The description of the tender care given one unfor-

tunate patient—perhaps a lad maimed by a racing automobile and forced into a rolling invalid chair—may prove more convincing and arouse deeper sympathies than rows of dismal statistics and columns of prosaic propaganda. We think in concrete units, not in generalities.

Still another aid to popular interest is the skillful employment of contrasting word pictures. I have in mind an article written by an editor of an electric traction journal. The article sought to show the changes in methods of transportation that had taken place in the past twenty-five years, particularly in the design and operation of street cars. To make his point the editor started with the year 1872, when the company purchased its first cars. The dimensions of those cars were given, along with a jumble of facts which had long since lost their savor. The upshot of it was that the story speedily relapsed into a heavy dullness, whereas it might have become an interesting narrative through the medium of pictorial and dramatic contrast—for example, the uncomfortable car of 1872 with its conductor and motor-man set alongside the improved car of 1924 as operated by one man.

The stories herewith printed show admirably the methods used by trained writers to humanize and dramatize abstract themes.

1.

(Bloomington, Ill., *Pantagraph*)

THE UTILITIES AND CINDERELLA

BY MARY C. FUNK

“With a wave of her magic wand, the fairy godmother changed the pumpkin into a golden carriage and Cinderella,

in her beautiful new clothes, rode off to the ball at the King's palace."

The story of Cinderella is not new to us—most of us grew up hearing it over and over, just as we have grown up with electric lights and running water, street cars, telephones and fast trains. And, like Cinderella, we do not realize until the clock strikes the midnight hour, or something happens to our conveniences, just how much we have prospered since our fairy godmother, the public utilities, came into our lives and bestowed favors. The drudgery of the kitchen work is over, the darkness of the nights with only a dying fire for light, have passed for us as well as for the scullery maid in the fairy tale.

Public utilities, as we understand the term, supply gas, water, electricity, heat, and transportation, and also provide means of communication by telephone and telegraph, carry our household commodities as freight, express, or baggage, store our valuables in warehouses and our grain and food in elevators. It is very evident that present-day life requires and cannot exist without the service and products of these great enterprises organized for the public's benefit.

Just how much communities depend on these utilities for prosperity is shown in the case of towns which have been deprived of their services. Householders in Galena, for example, look with dismay at their gas stoves, heaters and other gas-using utensils. And they look with more dismay at their bills for coal stoves, oil lamps, and such fixtures. All this came because the gas company, which had served Galena, the oldest city in the state, for seventy years, failed them when the rates were placed so low that a fair return could not be earned upon the investment. Business men of that city say that it is the most serious calamity that has ever befallen Galena, and everyone will feel the effect in the

way of depreciated property values. And think of the inconvenience of it.

Illinois is an agricultural state much like South Dakota, where a survey of four counties was recently made, which revealed the pressing need of man-made power, instead of man power. In 61 per cent of the farms, water had to be carried an average distance of seventy-two feet, and on one farm, the water supply was half a mile away. Women worked fifteen hours a day in summer and twelve in winter. No modern conveniences, such as running water, gas stoves or electric washing machines lightened the drudgery of their lives. Only nine farms had bath tubs, but 80 per cent had "tin Lizzies." Nearly everyone used oil lamps for light and wood stoves for heat. What would a survey of Illinois farms show? Probably, in most cases, the same dreary picture.

Public utilities are truly public. Next to government bonds, securities of the public service companies are more widely owned than any other class of investment. People in every walk of life own them,—the "butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker" as well as "doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief." Among the owners are many women, trust funds, hospitals, lodges, colleges and churches. The man who carries a life insurance policy in an old-line company has an interest in public utility securities, because practically all old-line companies own them. People are interested when and where their savings are invested, in this case in utilities, and are anxious for them to be successful and prosperous.

Prosperity is strictly an economic term. A community or a state, like an individual, is prosperous when it is doing well, when there is plenty of business conducted with a profit for those engaged in it.

Even before the days of public utilities, there were prosperous communities and individuals. A cave man, in pre-historic days, may have been a person of importance with

many flint axes, or an Indian a "heap big chief" with many ponies and much corn. Chicago "boomed" when extensive Lake traffic began; the opening of the coal fields brought wealth to the southern part of Illinois.

All prosperity depends on the exchange of goods or commodities, and involves production and distribution, or sales. A community which by accident, design, or misfortune is poorly served by any of the public service corporations is a community which necessarily is behind in its material development and endures a consequent loss of material advancement with attendant inconvenience and dissatisfaction.

The instant pure water ceases to flow through a city, death comes. If the great electrical plants should close, because of a coal shortage, for example, not only would the lights go out, but the machines in factories would "go dead." Confusion would follow dead telephone wires; disorder and panic would result from the stopping of street cars and means of transportation. All that is necessary for the support of the people and the maintenance of order would be at a standstill.

Public utility services are no longer a luxury enjoyed by the few. They have long since been an urgent necessity of practically all urban residents and are rapidly being extended to meet the demands and needs of the rural community. For a few cents, the individual has at his or her disposal properties worth millions of dollars. For the simplest short telephone chat between neighbors, hundreds of dollars worth of property is used.

Public utilities become factors in the general prosperity of the people to the extent that their standards of living and lives are affected by the use of the public utility facilities, for what promotes the convenience and prosperity of the individual, contributes to the prosperity of society, generally.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This article was submitted by a student in the courses in journalism, University of Illinois, in a prize paper contest on "The Dependency of Communities upon the Utilities for Prosperity." This article with others of its kind was printed and distributed in pamphlet form by the Illinois Committee on Public Utility Information.

Notice how the writer has attempted no impressive massing of facts, and that while the tone of the story is light it is not flippant. She has used her lead in an interesting fashion. The writer carefully defines her term public utilities and uses understandable language on a subject about which heavy volumes have been written. A good deal of reading was undoubtedly necessary before the paper was written, but references do not burden the text.

2.

(The World's Work)

THE STORY OF INSULIN

BY EDWIN E. SLOSSON

One day in May, 1921, a young Canadian named Banting turned up at the University of Toronto with a bright idea in his head. He had formulated a hypothesis that he thought might lead to the extradition of a mysterious agitator, supposed to be concealed in the islands of Langerhans, and whose inaccessibility was the cause of the suffering and death of thousands of people every year.

No use to reach for the atlas. The islands of Langerhans are to be found with the microscope, not with the map. There are certain minute tissues embedded in the pancreas, and the agitator—or if you insist on the Greek for it, the hormone—was the unseen, unknown agent which causes the assimilation of sugar in the body. So long as the blood contains an infinitesimal amount of this unseen substance, the sugar and starch that form a large part of our food

can be consumed by a sort of low temperature combustion, with the aid of the oxygen of the air, giving energy to the muscles and being reduced to water and carbon dioxide, which are thrown off in the breath and otherwise. But if this hormone is lacking, the sugar cannot be consumed but clogs up the blood and is excreted unchanged. The unfortunate individual is starving in the midst of plenty, or more strictly speaking, with plenty in his midst. Naturally he has a ravenous appetite, but the more he eats the worse off he is. He draws upon the protein of his muscles and upon his stores of fat, and so gets thinner and weaker. This condition is known as *diabetes mellitus* or, popularly, sugar diabetes. There are estimated to be from half a million to two million sufferers from this disease in the United States alone. It is more common still in tropical countries. No cure was known for chronic cases. None, in fact, has yet been found, but relief and continuance of life has come to many thousands in the last year through Banting's bright idea.

What happens when a young man without reputation in such research comes to a university and confidently asserts that he knows how to solve a problem which has baffled the cleverest investigators of all countries? From some universities, or the heads of certain departments of some universities, I suspect he would have got the cold shoulder. Every university is short of funds. Every department head knows of a dozen lines of investigation, sure to lead to results, if he had money enough to set assistants to work them out. And he always has more graduate students of tried capacity than he can afford to employ.

But Banting did not get the cold shoulder. He got instead what every such ambitious young man obsessed by an idea wants. He got his chance. Although the University of Toronto was his Alma Mater he was personally unknown to Professor J. J. R. Macleod, to whom he applied for

facilities to carry out his proposed investigation. Professor Macleod was a Scotch physiologist and a specialist in this field of metabolism. He doubtless pointed out to the applicant that what he was undertaking to do had been attempted in vain by some of the foremost British, German, French, American, Russian, Polish, Rumanian, and Japanese investigators during the last twenty-five years. I do not know exactly what took place in that epochmaking interview, but I surmise that Doctor Banting carried his point as much by the enthusiasm and determination he showed as by the arguments he advanced. At any rate Professor Macleod saw that his hypothesis, whether sound or not, was at least a novel and promising plan. So he offered him an attic room, a collaborator, and some dogs, and told him to "go to it," though doubtless using more scholastic language. Doctor Banting had but a few weeks of the summer vacation at the University in which to prove his point, and he did not waste any time. He was fortunate in having assigned to him to carry out the chemical side of the experiments a young man of equal energy and enthusiasm, C. H. Best, a "Bluenose" Canadian whose parents have left Nova Scotia and reside at Pembroke, Maine. Best had just finished his college course at the age of twenty-two. A companion of Banting's college days and overseas service loaned him his house as a lodging for the summer.

The two young men often carried their experiments through the night as well as all day, and since a small room under the eaves may get uncomfortably hot, they sometimes stripped to their job like sprinters. By the end of summer they had proved that they were on the right track and the goal was in sight. The elusive secretion had been extracted and its efficiency proved. Then all the resources of the university and its affiliated laboratories and hospitals were

mobilized to work out its methods of manufacture, testing, and use.

At this stage, Professor Macleod's ability and experience were of inestimable service, and, under his direction, new lines of physiological investigation were laid down almost daily, and were pursued energetically by a group of workers. Meanwhile, Professor J. B. Collip was on a year's leave of absence from the department of biochemistry, University of Alberta, and worked upon the preparation and purification of Banting's and Best's new pancreatic extract.

The work of Banting and Best was no case of lucky accident leading to scientific discovery, nor were subsequent developments. It was a clear logical process based at every stage upon rigid quantitative experimentation such as was not formerly possible in the history of medicine. Even those of us who are not physiologists or physicians can follow the successive steps of the reasoning.

There are two ways of finding out what an organ is good for. One is to cut it out and see what happens to the animal. The other is to dissect an animal that has died of some disease and find out what organ is affected. By combining these methods, the experimental and observational, the functions of most of the obscure glands in the body have recently been worked out and the causes of obscure diseases have been determined.

The puzzling thing about the pancreatic gland was that it had two functions, one obvious and long known, the other obscure and unsuspected until more recently. The pancreas was so named because it secreted, and poured through its ducts into the intestine just below the stomach, a fluid that was useful in the digestion of "all flesh," especially fats. But in 1898 Von Mering and Minkowski proved by experiments on dogs that extirpation of the pancreas would cause diabetes. It was evident from this that the pancreas had

also something to do with the assimilation of sugar, yet the pancreatic juice failed to relieve diabetes. In 1890 Langerhans, a pupil of Virchow, found that intermingled with the ducts and vessels which formed and excreted the pancreatic juice, were certain "islands" of other tissue, which seemed to have other functions. This was confirmed when it was observed that in case of patients dying of diabetes the islands of Langerhans were usually found to have been destroyed. The experimental method confirmed this theory, for when the duct leading out from the pancreas was tied and the gland degenerated, as all unused organs do, the islands of Langerhans remained unaffected, and the metabolism of sugar was not interfered with.

Apparently, then, the islands of Langerhans belonged to the class of ductless glands of which we hear so much, but being enmeshed in the big pancreatic gland they had been long overlooked.

The next step was to apply this new knowledge. It seemed simple enough at first sight. Why not use the same method that had proved so useful in the case of the other ductless glands, that is, extract the active principle or hormone, and administer it to those who are deficient in it. From the thyroid gland the chemist extracts thyroxin, and from the adrenal glands he extracts adrenalin, and both have proved invaluable medicines. Why not extract "insulin" from the islands (*insulæ*) of Langerhans? But here was a difficulty that had never been quite surmounted before Banting and Best and their later collaborators. Some significant results had been independently obtained by other investigators but none had succeeded in carrying their work to a point where it might be applied to the alleviation of the symptoms of diabetes in practice. The islands of Langerhans were so small and so tangled up with the main tissues of the pancreas that they could not be dissected out. And if

the whole pancreas was ground up and extracted, the insulin disappeared, probably because it was eaten up by the digestive ferments of the pancreatic juice before it could be separated from them.

This was the state of the question in November, 1920, when Doctor Banting, reading up research in the Western University in London, Ontario, happened upon a passage that suggested to him a solution of the problem. His idea was simply this. Since it had been found that shutting off the outlet of the pancreas would cause this gland to degenerate, but leave the islands of Langerhans intact, why not try this on a dog, and then extract the insulin from the islands after the rest of the pancreas was out of the way?

He mulled over this notion for six months, instead of devoting all his time to building up his private practice and making himself popular in the community as a young doctor should, and finally dropped everything to go to Toronto and try it out.

It worked. Young dogs were made unconscious with an anesthetic, and the outleaving ducts of the pancreas ligated. Ten weeks later, when the pancreas had become atrophied through disuse, the dog was killed by chloroform and pancreas removed. When an extract from this was injected on into the veins of another dog that had diabetes, it was found that the sugar in his blood was decreased. Dogs whose entire pancreas had been removed could be kept alive indefinitely by injections of the insulin extract.

This confirmed the theory, but how apply it to afflicted humanity? It was obviously impossible to get a sufficient supply of the precious fluid by such a method. At this point the chemists were called in, and after a year of arduous research an extract was obtained sufficiently pure for human use. Dr. J. B. Collip worked upon the laboratory production of insulin, and Best began to occupy himself with the

problems of larger scale production and became Director of the Insulin Division of the Connaught Laboratories. The latter position, Best has continued to hold to date, but finds time, notwithstanding to carry on research work and to complete his studies in medicine. I was amazed to see how simple are the means employed in this exceedingly delicate process of purifying. I found the manufacture carried on in the old Y. M. C. A. building near the entrance to the campus of the University of Toronto, for the Y. M. C. A. has found better quarters in Hart House, the most magnificent of student club houses. I walked in unannounced and photographed the room, unhindered. On the right was a barrel of fresh sweetbreads from cattle. Next to it was an ordinary meat-chopper in which they are ground up. Then they are soaked in acidified alcohol, of 95 per cent strength, for a couple of hours, and filtered. The main part of the room is taken up with rows of filter racks filled with big funnels holding folded filter papers of the ordinary sort. The alcohol is mostly distilled off at low temperature and pressure, and the extract passes through various other processes of extraction, precipitation, filtration, and purification, which free it from the fat, protein, and other impurities that would cause irritation when injected. In its final form it is a clear, sterile water solution.

But how much insulin it contains nobody can tell, because insulin itself has not yet been isolated or synthesized. So, in order to test its strength, each batch of the preparation has to be tested on rabbits. I saw how this was done when I went upstairs. A measured amount is injected into the body of a rabbit of known weight. This reduces the percentage of sugar in the blood, as is determined by analyzing at intervals small samples of the blood, obtained by scratching the ear with a safety razor blade. If an overdose is given, the sugar is reduced to about a third of the normal

within two hours, and the rabbit passes into convulsions, and then into a coma that would end in death. But here the experimenter checks this at any desired point by injecting a dose of sugar, pure glucose. This works like magic. I saw a rabbit that was twitching and stretching as though it had a dose of strychnine, but in two minutes after it had received the counteracting sugar it was as lively and well as ever. A dose of the solution containing less than a quarter of one milligram of solid matter will produce convulsions in a rabbit, yet probably only a tiny part of this solid matter consists of insulin, so it must have a potency beyond all ordinary drug. After a batch of insulin has been tested on rabbits, Mr. Best tries it on himself, or some other human volunteer, to make sure that the lot of insulin in question is free from toxic impurities. In the course of the early experiments this indomitable young chemist took injections of many different preparations to see if they were pure enough for other people.

Next I went over to the Physiology building where the early experiments were carried on, and there I met one of the very first men whose life had been saved by insulin. Dr. Joe Gilchrist of the Department of Soldiers Civil Re-establishment. He was just in from a canoe trip, and just off to a golf game, so I judge that he was all right, yet he should have been dead a year ago, in the ordinary course of the disease. He contracted a severe form of diabetes in war service, and even the most restricted diet could not keep him from wasting away. He told me that in a fit of despair he had gone to Doctor Banting's room at night to beg for a shot of the new preparation, although it had not been sufficiently purified and tested so that the discoverer was ready to recommend it! Doctor Banting was fortunate to have in the beginning a subject who was able to describe his own sensations and watch his own symptoms. Doctor Gil-

christ told me that he could tell the amount of sugar in his blood within a hundredth of one per cent without an analysis. When it falls between .07 and .06 he has a sudden feeling of anxiety, weakness, and distress, and he loses delicacy in the handling of an instrument. But swallowing a little glucose or cane sugar restores him. I wonder if a shortage of sugar is not a better explanation of those unaccountable fits of depression that overtake us than the old theory that somebody is walking over your future grave, or the more recent theory that a complex has arisen out of your subconscious. Any kind of a complex can be engendered out of poor blood.

Now that methods of extracting and testing in detecting and extracting insulin have been worked out it has been discovered in many places. Chemists in Canada, the United States, and England have reported insulin, or something having the same effect, in fish, such as skates, sculpin, and clams, in green and growing things, such as onions, lettuce, and bean tops, as well as in sprouted grain and yeast. In fact it may turn out to be a common factor in the nutrition of plants and animals. In this respect it seems like a vitamin, but it is not Vitamine B or any other yet known in the vitamin alphabet.

Unfortunately we cannot get insulin by eating yeast or drinking clam juice, for it is destroyed in the process of digestion, so it has to be introduced directly into the blood. Nor has any of these other sources yet proved a profitable material for its manufacture. At present it is all made from the pancreas of cattle and hogs, commonly called sweetbreads, though what we get in the restaurant when we order sweetbread is usually the thymus gland instead of the pancreatic. A pound of pancreas will produce 100-125 units of the standard solution of insulin. From five to forty units a day are required to keep a diabetic in health.

The blood of a human being in health contains one tenth of one per cent of sugar in the form of dextrose (glucose). But in a diabetic who is unable to utilize this sugar the percentage runs up to from .2 to .4. In a severe case he will not only excrete all the sugar he eats but more. For instance chemical analyses of his intake and outgo may show that he is receiving forty-five grams of glucose in the form of various sugars and starches, and that he is passing off fifty grams. The explanation of the paradox is that 58 per cent of the fats and 10 per cent of the protein of food are ordinarily converted into sugar. So that even if the poor diabetic lived on fat and flesh like an Eskimo, he would still have more sugar than he could handle. To make the matter worse the metabolism of fat is somehow connected with the metabolism of sugar so that the confirmed diabetic fails to effect the complete combustion of fats to harmless carbon dioxide and water, but instead reduces them to acids of the acetone sort. This condition is known as acidosis, and may reduce the patient to a comatose state.

Formerly seventy per cent of those who sank into coma never awakened from it. Now the ratio is reversed. Seventy per cent of the coma cases treated by insulin are revived.

No wonder such resurrection from the deathbed created a sensation in the press. Hardly less marvelous was it that a man who for years had weighed every mouthful of his gluten bread and meat and had kept himself alive by reducing his ration almost to the starvation point was able a few minutes after he had taken a dose to eat a square meal and get away with it. What it meant to the sufferers and to the medical profession is best given in the words of Dr. E. P. Joslin, of Boston, one of the foremost authorities on diabetes:

"All that I could give to the 3,050 diabetic patients I have treated in the last twenty-five years has been hope that if they would deny themselves and live like Spartans,

some day a genius would come along with a remedy that would give them life. All and more than I imagined could ever be accomplished for diabetics, Doctor Banting has done."

Secretary Hughes's daughter, Elizabeth, fifteen years old and weighing only forty-five pounds, comes to Toronto and doubles in weight in five months. She is now able to go where she pleases since she treats herself without the aid of a physician. She rides horseback or swims every day.

Frank A. Vanderlip after taking the treatment declares he feels "strong enough to jump back onto Wall Street."

Insulin is such a different thing from the medicines we have known that the public has found difficulty in understanding it. Everybody was accustomed to the old established method of treatment where the doctor gives the patient something to swallow that counteracts certain unfavorable or dangerous symptoms. We are also acquainted with the direct action tactics nowadays adopted in some diseases which consists in injecting into the blood something that kills off or neutralizes the invading microbe. In either case the remedy used is a foreign substance, often a strong poison, such as opium or arsenic.

But insulin merely puts back into the blood something which is normally there in minute amount, but which for some unknown reason is wanting or deficient in cases of diabetes. If there is too little of it in the blood, the person cannot assimilate carbohydrates. If there is too much of it the carbohydrates are used up too quickly. In either case the supply of life sustaining energy is curtailed. In health this delicate matter of keeping the blood supplied with just the proper amount of insulin is automatically regulated, presumably by the islands of Langerhans. But when we undertake to supply it from without we have to know how much sugar there is in the blood to be disposed

of, how much is going to be added in the next meal, how rapidly it is going to be used up by exercise, and how great is the shortage of natural insulin. If the physician knows all this, and also the exact strength of his solution of insulin, then he can inject just the proper number of cubic centimeters to give the amount of insulin needed at the time. That is why he insists wherever possible upon the patient coming into the hospital or under strict observation where his food can be carefully regulated, and where he can be tested for his sugar tolerance by a diet of accurately known composition and the determination of the amount of sugar excreted. After a few days of such examination insulin is administered in gradually increasing doses until the patient gets just enough to compensate for his deficiency. An intelligent person can later take care of himself by conscientiously keeping control of his diet and injecting, two or three times a day, the required amount of insulin into his arm or leg. If he gets an overdose, and so exhausts his blood sugar, he will recognize the premonitory symptoms of anxiety and trembling, and before the coma comes on, he will eat a little sugar or candy.

There are some 18,000 persons now taking insulin daily in the United States. Some who have used it are now able to do without it. Others have reduced the dose, though possibly this may be due to the increasing purity of the preparation. It is reasonable to suppose that the overworked and rundown islands of Langerhans may, if not too far gone, recover in time their ability to meet the demand of the home market for insulin, but the Toronto authorities are cautious about calling it a cure yet.

They have been wise, too, in keeping control of the preparation of insulin in its period of development and trial. We can imagine what dangers and disappointments would have resulted if such a novel and potent remedy had been

thrown open in the beginning to the exploitation of unscrupulous manufacturers and incompetent physicians. So the preparation, the product, and the name were protected by patents which are held by the University of Toronto, and controlled by its Insulin Committee. Fortunately the University had an agency for the preparing and standardizing of such products in the Connaught Laboratories, which have well-equipped laboratories, a fine building and farm near the city, where all the serums and vaccines needed for the Canadian army were made. For the American market the preparation of insulin was entrusted for the first year to Eli Lilly & Co., of Indianapolis, which has put it out under the trade name of "Iletin." Now that the trial year is up other reputable manufacturers of biological products will be licensed. In Great Britain insulin is under the control of the National Medical Research Council, and similar institutions handle it in France and Germany. All these exchange information as to improvements in methods of manufacture and testing, so none can take advantage of the others, or of the public. All net royalties that may be received by the University of Toronto will be spent upon the advancement of research problems.

The cost of insulin is low, and it becomes insignificant when it is considered that an individual absolutely incapable of work or enjoying life is transformed into an active, able-bodied individual capable of earning his own living. From a standpoint of plain economics that is a wonderful return on material now costing but two or three dollars a week and promising to become less expensive as more is used.

While the large scale manufacture was being worked out by the Lilly Research Laboratories in conjunction with the Connaught Laboratories, University of Toronto, valuable research work was carried on in Washington University by Professor P. A. Shaffer and his collaborators, E. A.

Doisy and M. Somogyi—particularly upon methods of preparation and purification of insulin.

While this work was going on, prominent specialists in the treatment of diabetes were assaying the therapeutic value of insulin in their clinics. Such a new and powerful drug had to be carefully and scientifically given its initiation into actual service. Such specialists as F. M. Allen of the Physiatrie Institute, Morristown, N. J.; W. R. Campbell and A. A. Fletcher of the Toronto General Hospital, Toronto; H. Rawle Geyelin of Columbia University Presbyterian Hospital, New York City; Elliott P. Joslin of Boston, Mass.; Russell M. Wilder of the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn.; J. R. Williams of Rochester, N. Y., and R. T. Woodyatt of Chicago—to name them in alphabetical order—and many others, wholeheartedly made a very great contribution to the present state of insulin treatment. They even held regular schools for their diabetic patients, who were taught how to administer the drug themselves.

If Doctor Banting and his associates had been avaricious men, with a monopoly of a remedy needed daily by millions and for which there was no substitute, they could have made unlimited wealth. But all they want is a chance to go on with their work. Probably the best way to promote scientific research is to give a young man of proved ability and enterprise a substantial income for life and let him go ahead. This is certainly more effectual than the usual way of giving a medal or a prize or a title or a pension to a successful scientist in his old age. The Canadian Government has taken this view and has granted Doctor Banting an annuity of \$7,500 a year for life. The Ontario provincial government has provided \$10,000 a year for a Banting-Best Chair for Medical Research, of which Doctor Banting is the first occupant. It is safe to say that he will share his

income with his colleague, Mr. Best, and will devote much of it to research.

The problems now confronting the discoverers of insulin and their collaborators in Toronto and elsewhere are interesting and varied. Doctor Banting as Professor of Medical Research may continue his investigation on methods of administration of insulin or may turn his attention to new fields. Mr. Best, in charge of the Insulin Division of the Connaught Laboratories will divide his time between the direction of more and better insulin and such problems as the investigation of the distribution of this material in the animal body. Professor Macleod, admitted to be one of the foremost physiologists in the world, has already conducted brilliant investigations upon the mechanism of action of insulin and many related problems. He will probably carry on work in these lines and commence and direct other investigations, related or otherwise. Doctor Collip has returned to his Chair of Biochemistry at the University of Alberta, but has not lost interest in the work being done all over the world on insulin in hospitals and laboratories.

The discovery of insulin is one of the most dramatic events in the history of science. We call a situation dramatic when a perplexing problem is suddenly cleared up and when an obscure individual is quickly and deservedly raised to prominence. The unknown country doctor of two years ago was on his visit to England last August hailed as the peer of Pasteur and Jenner. All of which adulation is a bore and a bother to its recipient, who is in a hurry to get back to his laboratory and try out his new ideas. A friend asked Doctor Banting, returning from a banquet in his honor, how he felt. "As though I had been attending my own funeral," he replied.

But the public always insists on knowing about the private life of a public benefactor. So I cannot conclude with-

out some biographical details. Frederick Grant Banting was born November 14, 1891, on his father's homestead near Alliston, Ontario. He is of pioneer stock. His mother, *née* Grant, was the first white girl baby born in Alliston. His father is still living at the age of seventy-four. He was the youngest of five. His three brothers are farmers, and his sister is a farmer's wife, all living in the vicinity. He went to the public school and high school of Alliston, a serious-minded and hard-working student, not brilliant, but persistent.

In 1911 he went to the University of Toronto and when the war broke he enlisted in an ambulance corps. But he was sent back to complete his medical course, because of the great need for physicians. After he got his Bachelor of Medicine in 1917, he went overseas as a battalion doctor with the rank of Captain. In the Cambrai push he worked over the wounded so near the front that he was struck by shrapnel in the right arm. For his bravery on this and other occasions he was awarded the Military Cross. His wound was infected, and it was feared for a time that his hand would have to be amputated, but he recovered and settled down to build up a practice in London that is in Ontario, not England. To eke out his income, or more likely to keep in touch with research, he obtained in October, 1920, a position as demonstrator in the medical school of Western University at London. But when he picked up the November number of the *Journal of Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics*, he found in it the article that changed the course of his life and led him to fame and fortune.

It cannot be said of him that he is a prophet without honor in his own country.

His—and his collaborator's—honors have been many at home and abroad. And in Banting's own home town, the

Alliston High School building already bears a bronze tablet inscribed:

A COMMEMORATIVE TRIBUTE

TO

DR. F. G. BANTING

For his discovery of the insulin process for the treatment
and care of diabetes,

1922

An epoch in the history of medicine.

A boon to the human race.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The foregoing story on a purely scientific subject is crammed with drama and the excitement of discovery—and it is true. The story starts with a personal sketch, but see how quickly the writer clears up the meaning of the "islands of Langerhans."

Doctor Slosson, who is the editor of *Science Service*, Washington, D. C., knows his subject thoroughly and does not skimp important details. He writes carefully enough for a doctor and plainly enough for the layman. Methodically and logically he develops his material, with abundant use of technical terms and scientific data.

Human interest is not forgotten in the personalities of Doctor Banting, Mr. Best and their associates. And the whole thing has the stir of a great performance—as it really is.

3.

(*The New Republic*)

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN

BY BRUCE BLIVEN

Three o'clock in the afternoon, a blazing midsummer day, a little town in the Middle West. The edges of the leaves on the motionless elms are curled with the heat; the bird life is silenced, even the prairie seems to pant. The

sidewalks burn too strongly, wherever the sun strikes them, for the bare feet of the children, who take to the middle of the road, where the hot white dust is soft as silk between their toes.

To-day, however, very few children are abroad. The whole human life of the town has been sucked out of it and down to one spot near the river, the Widow Grierson's vacant lot just this side of the cottonwoods. As you approach, the place seems decorated with a circus tent, but not a very big one: perhaps a dog and pony show? Draw nearer and perceive that your guess was wrong. Here is a tent, it is true, with canvas flaps thrust out on one side to form an entryway, and a ticket-selling booth painted blue. But the tent is clean brown, instead of dirty white; the secondary pavilions of the menagerie, the dining room and dressing room are absent; and absent, too, is the familiar musty smell of hay and animals and leather. There is no side show with entrancing banners. Neither is there that circus prerequisite, the brass band, lilting and crashing through light waltzes of twenty years ago for the performing horses, or last year's popular favorite for the singing clown. Music is sometimes heard, it is true, from the interior of this supernaturally clean and tidy brown tent; but it is likely to be Liszt's "Liebestraum" or Grieg's "An den Frühling," arranged for violin and piano, or for a string quartette.

To solve this little mystery will cost you, at the maximum, fifty cents. For that amount you get a large and greasy blue cardboard ticket; surrender it to the doorman, and in you go. The blaze of summer sunshine comes through the canvas pleasantly golden-tinted; within, the heat is less like a furnace and more like a Turkish bath. The big tent is filled with row on row of folding wooden chairs. They face in one direction toward a miniature stage at the other end,

all complete with a sylvan backdrop, electric footlights, two chairs, a table, a pitcher of ice-water and a glass. The chairs on the platform are the only ones unoccupied; in the others, if you care for the statistic, are 1,735 persons, gasping in the heat, but not permitting their physical discomfort to distract their patient close attention from the speaker of the day.

And what a marvelous speaker of the day he is! He is protund and florid; he is fifty (one who is too young, it has been discovered, is not quite safe); he wears a neatly pressed Palm Beach suit, a lavender wash tie; he flourishes from time to time a large yellow-and-white silk handkerchief, which he applies with excellent but temporary results to his forehead.

"And so, my friends," he says in a sort of gentle roar, the roar of the trained orator, mouthing his words as though he enjoyed their flavor, "and so, my friends, what is the lesson of this incident? What can each *one* of us—I as well as *you*—learn from that poor fever-smitten soldier boy, lying there on that *hard* pallet, in that army hospital, far away in those *wonderful* tropical Philippine Islands? Does his tender solicitude for his pet canary teach us *only* to be loving and kind to our dumb friends? Ah, *more* than that, my friends! It should teach us, *young* and old, the *little* child as well as the white-haired grandsire. . . ."

But you do not need to listen any further to know what his incident has taught him, and what he intends the rest of us to learn from it. You know already, just as you know what sort of juice he will extract from his sunrise one Sunday morn at the Grand Canyon, his brave Salvation Army lassie who met a gang of hoodlums in the slums of a great city, his famous gambler who lay at the point of death, and his silver-haired mother of five lovely girls, who, only last week, waited after the lecture to ask him a question (he

has been telling the story for two years and always it has been "only last week").

You know all about him, of course. You smile in superiority and pity as he waves his arms and drives home with vehemence the startling theory that virtue leads to happiness and that two times six is twelve. But we of the 1,735 do not smile, except at the moments we are supposed to, when he tells one of his seven funny stories. For us he is revelation, inspiration; he is furnishing the mental pabulum which is to last us through a long year on the farm. He is, in fact, one of the most important aspects of that most important institution in our lives (you have already guessed it) Chautauqua Week.

To hear him, we have risen before the sun this morning; have hurried through such of the day's work as could not be postponed; have dressed ourselves and our children in Sunday clothes; and have driven in, some of us, thirty or forty miles in the family Ford, over those beautiful new roads for which we are paying such heavy taxes this year. We have lunched on fried chicken and thermos bottle coffee, sitting in the car in the shade of Widow Grierson's cottonwoods; we are hearing a two-hour program this afternoon, we shall sit through an hour and a half more to-night, the concert of the Melody Makers Famous Five Piece Orchestra; after which we shall drive home, a long procession of cars rolling through the night between the cornfields like huge and wingless June bugs. Our arms will be full of sleeping children, our heads preoccupied with what the speaker had to say about looking for happiness right in your own front doorway—how true that is!—and with the charming way in which Miss Betty Forsythe sang "Pale Hands," laying aside her 'cello temporarily, and being accompanied by the other four Melody Makers.

No American institution is more typical than the traveling

Chautauqua which has had such a mushroom growth among our small towns in the past few years. Nothing better illustrates the mental poverty of Main Street than the eagerness with which our millions grasp at even so much opportunity for broadening horizons as its average program affords. From its scope and direction you may learn of the national hunger for self-improvement, information, advancement; and by the rigid censorship on things said from its platform is strikingly illustrated the limitations the typical American imposes on himself and others.

Glance a moment at the sheer bulk of the thing. Last year more than 10,000,000 people bought in excess of 35,000,000 admissions to individual Chautauqua performances. More or less the same 10,000,000 purchased another 35,000,000 tickets to winter Lyceum performances of the same general character. The operation of a Chautauqua in the field is another of those miracles of organized efficiency of which Americans adore to boast. A complete program takes four, five, or six days, and is given simultaneously in that number of towns. A separate tent, of course, is required for each town, and there are two additional ones, the first of which is in the process of being erected in the town where Chautauqua starts to-morrow, while the other is being dismantled where it ended yesterday. The last tent in line is moved to the head of the procession, and stays in the community until the whole program has been played there. The performers go from tent to tent, appearing every day but Sunday all summer long. If you start out as an item on the third-day bill of fare, a third-day item you will be in one hundred and thirty or forty towns.

On three things Chautauqua depends for its popularity. First of these is the "inspirational" lecture, known in the

profession as "the Mother, Home, and Heaven stuff." Music and drama are the others.

The Mother, Home, and Heaven lecture is a coupled-up series of platitudes about the desirability of truth and virtue, given in an earnest, simple style, and with a touch of sentiment whenever possible. Dr. Russell Conwell's famous oration, "Acres of Diamonds," is the ideal toward which all inspirational lecturers strive. But you cannot, of course, make five or six bites out of mother, home, and heaven. Other talks are therefore included, serious discussions of current events, illustrated travelogues, addresses by authorities on community welfare and popular discussions of science.

We who live on Main Street are just as inveterate lion-hunters as anyone else; and Chautauqua caters to this depraved taste by supplying from time to time distinguished citizens whom the thousands gather not to hear, but to look at. The managers tell you proudly that eight Presidents of the United States have appeared upon their platform. So, they immediately add, have Herbert Hoover, Jane Addams, Eugene Debs, Senator La Follette, Judge Landis, Admiral Peary, and Ida Tarbell. But these are exceptions. The general intellectual level is much closer to Mr. Bryan, Chautauqua's greatest attraction, the one man who is good for forty acres of parked Fords, any time and anywhere.

The members of the talent perform in no half light of uncertainty as to their worth. In charge of each tent is a manager, a gentleman of varied abilities, in close contact with the communities he serves. To the main office in New York or Chicago he sends each day a report on each performer. If the funny man was not so funny in Oskaloosa, a black mark is set against him. If they went home on the mother, home, and heaven lecturer in Oshkosh, that fact

is recorded. Should the current events speaker by a miracle display too much liberalism for the temper of Ypsilanti, the office hears about it.

Excessive liberalism is an extremely unlikely contingency. Conservative as are Chautauqua's audiences, its managers are more so. On some circuits, only the most tried and trusted lecturers are permitted to utter a single impromptu sentence from the platform. Everyone else writes down and memorizes his remarks before he starts out in the spring. A very few circuits check him up from time to time without his knowledge to see whether he is departing from the original version. But on the whole, this restriction rests rather lightly on the talent. The sort of man with a burning desire to make Chautauqua addresses rarely has a circle of ideas so far out of the ordinary that it gives him much trouble. Vigorous attempts, it should be added, are often made to utilize the platform for various sorts of political and economic propaganda. If the managers cared to "sell out" to people with an axe to grind, they could probably realize a handsome temporary profit. But no! They realize the danger in such a procedure, and are adamant against it.

Two facts about the audiences are mentioned by experienced lecturers as being most impressive: their eagerness to learn, and their rigorous adherence to a Victorian variety of Puritanism. The testimony is unanimous that Chautauqua-goers have an impelling curiosity as to what is going on in the world. They ask questions; and not infrequently, a speaker is queried about something he said last year, over which the village has been wrangling all winter. Equally impressive is the evidence as to their rigid moral code. In many towns which are too small even for a "bowl and pitcher" hotel, the talent is quartered in the homes of the leading citizens. As a general rule a discreet entertainer anxious to avoid harming the institution he represents, will

be very careful about admitting that he smokes, dances or plays cards; and especially that he has ever consumed alcoholic liquor. Thorough discretion also requires no favorable words about the theory of evolution, whose chief opponent is Chautauqua's brightest star.

If you are imagining that the musical part of the program consists of the Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffmann," Ethelbert Nevins, and xylophone renditions of the Sextette from "Lucia," you are gravely in error. Not only does Main Street yearn to uplift itself, but Chautauqua managers are doubly determined that this shall be done. They have improved the music year by year until to-day there is only a minimum of what they describe as "ting-a-ling" stuff. This refers to popular sentimental compositions, and not to jazz, which has not reached Chautauqua and probably never will.

The most popular feature of the whole Chautauqua program is the play. Those who deplore the combined influence of the movies and high railroad rates in destroying traveling theatrical companies, should not overlook these productions which give ten million of our fellow citizens their only contact with spoken drama from one year's end to the other. The plays selected are of the aggressively "clean" type, as sterilized and sterile as a glass-tube toothbrush. "Turn to the Right" is the ideal example. Sometimes a Shakespearean comedy or even a Gilbert and Sullivan light opera may be substituted.

Perhaps by this time you are thinking poorly of Chautauqua, as a mediocre enterprise which gives to dull, starved minds the meretricious sustenance they crave? If so, let us part company at once. The only theory which justifies such an attitude is that no bread is better than half a loaf, and though you put me on the rack I shall with my last gasp dissent from any such view.

I think it is clear that Chautauqua is about as good as our millions on Main Street will permit it to be and still provide the dollars to keep its brown tents in circulation. And after all, it is pretty much a case of this or nothing. In general, the stalwart ten million which gets its culture under canvas, from the peripatetic university, is below the level at which serious books are read. It is below the level of magazines, except the most popular. The pabulum provided from Chautauqua and Lyceum platforms may not be much; but it is all there is—at least, until radio becomes a serious educational force, if it ever does. (At present Main Street finds it mainly a device to hear jazz music played on phonographs a few hundred miles away.)

If you believe in evolution, and especially if you endorse the quaint version of it which somehow identifies change with progress, you should rejoice at every forward step, even so slight a one as this. After all, the farmer's wife who looks up Chopin in the encyclopædia as a preliminary to hearing Opus 40, number 1, rendered by the talented American pianist, Miss Ethel St. Clair, is the caterpillar from whom eventually may be expected the butterfly reading the program notes at the Philadelphia Orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall. Scorn us if you will as we rattle home in the late evening with our Ford full of sleepy children: but nowhere else under the quiet stars at that moment will you find a more characteristic expression of the American Idea.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Here you have humanized the institution of the Chautauqua. The audience, the program, the "members of the talent," and even the management are taken out of the realm of the abstract and made into flesh and blood. There is a sympathetic understanding of the circuit that is the more interesting because of a fine sense of humor. Incidents are used here to knit the story together and to visualize it for the reader. But note how all the facts that are included in spite of the humorous touches.

4.

(The Country Gentleman)

DAD GETS A JOB IN THE KITCHEN

BY HARRY R. O'BRIEN

It is 145 steps from the kitchen door to the hillside spring from which the drinking water comes that is used in the home of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Fritter, of Oxford Township, Guernsey County, Ohio.

I know, for I paced them myself, with Mr. Fritter and E. L. Reed, the county agent, as witnesses. And my steps are two and a half feet long, for I measured them too.

This source of family drinking water is not only 145 steps, or 362.5 feet, away from the kitchen door, but it is down a steep hill as well, for just about a hundred steps of the distance.

So every time a bucket of water is carried into that household, the one carrying it must wind down a hill steep enough to suit a mountain goat, cross the valley to the spring, let the water trickle out of an iron pipe into the bucket, then carry the filled bucket back the 362.5 feet, up the steep hill.

After the three of us had measured off those 145 steps, I did a little arithmetic. One round trip to the spring is a matter of 725 feet. The minimum number of trips a day is five, and there are 365 days in a year. This means that the shortest possible distance needed to be traveled in one year to carry drinking water must be round 250 miles. Yet for more than a hundred years the women and children who have lived in that hillside home have carried all the drinking water up that hill and until just a short time ago, all the water used for washing and other purposes as well.

All this, despite the fact that there is a spring farther back up in the hills from which water could be piped right

into the kitchen. There are also two springs near each other in the valley with sufficient strength to work a hydraulic ram.

"It won't cost us more than fifty dollars, either way, to put running spring water right in the kitchen and we're going to do it just as soon as we get round to it," Mr. Fritter told us.

If this were the only farm home in Guernsey County where such conditions prevail, it would not be worth writing about. But I visited two other homes that same day where water is carried farther. Indeed, perhaps 2,000 of the 3,000 farm homes in that country have more or less equivalent conditions—with no running water in the house and the source of supply many a weary step up or down hill from the kitchen door.

Yet fully half of the farms in our county—say 1,500 of them—are so situated that running water could be piped to them either by springs above the houses or by rams in the valley, with a comparatively small outlay in money. "There are others who could afford to put in independent electric light plants and pumps," the county agent told me.

This question of water supply in Guernsey County arose when early in 1922, Mr. Reed, the county agent, began to look around him to see what the Farm Bureau and county agent could do to help the women on the farms.

Guernsey County was late among the counties in Ohio to organize a Farm Bureau and employ a county agent, Mr. Reed having gone to work in July, 1921. There are only 500 members and no funds as yet for a home demonstration agent. Any work among the women would be what they did themselves, with the help of the county agent and various economics specialists from the extension service of Ohio State University.

When committees from each township met with Mr. Reed

in 1922 to work out the women's share in the Farm Bureau program, these women decided that the first thing that ought to be considered was their kitchens and the proper way to begin this was by making a survey to find out just what kind of kitchens they really had.

So they sent to Ohio State University for help and Miss Eloise Davison, then in charge of home management extension work, came to Guernsey County to help them. She worked out what she called a kitchen score card, whereby each woman who was willing might grade or score her own kitchen. This took into account every possible item about the kitchen. Its equipment, arrangement and efficiency, including furniture, light and ventilation, floor and walls, stove fuel, water supply, proper work table and its height, sink, cupboard and storage space.

Women were selected from each township as leaders and these came to Cambridge, the county seat, where Miss Davison met with them and explained how the score card worked. These leaders went back home and, selecting leaders in each school district in their township, passed on to them the information they had received from Miss Davison.

It was these local leaders, helped by the township leaders, who went from house to house among their neighbors, distributing and explaining the score card. Each woman was asked to do her own scoring, since the idea was to let her study out her own situation and by becoming dissatisfied with what she had, look about for ways to better things.

And right there the fun began for the men folks—but let's tell the story as Mrs. Fritter and her husband told it to Mr. Reed and me not long since, when I paid a visit to the county to learn details about this kitchen scoring business.

"When we looked into our water supply, there was that

spring down in the valley from which we have to carry drinking water," said Mrs. Fritter. "For rain water, the man before us had built a cistern to catch the water from the barn roof and had piped it to the house. "But instead of putting it in the kitchen, the sink with the running water had been put on the back porch. The sink had been built low enough for the children to wash at it, which made it too low for a woman's work.

"So after we saw how low our kitchen had scored, we moved the sink in the house and now have running rain water right by the stove reservoir. We built a drain board beside the sink and a rack upon which I can place the dishpan or other utensils and make them higher.

"I had been using just an oil stove to do all my cooking. When I saw that this had cut down my score, we bought a new coal range with a thermometer attached and with coils in it to heat the rain water."

Then Mrs. Fritter set out to get her neighbors and the women over the township to score their kitchens too. The idea didn't create any great enthusiasm and it was slow work. With the aid of three local leaders, about two dozen kitchens in all were scored, though only eighteen reports were finally turned in.

Only two of the women who scored had running hot and cold water in their kitchens and more than half of them had to carry all of their water, most of them from some distance. Only one or two had kitchens that were efficient.

The others did not have enough windows, nor a good stove or had to walk fifty or a hundred feet to get to the woodpile, or had no sink at all or the table was the wrong height, or they had no high stool on which they could sit when working at the table, or the table was on the wrong side of the room, or there was not sufficient cupboard or pantry space—all of which caused the farm wife needless

walking, endless bending and stooping—and which ought to be avoided.

So no sooner was the scoring done than a number of these women, just as Mrs. Fritter had done, looked about to see how things could be improved.

One family has recently installed an independent electric light plant that pumps water along with furnishing light. Another family near by has since piped water from a spring into a new sink. A third cut another window in the kitchen, others bought high stools. Several bought new stoves when they found out just how bad were the ones they did have. This all came as the result of the scoring.

Over in Jefferson Township, Mrs. C. G. Temple, wife of one of the county's leading farmers, acted as township leader, and under her direction thirty-one women scored their kitchens—to find that only two had running hot and cold water and precious few of them had much of anything else that could be called modern. Mrs. Temple herself has to carry water about 200 feet from the spring and she told me it takes from twelve to fifteen trips a day, and the carrying is up hill at that.

After Mrs. Temple had scored her own kitchen, her husband got busy and moved the pantry from the right of the stove to the left. Just as soon as labor can be found, he will build a cistern that will catch water from the roof and force it into the kitchen by gravity.

A sink is to be built along side the copper reservoir and as soon as a new stove is bought, pipes will be put in to heat the water. A bathroom is to be built just back of the kitchen, where the pantry stood. By using gravity, this system, exclusive of bathroom fixtures, won't cost \$100.

When 172 kitchens were scored in Guernsey County last summer, it meant something. As a result of what was

found, the women in the Farm Bureau have decided that the kitchen improvement work needs to be continued.

Putting running water in the kitchen is undoubtedly the biggest need. But times have been bad and a water system of any sort, no matter how modest, takes a considerable cash outlay. So for 1923 the Farm Bureau women decided to conduct a campaign for getting some of the smaller labor-saving helps for the farm kitchen—such as a kitchen stool, sink strainer, knife sharpener, proper height to the kitchen table and so on—things that can all be provided for a few dollars, but which are all worth while.

Next year Mr. Reed hopes for the Farm Bureau as a whole, both men and women, to take up the farm water supply as a Farm Bureau project. Both he and these leaders told me that it has been hard to get farm women to appreciate what this kitchen improvement means, and the ones who benefit most are only the progressive ones like Mrs. Fritter and Mrs. Temple, who already have things much better than the average. The scoring and the urging of women to buy the little things will act as a leaven that will slowly work.

But after all, the men will have to get interested in kitchen improvement before much of anything is done—and this is just what is happening. I asked Mr. Fritter if he minded when his wife set him to work at making over their kitchen.

"I should say not," he replied. "I think it is a good thing. This kitchen scoring has given us men ideas about little conveniences that we can put into the kitchens to save our wives a lot of work. We had just never thought about them before until our attention was called to them. Now we understand their value."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Rather commonplace and uninteresting facts are contained in this story of the job on the farm. By picking out

a specific family, particular details and telling them in a friendly fashion the author has succeeded in creating a story interesting enough for the city dweller, and fairly pertinent to any kitchen, too. See how careful he is about statistics and figures.

5.

(Outers' Recreation)

MR. WHO?—CHIEF CLERK

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

When Miss Prince, the girl by the window, who always seemed to know everything first, whether it was an extra on the street or a freight wreck up the line, announced that Simpson was going to the Northwestern, it caused some flurry in the office of the G. P. A.

"There's a nice little berth for somebody," said Redding, thinking more or less about Redding as he said it.

"Yes," said Lawrence, "and I am getting a little tired of this lower of mine."

"A nice berth, yes," said Jones, who was old in the office and knew, "but no bed of roses, believe me!"

"No chief clerk's job is," said Lawrence. "A chief clerk is a G. P. A. in disguise."

"Well, Larry," remarked Redding, whose wit always seemed to have a sting in it, "if they ever make you a chief clerk, the disguise will be perfect."

"Well, the old man must have known it for some time," responded Lawrence, a little bit vindictively, "but I haven't noticed him looking so very hard at you."

Jones came to the rescue with a little pleasanter remark.

"No bed of roses," he said, "but I guess I could bear up under it with the help of the right-sized pay check."

This was about the nearest that anybody came to announcing his candidacy; but there wasn't a man in the office who

didn't inwardly wonder if he had a chance. Of course, Jones, Redding, and Lawrence were in line; but "the old man" had a habit of jumping a man a few grades now and then if there were something about him he particularly liked.

So even Harry Leppert, who was only two years in the office, knew he had some right to consider himself. He was young here, but he had had Eastern training. He hesitated to say anything, but there was no law to keep a man from thinking—and he had a sudden mental vision of a signature, "H. L. Leppert, Chief Clerk," and it looked rather attractive.

Need we say, Gentle Reader, that Harry is the hero of this story? We need not. Harry is the man that you and we are "pulling for" for the chief clerk's job, and if there is any way that we can land it for him we are going to do it. Let us see what his chances are and what there is for and against him.

He is not the sole support of a widowed mother, which is always a great help in a story of this kind. About all Harry supports is a canoe over at the Lincoln Park Canoe Club, a room on North Dearborn Street, a savings account of \$437.11 at the First Trust, and, more or less, a florist and confectioner out in Sheridan Park, where the girl lives. His youth in years and in this particular office are against him. On the other hand, this youth, his good training with the Pennsy, and his habits and work are in his favor. It looks like a free field, and Harry has as much right to practice up on that signature, which he surreptitiously does, as anybody.

It may astonish you to know that there is sometimes something like politics in the office of a G. P. A. There was reason to suppose that Simpson would have something to say about the choice of his successor. A chief clerk dwells pretty close to the throne, anyway. If a man has any

political sense at all, he will realize that a chief clerk is worthy of some cultivation. So, taking all of these things into consideration, Simpson observed a little sprightlier response to a call from his own desk, or the burr of the old man's buzzer, after the news of his own contemplated retirement became generally noised about the office, which was not long. Simpson even received a phone call from one of Jones's friends, and a letter from one of Redding's. And Miss Prince one day remarked in an offhand manner what a fine boy Harry Leppert was, although she did it entirely on her own initiative.

Simpson was to leave September 1, still some time ahead, but the ample notice rather complicated the situation. The vacation season was on, and Simpson at odd times took up with the men their plans in that regard, eager to accommodate the work of the office to their desires. But he met with little enthusiasm.

"I think I'd like to wait until the rush is over—at the lakes I mean," said Lawrence.

"But what about the rush here? We have to consider that."

"Well, if the worst comes to the worst, I can worry along until almost any time. The office comes first."

Mrs. Jones hadn't really made her vacation plans, so Jones didn't know what to say; he would take it up with Mr. Simpson at some later time, if the chief clerk didn't mind.

Redding had had a spring trip and really didn't feel the need of getting away so soon again. Then the chief clerk put it up to Harry.

Harry did a little quick thinking. A man hates to run away, with a chief clerk's job lying around loose with any number of pairs of eyes glued on it. Harry certainly did want that job. The more he thought about it and the more

he practiced that signature, the more pleasant the thought became.

But Harry was tired, good and tired. He had worked hard, as a new man has to work—for two years he is “new” in the office of a G. P. A. And he had had his dream of two weeks with his canoe in Wisconsin for some time. In fact, he was just about to ask the chief clerk what the chances were when this job thing came up. These evenings in the park were all right, but he wanted to get away from the sofa pillows and the ukelele (lovely as they were) and shoot a few little falls and paddle a full day now and then. Most of all he was fagged. He even wanted to get away from Redding, who seemed to grow more sarcastic as the days got hotter, and all the rest of the gang. He liked his work, but he wanted to run back and take a new start and make a new plunge. It was a terrific temptation, and down inside him it didn’t really seem like a temptation at all. It had all the appearance of a necessity.

But Harry evaded the subject at first—and then he approached the point. “Mr. Simpson,” he said, “I do want a vacation, and I need a vacation. But I am pretty far down the line here, and just as anxious to get ahead as anybody. And I don’t just see” (he spoke the words slowly, because he wanted the chief clerk to guess what was in the back of his brain)—“I don’t just see how—I—can—get—away—at—this—time.”

The chief clerk did a little quick thinking himself, and he was just a little astonished. He had never thought of Harry in that connection. He knew that the old man would rely on his judgment a lot in the selection of his successor, and he had thought the men over. Jones was entitled to promotion on service. He had the run of the office and had been a good, hard, steady plugger. He hadn’t made any new paths, but he had never deviated from the old ones. Law-

rence was a growing man, taking on the stature of a railroad man every day. He looked mighty promising. Redding was not popular in the office, but he had many of the earmarks of an executive. But Harry—well, Harry hadn't just occurred to him. Now that he had, Simpson saw that Harry was impossible. But he hated to tell him so.

It would have been easy to say, "You run along on your vacation, son; it won't make any difference." But that would sound like sending the boy away with a hope—and he knew that Harry didn't have a chance. Would it be best to tell him that right now? "If you mean this vacancy here—" his lips parted to say, but he hadn't any real authority to say anything about it. So he just said weakly, "Well, suit yourself," and the interview was closed.

Harry paddled along that night, and thought. When he came in in the morning Redding snapped at him, Lawrence shoved off on him a job that was really his, and even Jones emitted a sigh of weariness at the very opening of the day that depressed the whole office. Harry went straight to the chief clerk's desk.

"I've been thinking it over," said Harry, "about the vacation, and if it's convenient I think I'd like to get my transportation for whenever you say. My desk is pretty clean, but I'm all in. I want to get a new grip. I don't want to hog it, but if I go first, and get back, and any of the other fellows want to go, I'm willing to bore in, and I'll be in shape to do it."

Simpson was rather glad the matter had been solved so easily, as far as Harry was concerned. The vacancy would be filled before the boy got back. So Harry shook hands all around, Saturday noon, packed up his paddles that night, and Monday morning swung off the sleeper in North Wisconsin.

Before noon the office seemed a million miles away. The

spot he had picked was a beauty, with streams and lakes to paddle and fish, and woods to walk, and young canyons to explore. The third day, in one of the prettiest of these canyons, he stumbled into, almost upon, a picnic party. When you have stepped on a total stranger's pie an introduction is hardly necessary. Now, Gentle Reader, do not sight a romance, or a drama.

The picnic party was made up of two middle-aged couples who carry drinking cups when they rough it and who get back to the hotel every night. And neither one of the men was the president of the road, and Harry did not save his life and become division inspector on the spot. He did well to salvage part of the pie. But he did add youth to the party, and before they reached the hotel he had arranged to pilot the more active of the two tired business men on a hike in the morning. The party of four became a party of five, and each day the boy grew browner and wondered less how his feet would fit Simpson's shoes. In fact, it must be confessed that, as far as the chief clerkship was concerned, Harry pretty nearly forgot all about it.

Though Harry's impending return on the following Monday had absolutely nothing to do with it, since Harry was out of sight and out of mind, on a certain Saturday morning the G. P. A. called Simpson into the private office and asked:

"Well, what have you thought about a man?"

"It looks to me," said the chief clerk, "that it ought to be Jones."

"Why Jones?"

"He's in line; he's worked hard and been here a long while—and in a good many ways it looks like Jones to me."

"But he hasn't a world of initiative."

"No, that's the trouble. He's the draft-horse type. Don't

expect speed from him. But he'll be on the job in the morning and he'll be on the job at night."

"Redding has ten times his get up and go."

"But the men don't like Redding. He'll have the office boy by the ears in no time. He's sour on things. He's a good deal the snappier of the two—but he's snappy in too many ways."

"That's all true maybe, Simpson. But a chief clerk is here to serve the road. I'm responsible for this office and I am the man he will have to please. And I am not looking for entertainment, but service. That office out there must be run right, and it ought to be a man who won't do a thing because it was always done that way, but will be looking around for a better. I rather like this man Redding, in spite of his grouch. Maybe promotion will chirk him up a bit."

"There is Lawrence."

"I don't really know much about him. How does Lawrence impress you?"

"Well, a good man and a comer, but a good deal of a kid yet, if he is in his thirties. A mighty valuable man, sometimes. But I don't think he has just the right slant at this. All those boys are thinking about this vacancy, but Lawrence—well, I don't know just how to express it, but I don't think he just grasps the idea, the opportunity."

"Say," said the G. P. A., suddenly turning in his chair, linking his fingers, and leaning over, "how about this young Leppert?"

"Impossible!" replied Simpson, and then, hurriedly: "A good kid, a hard worker, and uses his head—and the other fellows like him—but too young. He ought to wait; but keep your eye on him. He's going to be a mighty good man for you—is now. But he's been here only two years."

"I guess you're right—too young and inexperienced."

"No, now I want to be fair; I wouldn't say that. He was with the Pennsy."

"Then why isn't he with the Pennsy now?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I understand there is a girl out here that he met at Hamilton, or some New York school. Guess he thought he'd like to locate in Chicago. But I wouldn't say Leppert. He'll have to wait."

"Well, Simpson, I've thought it over pretty carefully. Send in Redding."

As Simpson rose the telephone on the desk rang. "Wait a minute. . . . Who? . . . Oh, yes! Have him come in. Just sit down a minute, Simpson. It's one of the fellows I know over at the club. Won't take him a minute."

A man with iron-gray hair and an expansive smile walked in, and the two men shook hands with a laugh. "If it's billiards, I'm off of you," said the G. P. A. "You're too good."

"No, nothing like that. Fact is I want to take one of your men away from you, but I didn't want to say anything to him until I spoke to you first."

"Well, I don't want to lose a good man. They're scarce."

"I know it, but I'll tell you what I'm up against. I guess I told you I got that North Branch bridge job. I need a young man with—well, with what this fellow's got. I met one of your men up in the woods—and, say, he pretty near ran me to death. He's quick as a cat and brown as an Indian. He's right in shape to take hold of a proposition and see it through. His name's Leppert."

"You want Leppert?"

"Yes, and I'll tell you why I want him. Not just because he's young—there are lots of young men; not just because he has brains—they're scarce—but you can find them; not because—"

"Then what does appeal to you so in Leppert?"

"He looks fit—that's what!"

The door was slightly open. "There's Harry now," said Simpson. "Must have got in a little early."

"Call him in."

A statue of living bronze strode in, bowed to the G. P. A., then in delighted surprise grasped the contractor's hand. "Well, how are you?"

The G. P. A. watched the youth, and then turned slowly back to his desk.

"I'm sorry," he said to the visitor, "but nothing doing. Leppert is going to succeed Mr. Simpson as chief clerk."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Here is a story that might have been entitled "A Treatise on the Value of Outdoors and Exercise"—and no one would have read it, especially if the article had continued in the vein of the title to deal with the abstractions of health and work.

But instead of that the author has adopted the fable form and written a highly dramatic story that makes its point without having a finger point to the moral.

XVII

SPECIAL INFORMATIONAL ARTICLES

THE manager of a Chautauqua bureau serving the smaller towns in the Middle West declared recently that audiences under the "big top" are better satisfied these days when he adds something serious and substantial to the program. He believes the popularity of vapid entertainment, as dispensed by Swiss bell-ringers, chalk talkers and self-styled humorists, is rapidly on the decline and that educational offerings have taken their place.

Listen to him further: "To-day the average Chautauqua crowd is hungry for information and thoughtful interpretation as brought by men who know what they are talking about. We cannot provide enough high-class lectures on such topics as international relations, religion, scientific discovery, politics, sociology, travel—anything that touches modern life intimately and deeply."

Such a departure in Chautauqua policy is not the only weather-vane that registers the prevailing winds of current interest. From year to year education instilled by schools and colleges is exerting a stronger pressure upon the popular mind; self-improvement has become one of the great slogans of contemporary life.

Many metropolitan newspapers, however, have been somewhat backward in publishing strictly informational articles, possibly because editors believe such discussions do not make for easy reading, and as circulation builders lack mass interest when contrasted with dramatic thrillers that carry the

giant headlines. For years "spot" news has been the chief ingredient of modern journalism, so that less prosaic facts of "high-brow" appeal have been crowded out. Probably the editorial policy of "giving the public what it wants" has often been operated on a mistaken scale of values.

Perhaps the success of the *New York Times*, unquestionably a great news medium, but also an alert, keen-minded commentator on events, proves that well-written special articles do command wide interest. In its Sunday feature pages capable writers bring together (generally under their own signatures) the day-by-day chapters in the world's serial story, with such exposition, interpretation, and rounding out as may be afforded by a week's close study.

At intervals "specials" in the Sunday *Times* speculate upon certain issues and controversies swept in by the tide of news; witness articles on the progress of science. The Sunday magazine section, however, is not a specialized class magazine. It seeks, as does a vaudeville performance, to appeal to all classes in a far-flung territory. Of necessity it prints a vast assortment of mediocre stuff, perhaps spreads itself too thin.

Another exceptional example of the use of special full-length informational articles is the Saturday magazine section of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, a paper singularly lacking in the usual run of flashy, melodramatic feature articles decked out in bizarre lay-outs of "art." The *Kansas City Star*, the *New York Herald-Tribune*, the *New York World*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* are also doing noteworthy service in making their magazine sections reflective of more substantial concerns of serious-minded people.

The desire to please the majority may be said to operate also within the offices of our popular magazines, many of which have frankly adopted a policy of artful entertain-

ment, since this staple guarantees a diversified reading public and likewise attracts advertisers intent upon reaching the ears of the multitude. *Everybody's Magazine* no longer prints "exposés" that carry "dynamite," and the same is true of *McClure's*, *Collier's*, the *Cosmopolitan* and other magazines which formerly originated muckraking articles that started the wheels of reform. The magazine "best-seller" is mainly a repository of fiction and interesting personalities, and is but mildly concerned in scientific investigation of civic and political conditions.

The owner of a popular weekly—so runs a current anecdote—was riding to his office one morning when a fellow commuter engaged him in conversation on the merits of the magazine.

"It was especially interesting this week," the friend remarked in a glow of enthusiasm. "I read every blessed word in it."

Instead of an answering smile, the owner frowned.

"I'll see that that doesn't happen again," he declared. "There must be something the matter with an issue that interests one reader all the way through. We want a more balanced ration than that—a few things for every reader. We are appealing to all kinds of tastes, appetites, and temperaments, not to any one man."

Alongside the magazine with a million or so circulation and with little sectional appeal may be laid an increasing number of publications that deal with specific interests and special classes. Some are directed to the home circle, some to boys and girls, some glorify business and the arts. Their range is almost without limit. In these the informational article finds its readiest acceptance.

The contrasting policies that actuate each group are rather well hit off by a preachment recently printed in the *Outlook*,

itself an admirable exponent of the interpretative article at its best:

Look over the magazines spread out on the news-stand.

There are magazines devoted to increasing the size of your biceps and the glamour of your beauty. There are magazines that specialize in glee, others that glory in grief. There are magazines for amateur detectives and duck-shooters, "go-getter salesmen" and aspiring writers of fiction, bank presidents and bee-keepers.

And here and there, even in this complexity of specialization, you find a magazine that appeals to you as a human being, interested in the world you live in.

The *Outlook* is edited for men whose world is neither golf links nor an office desk. The *Outlook* is edited for women whose interests are not limited to the subjects of clothes and cosmetics.

Here is a magazine that takes a bit more comprehensive view of things. Its makers have sympathetic comprehension of the thrill that comes from a long drive down the fairway, and they know too the delights of discovering a new author who writes from the heart, of taking part in some community movement that helps make life a bit easier.

It is the "full round of humanity" that The *Outlook* seeks to cover. Whatever concerns the civilized man and woman concerns The *Outlook* and the men and women who make it.

The foregoing discussion indicates some of the inadequacies and divergencies in the making of present-day newspapers and magazines.

So much for the place and importance of the informational article. What of the man who fashions it for print? He should be a reporter-plus, equipped with intellectual gumption and the ability to sift from the hopper of current events such matters as deserve extended interpretation.

Glenn Frank, forward-looking editor of the *Century Magazine*, makes this prophecy:

One of the jobs of journalists in the next twenty-five years is to go around playing Sherlock Holmes to the best creative minds of the age, getting from those minds creative ideas and then translating those ideas into language that the ordinary man can read and understand. Work of that sort will demand a craftsman who is a trained investigator who seeks objective facts.

Apropos of journalistic aptitudes required for feature work, Paul Scott Mowrer, Paris correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, explained recently how he chooses a topic and how he develops it. Says Mr. Mowrer:

Of first importance to the writer is a close analysis of matters that stir popular interest. This may be determined somewhat by talking with intelligent people. Conversation reveals what are the questions or errors in the public mind which require to be answered or corrected or clarified. The informational feature story is an attempt to supply this answer or correction or clarification. That means painstaking study and careful personal investigation.

First, I fix upon the particular aspect of the particular subject which I wish to treat. Second, I outline the questions which require to be answered in treating this subject. Third, I supply from my own resources what part of the answers I can. Fourth, I complete the answers by additional study, and by personal investigation—inquiry from competent persons, or personal visits to whatever places may be necessary. When all the questions are answered satisfactorily, the material is ready to be organized and written out.

The following suggestions made by A. B. MacDonald, for many years on the staff of the Kansas City *Star* and now writing informational features for the *Ladies Home Journal* and the *Country Gentleman*, will be found helpful.

Never write anything that can be successfully contradicted. You must know you are right before you write. I have heard editors say: "Well, Bill can't write like some others, but he

always gets his facts on straight," or, "Lots of fellows can write rings all around Jack, but one thing Jack always does, he has the whole story; there's nothing left for anyone else to write when he is through with it." Very often the habit of being accurate and thorough and painstaking counts for more than brilliancy in writing. So cultivate those things; be sincere, earnest, fair, and above all things correct and thorough, and then tell your story in a bright, clever way.

The writer of an article on "How Much Money Should a Young Couple Have for Marriage" lists the following references: *Literary Digest*, *The Outlook*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, Babson's reports, *Journal of Home Economics*, Seager's *Principles of Economics*, newspapers, interviews, observations. Such a list of sources gives an idea of the breadth of information necessary for serious consideration of any subject. Statistics and charts buttress this kind of story, give it a good stiff style, and a background of accurate data.

An informational feature story may include discussion of a live thesis or problem, possibly in combination with biographical side lights, several interviews, suggestions and bits of advice, quotations from books, explanation of methods, perhaps a recital of news incidents—the whole often flavored with a dash of humor. Its main objective is the assembling of facts in interesting array. First it deals with things that are little known and, second, with unfamiliar aspects of familiar things, using a medium freed from the academic, and with zeal for instruction happily disguised.

Writers of special informational articles must so weave the drab material of fact and figure that they make it vital and engaging; they must utilize striking incidents in telling the story; they must often plow through rows of statistics and uncover their human significance for the average reader.

Possibly the daily practice of the successful writer of informational articles may best be summarized in the words of one of the craft. Read the testimony of Harry R. O'Brien, bearing upon the matter:

The feature article for the farm paper, the technical journal, and even for the general magazine such as the *Saturday Evening Post* or *American Magazine* and for the women's magazines, must first of all contain good information, not just the unusual or freakish idea. Write it first to convey accurately this information which often has the quality of news. Write it second to convey clearness. Write it third for interest, putting the information into the most interesting form permissible in keeping with the subject and type of magazine for which it is intended.

In my work of writing for the *Country Gentleman*, I find that by far the most important part is in gathering of material. I aim to cover the subject thoroughly. Sometimes I work for months, gathering my stuff as I go around working on other things. This usually results in a series of articles, however, on the subject. In one article I wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post* I began clipping items from newspapers in January about unusual sales of land in Iowa. From May to September 1 I drove by auto several thousand miles over the corn-belt states, talking with real-estate men, country bankers, farmers, college men. I traveled other thousands by train, picking up information about land records of farm sales. Other hours in many counties were spent in copying down records of mortgages and deeds files in court houses. It was not until in December that I began sorting over all of this data, compiling it together, digesting and extracting. On December 28 the copy of my article on 1919 land boom, "Frenzied Farm Finance," was mailed to the *Post*. A whole year had been spent on it. Meanwhile, of course, I had written many other things.

When possible I use an auto to take me to the farmers I want to interview. In the past four years I have driven about 50,000 miles gathering material for my articles. I always try to interview a farmer right on his farm. I have interviewed farmers in the barnyard, in the haymow, in the stable; I have followed one while he hoed, have climbed on top of a threshing machine, climbed into a silo, ridden on a manure spreader or load of

wheat, tramped up and down a corn field. The reason for this is that a man talks most naturally when he is right at home, doing the things about which I have come to interview him.

In beginning an interview, I usually tell a man just who I am and what I have come to him for. I always carry a notebook and make ample notes. It takes caution, however, and sometimes the sight of a notebook will shut a man up and I fail to get what I want. I usually get him going on his story before I pull the notebook, awaiting a time when he begins to give me figures of crop yields or sales. "I had better write that down or I'll forget it," I usually explain. It's a clever writer who can depend on memory for a technical feature article. If I think the man would be frightened by my notebook, I sometimes don't take it out at all, but after I have left him, I stop down the road and then write it down while it is fresh in mind.

After all, gathering the material for a feature story is just good news reporting, carried out to get a more rounded-out story, with background and connections. The writing of the story is just good news writing, using the materials of the feature. Get information of value, get plenty of material, get the human interest angle, be accurate enough for the technical authority on the subject and then write it so clearly and with sufficient interest that the layman will read and understand.

The length of the average special informational article runs to about 1,500 words, with the possible exception of the *Saturday Evening Post*, where longer contributions are employed because they may be jig-sawed and continued into the advertising pages.

Shorter articles accompanied by photographs are in great demand in most editorial offices, especially among lesser magazines, business journals, and newspapers.

A few sample titles from recent magazines indicate the range of feature stories published. The list shows the universal interest that must inhere in special articles if they would fit into the scheme of a magazine with wide distribution:

The Evolution of the Map of the World—*Dearborn Independent*.

A City Built by Children—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Present-day Germany—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Radio Remaking the World—*Century Magazine*.

When the Negro Comes North—*World's Work*.

Uncle Sam—Exporter of Plays—*Scribner's Magazine*.

The Business of Vaudeville—*Saturday Evening Post*.

The Wardens of Cape Cod—*World's Work*.

The Seven Ages of Trout—*Nature Magazine*.

The Most Extraordinary City in the World—*National Geographic Magazine*.

The Greatest Religious Revival—*Atlantic Monthly*.

Drinking Their Way to the Poorhouse—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Two full-length informational stories are submitted for extended study of the feature writer's art. The first, "Our Immigrant, the Negro," is graphically illustrated with "action" photographs and illustrative charts; the second, "Looking Beyond the Veil in Spiritland," a story on how materializing "mediums" bamboozle their credulous clients, also well illustrated, reveals thorough investigation and a rich store of facts adroitly incorporated into a smooth narrative.

1.

(*Iron Trade Review*)

OUR IMMIGRANT, THE NEGRO

A. J. HAIN

Economic and social conditions have combined to bring into the northern industrial districts from the South more than 600,000 negroes within five years. The negro population of the United States is approximately one-tenth of the total, and as shown by the census of 1920, more than 9,000,000 lived in the Southern states as compared with 1,400,000 elsewhere. While this gives a perspective on how

strongly the negro population is centered in the South, the movement northward for nearly two years has been of a sustained, mass character.

The major part of the migration has occurred since the 3-per-cent limitation was placed on immigration from Europe and other countries. The department of labor estimates that 358,856 negro men and women have moved to the northern industrial centers since Dec. 1, 1922.

The negroes are remaining in the North; the influences that brought them here still are at work, and may continue, for the negroes are the North's immigrants, coming to a "promised land" of high wages and "equality," seeking to escape poverty and degradation. They are coming to the North essentially for the same reasons that have led Europeans to seek entrance to this country. The destruction of cotton crops by the boll weevil may be likened in its effect on their lives to the blight of war. Living has become more difficult, hovels must serve for homes. In the North, there is prosperity, a call for labor, good pay, and what the average negro especially desires, greater tolerance from white people.

The director of the Detroit Urban League, a branch of a national organization for the promotion of negro welfare work, says his compilations show that at least 500,000 have moved into the Northern states since the beginning of 1922, the majority of them this year. The various branches of the organization have employment departments in charge of intelligent negroes who know where negro labor is employed, in what number, and the number of negroes available. These branches are sustained by community funds, and in some cities, as in Detroit, their employment departments co-operate with employers' associations. The leaders of the association are in position to obtain fairly reliable data.

Phil H. Brown, a commissioner for the department of labor, detailed as observer of the migratory movement, states that negro labor has been moving northward at the rate of 26,000 a month for the last ten months. The manager of an employment agency in Chicago specializing in obtaining negroes for Northern employers says: "It is safe to say at least 50,000 have come into Chicago and contiguous territory, including Gary, in the last six months."

Alien labor now is coming into the United States at about the rate of 26,000 able-bodied males monthly, which matches the northerly movement of negroes.

Considering this gain in white labor from Europe, theoretically the migration of negroes should begin to slow up. Harvesting in the Northern states is nearing an end, and this means a flowback of farm labor to the cities, while in some lines of manufacturing operations are less active, releasing a few men. The steel industry, however, is needing more men because of the elimination of the twelve-hour shift, and there has been no change in the important construction programs as planned by the railroads. So many uncertain factors are involved that it is impossible to predict how long and how extensively the negro immigration will continue, and what proportion of the negroes will return to the South. The movement generally follows along economic lines, but there is a race problem involved in the desire of the negroes to improve their conditions, to be free from domination and dependence, "to become educated," and to be "like white folk."

While the Southern states officially and otherwise are doing all in their power to stop the exodus, as it is tending to deplete their labor supply, the Southern employers feel sure that the negroes will return voluntarily "when they get their feet cold." The increase in the number of children in the Northern public schools during the last few

years, however, seems to bear out the statements of negro leaders that the members of their race have come North to stay. The number of negro children in Northern public schools has advanced 51.6 per cent since the beginning of the migratory movement. In ten years negro population in the South increased only 2 per cent, while in the North it gained 19 per cent. The department of labor estimates that in the last five years the number of negroes in the manufacturing and mechanical industries have been increased by 255,389, of which 37,016 are women. During this time the number of negroes engaged in domestic and personal service decreased 57,642.

Sacks of mail are going South urging and aiding the colored brethren to come North. These letters are from the better classes of negroes, and in this loosely organized form of propaganda emphasis is placed on the opportunities for work, and social equality in the schools, in various occupations and in public places. The opportunities for work will outweigh as a factor the negroes' views on equality. Under the present national policy in regard to immigration, the "black wave" might be expected to ebb or flow in accordance with northern industrial operations, sometimes to the disadvantage of the South. Negro labor in these industries is not preferred labor, but emergency labor, and the negroes' natural home is in the South. The white races from Europe are bred into the sinews of the North. The increase of about 38 per cent in the negro population outside the Southern states, in the last two years, has brought to the front important problems. One is that the negroes in some of the industrial districts, where the increment has been the largest, are herded into quarters where housing shortages existed before they came.

Northern citizens are becoming more familiar first-hand with the negro problem as it has confronted the Southerners

for generations. The newly arrived negro can be detected by the way he shuffles to the side when near white people, as his hand goes involuntarily toward his cap in a gesture of salute. Within a few days after his arrival he has become more aggressive. Is there a menace to public peace in the growing numbers of negroes and an obsession of social equality?

Some of the officials of Northern cities have asked these questions while starting surveys and investigations. They believe that while work is plentiful for whites and blacks there is a reasonable assurance of harmony and racial tolerance. What may happen if conditions are reversed? The negroes can, if required, live on as little as do Chinamen. Will negroes continue to find employment at reduced wages, if a change occurs, while white men walk the streets? The negro is going through a process of "industrial assimilation." He could not be expected to make a first-class factory hand within a few weeks of his removal from the cotton fields of the South. He understands English, while the alien does not, and under certain conditions he may be preferred to the European. He is less disposed to be organized, more docile and obedient. Shall he be discriminated against because of his color? Does organized labor prefer to have these negroes in the North, rather than white workmen? Do the representatives of the South take note of the loss that their districts may sustain if the negroes continue to leave? If the white workmen of Europe continue to be shut out where will the North be compelled to look for its laborers?

The head of a large Alabama steel-works says:

"The migration of the negroes is demoralizing the Southern farm-labor market. The different Southern industrial works, mines, etc., are experiencing difficulty in operating without the negroes who have gone North. Some of them are working shorter time in consequence—some have closed

down so as to concentrate the available labor on fewer points and thus lessen the overhead."

The president of a large Southern foundry states his views as follows:

"The South has already suffered on account of the exodus of its negro labor, and it seems that it must suffer considerably more. Our immigration laws, of course, as they now stand prevent bringing in additional foreign laborers. Should further inroads be made on the southern labor market, the South must suffer greatly."

Georgia and Alabama have passed drastic laws making it a penal offense for labor agents to induce persons to leave those states, and similar laws are receiving strong endorsement elsewhere. These laws cannot abridge the negroes' constitutional rights, but they give moral encouragement to public authorities to suppress the movement. The result is that when labor is recruited by professionals the latter work covertly and under adverse conditions. They secure the type of man usually found on the streets, the undesirable product, rather than the working man who is at his task or at home with his family. This in a measure accounts for the dissatisfaction expressed by Northern employers with some negroes brought north by the recruiters.

Southern railroads are refusing to accept prepaid transportation or to deliver tickets. Southern banks have refused to cash checks written by Northerners and sent South to finance "the darky's joy ride." Southerners who have cashed such checks have been threatened by the Ku Klux Klan. The Southern Metal Trades association in a recent bulletin sounds this warning: "The negro belongs to the South, and he should stay here for his interest and for the interest of the country at large. Shut the barn door before the horses all get out. Help us to stop further depredations

on the supply of labor remaining in the South. We have none to spare."

Another phase of the situation is the change of attitude, or the more emphatic assertion of opinion in the South in regard to the rights of negroes. A half dozen Southern industrial leaders comment freely on the negro situation, and they are in agreement on the statement conditions affecting the negroes must be improved, that there is no other way of holding them, in view of the many advantages which may arise in the North. These leaders say the negroes have not received a square deal, they do not receive fair treatment at work, on the streets, in their homes, or in the courts. The negroes have been forced to live without proper sanitation, have been denied the use of the same schools as the whites, "always put off to take the leavings and the last of what there is." A prominent industrial manager says "the negro cannot be blamed for moving North at the first opportunity. Who wouldn't under similar conditions?" he asks, and answers: "I would."

Steps are being taken by the South's influential employers to make the negroes more satisfied. Some of them for years have sought to provide their negroes with decent houses, churches, schools, and recreation halls. They have subscribed toward the development of their musical tastes, have helped them with their baseball teams, and given prizes for the development of their gardens. They have striven to encourage a more friendly feeling between foremen and workmen, substantially the same as Northern industrial interests have done.

"Only the Southerner knows and understands the negro," has long been a familiar saying. The consensus of statements of representative Southern industrial interests is that Southerners have not been fair with him. The Afro-American racial leaders view the exodus as a mighty protest. In

conference lately they issued a warning "to the dominant white race" that unless it takes heed and changes its attitude the negroes now in the South "will like their brethren be gone to return no more." To the average Southerner this is like comic opera, but to those employers who must depend on negro labor it is a significant and serious matter.

Expressions from Northern iron and steel and metal-working establishments pertaining to the efficiency of negroes vary as widely as do those in regard to white aliens. Some have found them good, others bad or indifferent, and they are emphatic and fixed in their estimation of the general run of negroes, as shown by their experience with them. Nearly all of the superintendents interviewed say that the quality of negro labor depends largely on white foremanship.

It is observed that negroes are cleaner in their personal habits than some of the European aliens. They use the shower baths more often. They are of a happier disposition, easier to get along with, are less suspicious, more tractable, than those of the quiet, sullen type. Offsetting these characteristics, are a number of important indictments. The negroes, plant managers say, are less dependable for steady work; they lay off on the slightest pretexts, especially on Mondays and Tuesdays. They are less desirous of making money by getting ahead, are fond of gambling, flashy clothes, and generally are "broke."

Negroes in certain occupations show more aptitude and skill than do those of the alien white races; they are particularly good for hot and heavy work in foundries.

A "singing negro" especially is regarded as a prize in a gang of laborers, and he is paid higher wages sometimes for the influence he exerts over lazy comrades. The singer chuckles, "takes hold" and leads his crew in a song, that like the sailorman's "Yo heave ho!" gets work done.

In an effort to determine the attitude of employers toward

negro labor, the Detroit board of commerce sent out 400 copies of a questionnaire, requesting statements in regard to the numbers of negroes employed, the rate of turnover, the lines of work in which they are engaged, the wage rates of blacks and whites, and comments on how they compare in efficiency. The director of the Detroit Urban League states "500 concerns employ negroes" in that city, and 25 have more than 100 each on their payrolls.

Out of a negro population of about 60,000 in Detroit, 18,000 adult males are at work. The Ford Motor Co., normally employing 110,000 in its Detroit plants, includes among them more than 5,000 negroes. The Dodge Bros. Motor Co., employs 1,400 negroes, and the Packard Motor Co., employs 700.

The president of a Southern iron and steel works recently remarked that while in Detroit a few weeks ago he saw as many negroes on the streets as there are to be seen ordinarily in Chattanooga. The mayor of Detroit received a letter pointing to the influx, and stating that misrepresentations by employing agents in regard to living conditions were responsible. The mayor suggested that the board of commerce make an investigation, and as part of this the questionnaire on the negroes' status was issued.

Here are some of the typical replies under the headings of habits and efficiency: "Very shiftless; majority hard up; have domestic troubles; more efficient on certain classes of foundry work than white men; irregular in attendance; lay off for trivial reasons, frequently after pay day; very ignorant; not steady; 80 per cent of our negro employes have good habits; good as helpers in foundries, molders, furnace tenders, and in plating rooms; irregular as compared with others; O.K. as janitors only; good as sweepers, sand-blast men, furnace helpers, janitors; habits good; they take periodic layoffs; efficiency about the same as white men; good

as helpers, grinders, iron pourers; chippers; inclined to magnify ailments and layoff; not as ambitious as white men; give satisfaction in certain lines; good habits, fair in regard to layoffs; 50 per cent lazy, 10 per cent of time lost, and efficiency as compared with white groups 75 per cent; careless, slovenly, inattentive to rules and discipline; inferior to average run of whites; very irregular and consistent time-breakers."

A Southern iron and steelmaster says: "Judging by our experience, the Northern employers will be very much bothered by the use of Southern negroes unless they actually carry on their payrolls from 20 to 30 per cent more than they require; this for the simple reason that the Southern negroes will not habitually work six days a week." A composite of expressions from Northern iron and steelworks managers with whom the writer has talked conforms with that view, though it is difficult to generalize in regard to the negro without seeming to be unjust. In some other lines of work, notably in foundries, they are said to be as efficient, if not more so, than the white workmen, and it has not been necessary to carry 20 to 30 per cent more on the pay roll than needed for actual work.

The average monthly turnover of negro labor in the Detroit industrial establishment employing the largest number of negroes is 10 per cent. The largest turnover reported by any company, one of the smaller foundry interests, is 70 per cent. It is only fair to the negro to say that in the former establishment he is paid 80 cents an hour, \$38.60 a week, and \$160 a month, and no distinction is made between black and white men engaged in the same occupations, while in the latter case where the turnover is so high the negro receives 53 cents an hour compared with 70 cents an hour for white labor. Another foundry which pays negroes and white men 50 to 80 cents an hour, making no distinction,

reports a turnover for the negro labor of 27 per cent a month. The turnover for the white labor is not given.

The majority of 200 reports in the Detroit industrial questionnaire placed the wage rate paid negroes at 45 to 55 cents an hour, and stated that there is no discrimination between them and white workers. None of the employers indicates that less than 45 cents is paid, while a number of them go as high as 60 and 65 cents. Several report 80 and 90 cents. The variation is due to the amount of skill required.

In Cleveland and some other northern Ohio cities inquiries develop the information that 45 cents an hour is the general rate for unskilled negro labor. At one large steel plant, skilled negro workmen are obtaining as much as 90 cents an hour. The increase of 25 per cent in the hourly rate paid common laborers at the plants of the United States Steel Corp., where the three-shift system is established, advances the rate from 40 to 50 cents.

It is difficult to obtain exact figures on the wages paid in southern steelworks. The Birmingham, Ala., correspondent of *Iron Trade Review* states that the wages in the Birmingham district are 5 to 15 cents under those in the North. The head of a large Chicago employment agency which has recruited many thousands of negroes in the South in the past year says the average wage for common negro labor in southern steelworks is \$1.50 to \$2 a day. In Texas and along the coast the wages are said to range from \$3.50 to \$4 a day. Wages in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi are \$1.50 to \$1.75 a day, except in the steel district of Alabama, where they are higher. In the farm districts it has been difficult for the negroes to obtain any kind of work.

The extent to which negroes are entering the industrial works in the North is indicated by a Cleveland forging and stamping company that employs 1,800 workpeople, 700

of whom are negroes. This percentage is unusually large, and significant. The company began employing negro men and women before the war. It found them of great service during the war, and it has kept them in its employ. Twenty-five per cent of its negro labor is classed as skilled. Negroes have been given minor executive positions; several of them hold stock in the company. A negro supplanted a white man as head of the chemistry department when the white man said, "Either he or I must go." A negress now is employed as chemist. A negress holds the position of nurse. A number of girls have been trained to operate presses. All of the company's truck drivers are negroes, including the head mechanic. There are negro clerks and office workers.

The general superintendent states that the company's experience with negroes has been "very satisfactory." He was asked what the turnover of labor amounted to, and replied, "Among the negroes it is no larger than among the foreign-born white laborers we employed before the negroes came in.

"We have actually benefited to a considerable extent by the prejudice white people have for negro workers," he said. "We have been enabled to obtain the services of skilled workers who have talents equal to or superior to those of white workers. In some cases we could not afford to employ white workers showing the same amount of skill.

"I remember the time when if a 'foreigner' walked across this yard, the other workmen would quit. We have gradually overcome our prejudices for the white races of Europe, why should we remain prejudiced against the negro worker because of his color? The foreign-born white races have come through revolutions; the negroes of the South are coming through evolution."

Despite the Northern employer's sympathy for the negro race in the abstract, and his willingness to help individuals

accordingly as they appeal to him, the shifting of negro population is raising serious issues. "The negro has a definite place in industry," is generally conceded. The other question that follows is, "What is his place in the social life of a community?"

Of fifteen sections in which negroes live in Detroit and vicinity, by far the most densely populated is a district almost in the heart of the city, this being pointed out as "the big black belt on the East Side." It is within a few blocks of the county building, city hall, office and shopping district. Here the negroes literally swarm. They go to their work in all parts of the city.

High rents are charged by the landlords, and to pay the negroes must overcrowd the rooms, basements, and attics. The housing conditions are worse than were those in some of the overcrowded steel towns a few years ago.

Similar congestion is noted in Cleveland and many other northern Ohio cities. It is especially conspicuous in some of the smaller industrial centers in the Mahoning Valley.

High rents for hovels and high cost of food are things which the darky of the cotton plantation has not considered. Descriptions sent to the South showing whites and negroes fraternizing, working side by side contentedly, white women and black women engaged in the same occupations, fine public buildings, public schools for negro children as well as the whites, high wages and opportunities for "expansion" are responsible for many of them leaving their southern homes. Some of the descriptions in regard to social conditions give the imaginative, illiterate negroes exaggerated opinions: They follow the lure wherever it may lead, shift about aimlessly, ready to take a trip anywhere if some employment agent will advance the money. The good, bad, and indifferent, poor and discouraged have been swept into a stampede. Will the North support them if they should

lack work, as the South has done in the past? The Northern industry's experience with large numbers of negroes has been an experiment, and the experiment so far has inclined it to continued preference for white labor.

"The negro has been an apt pupil of the white man and has learned much from him, incorporating many of his virtues and many of his vices," says Conciliation Commissioner Brown, of the department of labor. "It is a pity that the white man has not acquired from the negro his characteristic contentment, his inherent cheerfulness, and his singular loyalty on the job.

"My race possesses these qualities, which are offered as the first steps in his aspiring promotion from an emergency factor to a preferred labor utility.

"Physically, he possesses every requirement. As an American, conceived in the continental processes of soul and soil he is unsurpassed by the proudest products of our best American antecedents. In all our wars he has borne arms for, but never against his country. He has never destroyed property nor assailed his government. He accepted his freedom not as a gift, but as a compact, and sealed the covenant with his blood that it might endure. He has shown that his emancipation was not in vain, by moving along with the lines of progress laid down by the exacting American ritual. He has been sinned against without excessive sinning. He sent 400,000 of his sons to the war, some of whom were the first Americans to meet the enemy. His percentage of acceptance for military service was 31.7 as against 26.8 for the white American; and be it said to his undying credit, of the 10,000 convictions for disloyalty under our country's Espionage Act there is not a negro's name among them. He invested \$200,000,000 in Liberty bonds to carry on the war. He has established 72 banks; 36 insurance companies, and ownership in 218,972 farms. He

has 325 newspapers and 50 building and loan associations. His church property is worth \$87,208,377, and his own wealth is \$5,000,000,000. When it is considered that he started sixty years ago, with empty hands, this is a splendid achievement."

2.

(The Dearborn Independent)

LOOKING BEYOND THE VEIL IN SPIRITLAND

By JOHN SLOAN

Some rather ironical philosopher, I think his name was Voltaire, has said that the supernatural is merely the natural that men do not understand. A large and growing number of persons who live by their wits have capitalized this lack of understanding on the part of the majority of the people of the world, shrouded their schemes in mystery, and are daily mulcting the public of thousands of dollars, giving nothing except baseless hopes and worthless promises in return. These swindlers in the supernatural are the horde of mediums, clairvoyants, palmists, crystal gazers, and fortune tellers of a dozen varieties who infest our cities, keep our police busy with their trickery, and, not infrequently, furnish the traps by which wealthy men and women are lured into the hands of confidence men and other sharpers.

There are, according to the best figures obtainable in 1924, approximately 120,000 of these dealers in mystery in the United States. That is to say that, for every thousand of population in this country, there is at least one person claiming in some form or another to be able to reveal the secrets of worlds other than this to mortal men. It is

further estimated that each one of these 120,000 is making a living—that is to say, at least \$1,000 a year—from the people of the United States. This means that Americans are paying a minimum of \$120,000,00 annually for nothing. In all probability, according to figures supplied to the writer by a number of police departments, welfare organizations, psychological societies, and so on, the actual sum is twice or three times this amount.

On the opposite side of the ledger it may be stated as a fact that the only thing we know about the spirit world is that we *KNOW* nothing about it. We may *think*, and *believe*, and have all the *faith* in the world, but when all the evidence has been analyzed, the most intelligent, the best-trained, and the most accurate students of spiritual affairs admit that they *know* nothing. Of all the persons—usually called “mediums”—who claim to have knowledge of the spiritual or the supernatural, or who have delivered messages from the spiritual world to the physical world in which we live, there is not one who at some time or another has not been caught in fraud. The discovery of dishonesty in one action of a person pretending to have received and transmitted communications from the spirit world, opens all the actions of such a person to the suspicion of fraud, with the general result that all such communications or messages are to-day under a cloud of deception, due to previous instances of dishonesty on the part of the mediums receiving them, and are of doubtful value.

One of the greatest “magicians,” or conjurers of modern times, who is now touring the United States, has had deposited with one of the largest banks of New York City for more than ten years the sum of \$1,000, gold, to be given to the clairvoyant, medium, crystal gazer, or other worker in the supernatural, who can do anything by supernatural or spiritual aid, so called, which the conjurer cannot dupli-

cate by material means. The only condition attached to this offer is that the conjurer shall be allowed to see the medium make the materialization, or do whatever other act that medium selects as a test, in such light and under such conditions as the medium may dictate; and that, after the medium has completed his or her demonstration, the conjurer be allowed to duplicate the materialization or whatever the work may be, first under the same conditions, and then again in broad daylight. The object of the daylight provision is, of course, the complete exposure of the medium.

In all the decade that this offer has been standing—and the writer knows that it is bona fide—not one medium or clairvoyant ever has come forward to attempt to win the prize. The writer has seen this magician duplicate, in the dark or in subdued light, the materializations, the table tapings, the slate writings, the spirit pictures, produced by one of the most widely known mediums in this country. Immediately after duplicating these supposedly supernatural productions of this medium, in the dark, the conjurer turned up the lights, and did all the work over again in the light, exposing trick by trick as mere legerdemain, not all of it so clever as the work of the average sleight-of-hand performer behind the footlights.

The deceptions by which the American people are looted of millions of dollars every year by these tricksters may be divided, roughly, into four classes: fortune telling, including palmistry and crystal gazing; slate writing, and communications from the spirit world through the mouth of a trance-medium; reading and answering of sealed letters written by the gullible; and the materialization from the spirit world of men, women and children who have passed out of this world.

Though their fees are the lowest, it is probable that the fortune tellers get the lion's share of the money paid for this

chicanery by the people of the United States. It is one of the wise provisions of Nature, God, Destiny, or whatever we may wish to call that power which rules the Universe, that no man knows his own future. The desire to know something which no one else knows prompts men and women to pay their money to be deceived by tricksters who claim to be able to tell what lies beyond the curtain of tomorrow. Playing cards, palm reading, and crystal gazing are the three most popular means of "searching the future." Obviously, the fixed figures of a deck of playing cards can know nothing of the past and less of the future, unless it be when properly played in a poker game. Yet for hundreds of years men and women have believed in the augury of the cards, handled and "read" by persons of such apparent ignorance that their advice would not be taken except on the authority of the turn of a card, whose face neither the fortune teller, nor the one whose fortune is being told, could see. This method of separating the public from its money is rapidly going out, except in the foreign quarters of our large cities.

Palmistry is based on the position, depth, length, and configuration of the lines in the palm of the hand, and on the size and shape of the so-called "mountains" between these lines, and the raised portions of the fingers between the joints. Monkeys have similar lines and raised areas in their paws, and the future of a monkey can be as accurately foretold from his paw as from the hand of a human being. The real purpose of the lines in the hand is to increase the sense of touch by making little valleys and ridges which enlarge the area of the surface of the palm, thereby augmenting the amount of skin, filled with tiny nerve terminals, which come in contact with anything the hand touches. By going in different directions, these lines help us to feel the character of the surface of anything that we

touch. The delicate termini of the tactual nerves are placed to the greatest advantage in the so-called "mounts" of Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, and so on. Since even Omnipotence never has been able to make two mountains without a valley between them, Nature found it necessary to make the creases in the palm which the palmists call the "head, heart and life lines." These lines also assist in the folding of the skin when the hand grasps an object.

The writer recently discovered that by careful working with an ivory paper-cutter, he could deepen, lengthen and broaden the lines in the palm of his hand, and that by gentle massage, he could raise the mountains on that hand considerably above their normal level. This seemed like altering the future, or changing predestination, or trifling with fate, or something unnatural in the supernatural like that, so, clasping a silver dollar in my left hand, I went to a celebrated palmist, offering her the hand and the dollar. I received in return an elaborate future, involving an approaching marriage—to which my good wife of twenty years objected most strenuously—and the amount of money which I would earn in the next twelve months. It was an alluring sum, and I immediately felt favorably inclined toward the glassy-eyed dame of uncertain age and antecedents who so cast my manual horoscope. This was the future as outlined by my hand in its pristine condition, merely well washed, a precaution which I learned from the palmist was unnecessary, since "no effort of man could conceal the facts which the palm reveals."

Thereafter I went home and devoted much of the next three days to working on my "life lines" with the paper cutter, and to elevating the mountains of the planets by massage with the other and still innocent hand. When I had added to each line and to each mountain enough of depth and length and width and height to change my future

as much as I believed it should be altered, I took another dollar from the family purse and went to another palmist. My work was a perfect success, and I received another and entirely different fortune. Thus, I had two futures before me, without the ability to choose either one. I determined to have a third, and, giving the hand a week's rest, I worked up only one hillock, the "Mount of Venus," just at the base of the thumb, and altered one line, that of "life." This won for me a third and still different future fortune from a third and different palmist. It seems to me that this simple experiment, which any one can perform, shows the value of palmistry as a key to the future.

Fortune telling by crystal gazing—staring fixedly into a clear glass globe, a bowl filled with water, a pan of mercury, or at some other clear and smooth surface, on which images are supposed to appear—requires a little more paraphernalia, and, consequently, demands a higher fee. One can have his fortune told by the cards for fifty cents, by palm reading for one dollar, and by crystal gazing for two to two and one-half dollars. The Oriental humbugs, the Swami This and the Swami That, and their sort are very fond of the crystal globe. This is a form of autohypnosis, when honestly carried out; but as done by the average fortune teller it amounts to nothing but a matter of staring fixedly into the crystal for a few moments, the muttering of a forecast of the customer's future, and the collection of the fee. The writer, though able to put himself to sleep by gazing at a pin-point of light reflected in a mirror, and to perform other similar tricks of self-hypnosis, has never been able to obtain anything but a stiff neck from gazing into the crystal ball.

Scientific investigators, who have made long tests with the crystal ball, the mirror, the mercury pan and similar equipment, have informed me that they never have been

able to conjure up images of anything except scenes and persons that they had viewed in this world. This probably is the extent of the value of the crystal ball—merely a concentration point for the operation of the subconscious mind, or whatever mind it is that serves as a filing cabinet for human thought and memories.

Slate writing, one of the most effective tricks of the modern conjurer and sleight-of-hand performer on the stage, and for many years one of the best money-getters of the fake mediums and other pretended communicants with the spirit world, can be done in twenty-seven different ways. The writer has attended seances in which he has seen thirteen of these methods used, and was able to detect ten of them, being told of the remaining three by the "medium," who believed that the writer was also in "the profession." The writer has received "spirit messages" on slates furnished by the medium, and on slates furnished by himself, but he has never yet received a message at a seance at which he kept his own slate or the medium's slate, *at all times in his own hands*. There have been instances, however, in which writings have been "received" on slates furnished by the medium and held at all times in the sitter's hands, but these writings were prepared beforehand in ink which disappears when written, but appears again a certain length of time thereafter. All the other twenty-six ways of slate writing depend on interchange of slates, the writing being done by a confederate of the medium while the sitter *thinks* he is still holding his own slate. This is another demonstration of the world-wide difference between *thinking* and *knowing*.

The conjurer mentioned above as having offered to duplicate any act performed by any medium anywhere at any time has a slate-writing trick in which the pencil can be *heard writing*, apparently between the closed leaves of the slate, but it would be unfair to this clever and honest

magician to reveal the secret of this trick, which, as far as the writer knows, no medium has ever been able to duplicate, even with the supernatural aid these fakers pretend to possess. Slate writing has deceived many men of wide intelligence and broad education, but there never yet has been a slate-writing medium before the public who has not at one time or another been caught in trickery. It is the belief of all the unbiased investigators of psychological phenomena with whom the writer has come in contact that there never has been a slate writing which was not done by human agency. As entertaining tricks on the stage, these clever deceptions are worth the price of the ticket but as deliberate attempts to delude men and women by attributing them to supernatural or spiritual sources, they are criminal.

The reading of sealed letters, and the answering of questions contained in them, is done by twelve separate methods, all having for a foundation the substitution of other sealed envelopes for those containing the real letters for a space of time long enough to enable a confederate of the medium to copy the questions and formulate replies to them. The thirteenth and cleverest method is that known as the "extra letter system." In this, the medium or magician distributes among his audience small envelopes containing cards; usually these envelopes are about one and one-half by two inches, or smaller, of a size easily concealed in the hand or "palmed," in the language of sleight-of-hand performers. The sitters for the medium, or the audience for the magician, write their questions on these cards, being commonly limited to one question, "owing to lack of time and the mental strain on the medium." Each question-writer then seals his card in the envelope and all are placed on a table in front of the medium.

The latter has, either palmed or hidden behind some ornament on the table, an exactly similar card, on which a

question has been written by a confederate "planted" in the audience. This card is in an envelope exactly like all the others, with the exception that one end of the envelope is torn open. With this card in its envelope concealed in his right hand, the medium picks up the first envelope from the pile on the table, holds it in his left hand against his forehead for a moment of apparent deep concentration, and speaks aloud, without unsealing the envelope, the question prearranged with the confederate, and written on the palmed card. After he has obtained a confirmation of this question from the confederate, he opens the envelope held in his *left* hand, and apparently sends it out into the audience to the confederate. As a matter of fact, the card he really sends out is the previously prepared one which, opened, he had held palmed in his *right* hand all the time.

The confederate receives this card, confirms it, and passes it about among the audience, or among the sitters at the seance. The medium now has the first of the *genuine* cards opened and palmed in his *right* hand and *knows* what is written upon it. With his left hand he picks up another of the genuine cards from the table, presses it against his forehead, goes through the concentration process, and speaks aloud the question on the card which he already has open in his right hand. After the question is read and recognized, and the second envelope opened and swiftly exchanged for the first card, the latter is sent out to its writer in the audience, while the medium has the second card, open, and with its contents known to him, palmed in his right hand. Thus, he goes through the pile until, say a half-dozen cards remain, when he suddenly announces that the hour is growing late, and his time limited, so that he will have to defer reading the remainder of the cards until the next meeting. He must do this, or he will be left with an extra card which

he is unable to read, palmed in his right hand, when the table has been emptied of all the cards.

This whole trick, which is so clever that it has fooled many experienced investigators, depends entirely upon the ability of the medium or the magician at sleight-of-hand in the changing of the cards from hand to hand. This brings up the fact that, if you will watch a medium, or a stage magician do the same trick a number of times, you will find that he goes through exactly the same succession of exactly the same movements, done at exactly the same moment, in the performance of each trick. This has led to the undoing of many mediums, because the moment an investigator finds a medium doing the same thing the same way over and over again, he is certain that only human agency is involved, for if supernatural, or spirit, aid were involved, the operations would not necessarily be the same every time. A celebrated Italian medium, who, a few years ago, set all Europe by the ears, psychologically speaking, was caught by a British investigator by this very method. When he had learned the method by which the trick was done, through watching her perform the same trick some twenty times, this investigator described it to her. The woman then broke down and confessed.

The answering of questions written, as heretofore described, is more difficult than the reading of them. By careful tabulation, however, stage magicians have found that the range of questions which men and women are apt to ask is 120 in number. Of these there are seventy-five which include all those that nine persons out of ten will ask. General answers can be provided—and have been worked out—for seventy-three of these seventy-five questions. Of these seventy-five questions there are seventeen which eight of every ten persons ask on the average. To all of these seventeen, general replies can be made which

will win the immediate affirmative approval of the questioner, whose mind is already bent in that direction, and whose will is functioning along the same lines as the will of the medium or the magician. As my previously mentioned conjurer friend has said to me, "The greatest aid to the success of my tricks—all of which, understand me, are entirely man-made—is the *willingness* of my audiences to be deceived. With the mediums, the greatest help to them in putting over their deceptions is the *desire* of those who attend their seances, to hear what the medium wants to tell them." In other words, the longing to hear what we want to hear, from a source supposedly beyond this mortal world, enables a crowd of swindlers to loot the people of the United States. In all truth, "the supernatural is merely the natural which we do not understand."

Trance-mediumship is probably less understood than any other form of so-called communication between the spirit world and this, yet it is by this method that the largest individual sums of money have been obtained from wealthy men in this country and in Europe. The original idea that the person "entranced" has permitted his soul to pass out of his body, and that, hence, that wandering soul could have a wider range of vision, and could communicate through the vocal organs of its abandoned body with other human beings on earth, remains to this day. Sometimes the person in the trance communicates the "messages" supposed to come from the spirit world by word of mouth, and sometimes by writing. In either case, though continuous studies of this form of automatic speech and writing have been made since about 1900, nothing has been developed to show that any communications have been received containing any material, either thought or fact, which is not known to some person connected with the test. It is true, however, that critical observers have noted instances in which the medium under-

going the trance made statements of fact, knowledge of which apparently could not have reached her in any normal manner.

Trance-mediumship has been known for centuries, devils are recorded in the Bible as having been cast out of men and women, and the early theory of trances, as well as the present idea among savage tribes, is that the person subject to such periods of catalepsy is "possessed" of an evil spirit. Some psychologists today are returning to this theory, to the extent that they think it possible for some mental control outside the body of the trance-medium to take possession of that body when the medium, by the act of going into the trance, removes her own usual mental control from authority. The whole subject is one which is believed to be closely related to telepathy. Trance-mediumship is not so frequently resorted to by those mediums who are selling their services for money as it is by believers in spiritualism, spiritism, and similar creeds, and by investigators into psychological phenomena. The few so-called "commercial" mediums, who are able to throw themselves into trances, and so impress their supernatural powers on intelligent men and women are the ones who have profited most largely by their "spiritual" operations. They are not numerous enough, however, to become any considerable factor in the separating of the general public from its money. A number of fake trance-mediums, whose trances were assumed and put through by clever acting, with the aid of make-up, have been arrested since the World War. In fact, all forms of trickery dealing with the spirit world have been reaping a rich harvest since that conflict.

The cleverest of all the swindlers in the supernatural, however, are the "materializing mediums," that is to say, those who claim to produce—for a fee—the materialized "spirit" of any person who has passed out of this world.

There is nothing to show that any one of these materializing mediums is not a fraud, and there are thousands of records of such mediums being caught in the midst of acts of deception. So well organized is this industry of bringing back the dead for an interview with the living, that the composition of the best, most compact, and most easily handled of the materializations staged by these mediums has been carefully worked out, and the writer is in possession of the formula. That is to say, if you pay your fee, and sit in darkness while the materializing medium produces your beloved "Bill" or "Susie," you presently will see a filmy cloud of light, gradually expanding and growing in size, until you behold a luminous body, and a glowing face, which you are prepared to swear is that of your dear departed. Here is what the materialized spirit is made of, in nine out of ten cases:

Twenty-one yards of French bridal veiling, two yards wide, so fine that it can be contained in a pint cup.

One jar of luminous paint.

One half-pint of pure white transparent varnish.

One pint of odorless benzine.

Fifty drops of oil of lavender.

The bridal veiling is first washed carefully, by hand through seven to ten waters, and, while damp after each washing, is worked also by hand through a solution made of the luminous paint, the varnish, the benzine and the lavender oil, all thoroughly mixed, and kept agitated while in use. After the veiling has been put through this solution for the last time, it is put on spreaders, similar to those used for drying lace curtains and left to dry for three days to a week. It is then washed with a naphtha soap until all the odor has been washed out. This leaves the fabric soft and pliable, and still retaining the paint. The veiling so treated, if exposed to the light for two or three hours, will remain

luminous in the dark for two or three hours more. When billowed up from the floor, or waved in the air, it appears as a luminous vapor, of about the same consistency as wood smoke. It constitutes the body of the "dear departed" whom the medium calls from the spirit world in return for your fee.

The medium operates this luminous, vaporous cloth either on a long bamboo or steel rod, at the end of which is attached the head of the figure, also made luminous with paint, or with his hands, covered with black gloves, which reach well up his arms, over the ends of the sleeves of a close-fitting black garment which covers him completely, including his face. The medium either sits inside the cabinet, putting his arms or the rods out through the curtains, or moves about in front of the ring of sitters. All such materializing seances are, of course, held in the darkness, so that the black clothing of the medium completely hides him from view and the "materialized spirit" appears to be floating about in the air.

Other means of materialization are by the use of a group of men and women, made up to represent different characters, clothed in the luminous material previously described, and with their faces painted with the luminous paint. One medium in San Francisco at one time had twelve such "characters" in his repertoire for materializations. Business was good with him, and he has since retired to a splendid country estate farther south on the California coast, where he takes great delight in telling his friends of the various methods by which he deluded gullible sitters into believing that their dead loved ones had returned. Such use of confederates in materializing seances, however, has two drawbacks—the danger of one of the "actors" talking too much, and the high expense, for such animated "spirits" demand

minimum salaries of ten to twenty-five dollars a seance for their services.

There are at least seven other methods of "materialization," and scores of other ways of making unobservant and credulous people believe that they are in communication with the spirit world. These "systems," as the mediums call their schemes, are too numerous to be told here, but it is worth remembering as a fact that wherever a person has set himself or herself up as a medium of communication with the "other side," as they call the spirit world, and offers such services for hire, investigation has shown, without exception, that such a person is practicing fraud. There is no record of communication with the departed which will bear scientific investigation.

XVIII

THE FRIENDLY COUNSELOR

EXPERIENCE has often been acclaimed the best teacher. Perhaps the axiom runs true in most instances, but Dame Experience exacts irksome hours from her children and often leads them into many a pitfall before her rigorous lessons are learned. The tuition fee is often heavy, and sometimes a student loses heart and tries something else.

Acceptance of the experience of others before one sets out on an undertaking may prove much wiser than taking the first steps unassisted. The amateur may thus be spared the vexation, false motions, and muddling methods that accompany the original experiment. Personal experience, too, is limited; but advice may come from a dozen trustworthy sources and thus reduce a difficult undertaking to a well-ordered plan that leads to success.

Newspapers, magazines, and class journals recognize the need for expert guidance and are aware of the common impulse of readers to ask for help in conducting their homes and businesses. These periodicals have therefore taken upon themselves the rôle of friendly counselors in all matters that touch daily life. The compilation of sundry bits of advice, intended for popular consumption, falls within the province of specialists who have undergone informing experiences that qualify them to make suggestions to their readers.

Writers seek and find copy in their own homes, in the

homes of their friends, in stores, in offices, and in shop windows; nothing is so foreign to their interest that it may not be appropriated and printed.

The making of experience articles depends not so much upon literary charm as upon clear-cut exposition, matter-of-fact and detailed, which readers may put into actual operation. Unless an article is specific and carries with it the weight of authority, it has little chance to convince a reader of its practicability. It must instantly prove its usefulness.

The field for such advisory paragraphs is as limitless as human desires, wants, and needs. A successful writer of the practical guidance story says this kind of writing should be a "calm, earnest, and purposeful discussion. There must be a carefully thought out purpose, and this aim should be presented in as simple and as forceful manner as possible. . . . It must be clear, convincing, logical, ethical."

Another writer adds this comment:

You are appealing to an audience which requires things to be made plain. If you leave anything to the imagination you take a chance of being misunderstood. You may be writing something you know so well that it seems incomprehensible to you that anyone will fail to grasp all that you can say when speaking in general terms. . . . Unless you write so that the less informed of your readers can grasp your meaning, you narrow your audience so greatly that the editor is likely to think you do not appeal to enough of his readers to make your contribution acceptable.

It must be remembered, moreover, that practical guidance articles have added appeal when they are hinged upon some current interest or live event which may be incorporated into the first paragraph. Specific announcement of the underlying theme to be developed by the writer is also recommended as a good opening wedge. The primary purpose of the article, let us repeat, is to enable people to do

for themselves what has been accomplished by the man making the suggestion.

Stories may be divided into four distinct groups, each dependent upon the objective the writer may have in addressing his reader. Of course the divisions are not water-tight, but it may be easier to discuss them under the following labels:

1. Useful Ideas
2. Devices and Methods
3. The Home Circle
4. Men and Women Who Have Achieved Success

Helpful ideas are particularly wanted by trade and class publications because they may be utilized as "dollar pullers" by business men in the course of the day's work.

Women's magazines, too, find space for such material. Yesterday's predominant type of woman's magazine was flavored with romantic, confidential talks to girls about marriage, beauty, etiquette, and the like. It was directed toward the young woman of leisure caught in the glow of a golden world of dreams and adventures, but rarely to the homemaker, the woman of affairs. Such periodicals often disregarded the grim actualities of life. Women's interests to-day have undergone transformation, and women's magazines have become rather accurate barometers of this change of emphasis. Women are in business, they manage homes efficiently, and take part in club, political, and philanthropic work. In doing so they have created new ideas, new machinery and devices to allow them larger measure of action. The practical guidance article is an apt medium to carry serviceable information; accordingly, women's magazines open their doors to contributions and compile them under special departments.

For instance, a student in a chemistry class in an agricul-

tural college discovered something interesting about the composition of a lemon pie. She wrote it down briefly, without attempting literary finish—and submitted it to the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The paragraph was accepted and a check for five dollars forwarded. Notice how simply the facts are stated:

LEMON PIE

Did you ever try to eat a lemon pie which was as elusive of the fork as a drop of mercury would have been? It was only after studying chemistry much and cooking more that the truth was brought home to me. The trick is very simple when you know it: In combining the ingredients for the filling of the pie, no matter what the cook book says, *add the lemon juice last*, after the flour or the cornstarch used for a thickening agent has been thoroughly cooked.

The reason is this: The acid in the lemon juice, when combined with starch and heated, forms maltose, which is a sugar and will not thicken the mixture. But when the lemon juice is added last the starch does not have time to become hydrolyzed or changed to sugar, and the mixture remains thick.

A similar type of article is this one printed in the *Country Gentleman*. It is the product of a young writer who utilized the idea in her own home:

A USEFUL PLAY RUG

Selecting the best part of an old ingrain carpet I made a play rug which was a constant delight to my three little boys and saved much wear and tear on my new living-room rug.

I made it about two yards square and bound the edges with bright red oilcloth. Several inches inside the binding a border of bird forms cut from gayly colored patches was appliquéd to brighten the plain brown rug. Baby greatly enjoyed playing among the birds. In the center of the rug I made a large ring of narrow red tape.

The two older boys used the rug for playing marbles on cold or rainy days and baby soon discovered its possibilities as a circus ring, and so he was not tempted to creep out in the

kitchen, in my way, when I was doing my housework. I have often regretted that I did not have such a play rug when my first two boys were at the creeping stage. When the rug was not in use it was rolled up and stowed away under the couch.

Both of these articles show the "pull" of a good idea. There is no elaborate mechanism involved, no new material, just the working out of a practical "inspiration."

Here is another example lifted from the column called "Hunches" in the *Editor and Publisher*. The editor pays one dollar for each hunch published, with the provision that it has been in successful operation. It follows:

A Providence (R. I.) paper recently devoted a half-page to the excuses and alibis given by motorists who were haled into court for speeding and so forth. Some of the excuses were distinctly unique and many were pathetic. A reporter with a sense of humor and a recognition of pathos can work up a very good feature with this subject and with the comments of the court officials on the alibis. The views of a traffic officer can also be worked in to advantage.

The specimens just quoted do not carry the names of the authors because such identification is not very important; the adaptability of these paragraphs to daily pursuits is the only criterion for acceptance. Ideas are the things that count in these articles—the sudden flash you had, for instance, the other day when you wanted to make slip covers for your automobile and found the job difficult until you conceived the happy thought of using snappers. You may say any "dub" would have that notion, but he won't. And that is just the type of thing the editor wants.

Most of these tidbits bring from two to five dollars, about ten cents a word. That is a good deal more than a fiction magazine pays for the work of an unknown author. When these items can be illustrated with a sketch or small photograph they have added clearness. The editors of *Popular*

Mechanics and the *Scientific American* are always in the market for such material.

The device article is another type of feature story now in great vogue. Some inventive person evolves a mechanism by which he increases home efficiency, perhaps cuts down the irritation of domestic tasks, or is enabled to conduct his office work more effectively. Whereupon he records his discovery for another's use, with specifications as to dimensions and material and possible cost. Such a device may be a new kind of cake mixer, a radio crystal set, a unique envelope sealer, a convenient camp-fire hob, a filing cabinet for manuscripts.

Device stories differ from those dealing with ideas because they involve use of machinery; but in their exposition and purpose they differ little from idea articles. Most of us boast some kind of creative streak—and when we discover something we are eager to proclaim it to a friend. *Good Housekeeping* has one department devoted to discoveries and nothing else; the *Delineator* prints a similar department. Readers of the magazines are contributors to it and the editors pay five dollars for each item used. Both magazines solicit suggestions for saving the housewife's money, labor, or fuel. Newspapers conduct similar public-service columns, some of the material supplied by syndicates.

Here is a story from a page in the *Country Gentleman* which lists its contributions under the title "HANDY FARM MECHANICS":

A KANSAS SNOW HOUSE

There is an old story about an Irishman passing a trunk store in the city and the merchant soliciting him to come in and buy a trunk.

"And what the dickens do I want of a trunk?" asked Pat.

"To put your clothes in of course."

"An' meself go naked?" exclaimed Pat.

When some one asked William Hagen why he did not keep his cream cool and sweet with ice he replied "I haven't any ice."

"Why don't you build an ice house?"

"What good would that do me? There wouldn't be any ice to put in it," he replied.

There is not a lake or river within a good many miles of his farm on the prairie of Ellis County, in Central Kansas; but he wanted ice with which to cool his cream.

One day last winter, when there was a deep snow on the ground, the idea came to him that if a house could be built to keep ice through the summer it ought to keep snow too.

He dug a pit in the ground sixteen feet long, twelve feet wide and eight feet deep, laid a cement floor in it and lined the earthen walls with six inches of cement. The walls protruded a foot above the ground to keep out surface water and to serve for a foundation for the weather-boarding roof.

Hagen did all the work himself and had it finished in time for a heavy snowstorm which came late last winter and piled up in deep drifts. He and his son hauled enough snow on a sled in two days to fill the house up even with the doorsill. Then he covered the snow with two feet of wheat straw.

I visited this snow house early last September and, although the summer had been unusually hot, there was about three feet of snow in the cellar. A cream can buried to its neck in the snow had been there a week and the cream was still sweet.

"This snow house has paid for itself this summer, for I get the top price for my cream that is kept sweet this way," Hagen said. "Before I built this snow house I had to go to town more often with my cream, to keep it from spoiling, and it is a ten-mile drive to town. Now I can keep my cream perfectly fresh and sweet for any length of time, and go to town with it when it suits me to go.

"I simply dig a hole down into the snow and bury the cream can in it. I have had three full cans in here at once in harvest time. We keep butter and fresh meat in here, too. It makes the best kind of a refrigerator, and we have often used the snow in making ice cream this summer."

In such a story there is opportunity for narrative devices and apt personal references in connection with the description of farm methods. Illustrations help these articles

greatly. For instance, in the story just quoted, a picture is used showing the farmer and the snow house. Snapshots give a touch of reality and accuracy—in fact, constitute the best evidence of the plan's success. Observe how the farmer is quoted, and the simple language employed.

The following paragraphs give the reader a good idea of what *Popular Mechanics*, as an example of the magazines in the field printing this kind of material, does and does not want, and how the editors would like to have the material prepared:

In the first place, articles are paid for immediately on acceptance, and that means in a day or two, and all rejected manuscripts are promptly returned. Rates depend chiefly upon the cleverness and novelty of the ideas and upon the number of people likely to be interested in them. You don't have to be an author or a draftsman. A rough sketch or a photo, accompanied by a simple description, just as one would tell it to a friend—that's all that is necessary. No literary effort or finished drawing is necessary—the editor is used to reading things written by all kinds of people, and in puzzling out all sorts of crude drawings.

For our "Shop Notes" department, ideas for the small shop, for the garage, and for the practical workman everywhere, are wanted—better ways to do old jobs, new tools, in fact, anything that will interest the man in the shop. For the "Amateur Mechanics" department, ideas for the home mechanic and tinkerer, toys for the youngsters, and devices that boys or girls can make themselves.

Articles that are not wanted are: Directions for making common things that everybody knows how to make; general remarks on any branch of science; things taught in every school and treated thoroughly in textbooks; accounts of how to do things that few people ever have to do; medical formulas, or formulas that can be found in any published collections; ideas that would interest no one outside of a certain locality, or a certain small class of people; accounts of some remarkable thing accomplished by a youngster, and descriptions of some invention that is going to revolutionize industry. All these things are unacceptable, simply because they are not what people want to read in these sections.

The following hints will be of service to those who intend to cash in on their spare time:

Paper.—Write on only one side of the paper, and use paper about $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and 11 inches long. Expensive paper is not necessary; almost any quality will do, if it is not so thin as to be transparent.

Heading.—At the top of each manuscript should appear:

1. Author's name and address (preferably at the left).
 2. Number of pages in the manuscript, and number of photos or sketch sheets accompanying it (preferably at the right).
 3. The title, in the center just below the above information.
- Below the title, give pen name, if any.

Arrangement.—Don't place more than one manuscript on a single sheet of paper, as this avoids the necessity of tearing when they must be separated.

Clips.—Don't fasten the sheets of a manuscript together in any manner that prevents their being instantly separated.

Mailing.—Don't roll up manuscripts or drawings. Either send them flat or fold them and send in an envelope.

Style of Writing.—Tell the story as simply as possible. Tell the reader in your first few sentences what you are driving at; don't make him read about a lot of parts and how to make them and put them together before he finds out whether it is anything he cares about or not. Give just enough detail to make the idea clear. If you are in doubt how much this is, make the article brief, and state in a note below that you are prepared to furnish fuller details if desired.

If you call for the use of any material or part which is not obtainable in ordinary retail stores, tell where it can be obtained, and, if possible, inclose clipping from a catalogue which lists it. Be very sure to call the thing by its proper name.

Illustrations.—Unless you are a skilled illustrator, don't attempt to make finished drawings. The drawings we publish are made by professional artists, chiefly from simple sketches furnished by the author of the article. These sketches are best made with a lead pencil, either on the same sheet as the writing or on another full-sized sheet. Don't give dimensions for parts which could just as well be made without following these dimensions, but be sure to indicate the dimensions which are essential to the story.

A convenient method of illustrating, applicable in many cases, is to clip from old catalogues or advertisements pictures of objects

you are writing about, pasting them on a sheet, with a few pencil lines drawn in to illustrate your story. Or, if you prefer, send a sample or model, which we will return to you if requested.

Photographs.—If you can get a good, clear photograph of what you are describing, send it instead of a sketch. If the photo doesn't show the whole idea, send a sketch besides. Photos often make the best illustrations, but we cannot use photos which do not assist in making the idea clear.

To prevent loss of photographs, the author's name should be on the back of each one—as should also the title of the manuscript it accompanies. Captions to go with photos are best written at the bottom of the manuscript, numbered to correspond with numbers on the backs of photo prints.

In taking photographs for publication, make the picture as large and distinct as possible, but send it anyway. Send a print or, if convenient, two prints. If prints are not very good, state whether you would be able to lend the negative so we can make a better one.

Sources.—Ideas are understood to be those which the author has himself originated to the best of his knowledge, or those originated by persons who have given their permission to the author to use the ideas in magazine articles.

When you say in your manuscript that "a farmer did this" or "a machinist devised a method," give, in a note below, the name and address of the farmer or machinist, so that the information may be placed on file. If the idea is your own and you merely use that form of writing for variety, mention, below, the fact that it is your own.

Seasonal material.—Manuscripts which are of peculiar interest at some particular season of the year should, if possible, arrive at this office at least three and a half or four months before the time of the year when they would be of greatest value to the reader. It is well to mention, in a note on the manuscript, the time of the year when it would be of greatest interest, in the author's opinion.

Stories describing methods are akin to those that exploit useful ideas, but they involve more than one situation and idea. Generally these articles consist of systematic arrangement of facts that lead to a scientific deduction. Under this

head come stories on how to make money without charge accounts, how a great hotel finds courtesy profitable, how a man bettered the efficiency of his office by rerouting his work. It is a fertile field of many diversified interests and everyday pursuits. The method story may also describe an industry and implant a suggestion for improved operation.

One successful writer on methods says that in writing an article he first selects a magazine field in which he is himself interested. He then makes a study of the magazine, next gathers his material and writes it up from the point of view of the magazine's readers. He adds that the field is ever widening, because one business suggests the application of the same principles in another, and that each interview gives him a new "hunch."

So if your article is intended for business men on the lookout for dollar-saving ideas, try to make a direct approach. You must have a wealth of concrete detail. Avoid false motions and the temptation to pad, and don't be "funny."

Here is an article on methods clipped from *System*. Business executives are deeply interested in this question of personal efficiency.

WHAT I KEEP ON MY DESK

BY JOHN T. DORRANCE

PRESIDENT, CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY

Experience has shown me that it is not what is kept on a desk but what is kept off of it that is important. A desk which is used mostly for conferences should have nothing on it that is not absolutely essential, because articles on the desk distract attention from the business under discussion, whether the conferences are with people within or outside of the organization.

I never have anything on my desk except the material receiving attention at the moment.

As business "tools" I keep two inkwells—one for red ink and

one for black—on the center of my desk. At the right of the inkwells I have a stamp pad and rubber stamps for marking letters, such a "file," "noted," "answered," and so on. At the extreme right I have an electric timestamp which is used on my incoming mail. It is also used to date messages sent from my office.

Incoming mail and interdepartmental correspondence are sorted by my secretary, and such as requires my attention is placed in the top left-hand drawer of my desk. When this material has received attention, it is stamped for action and is placed in the second drawer on the left, from which it is taken to be distributed to the file, or to the departments at interest.

I keep other "tools" where they are handy, too. For instance, under the glass top of my desk I have a map of the United States marked to show the divisions and subdivisions of our sales territories and districts, and the railroads covering each. When our salesmen, whether head salesmen or others, visit our factory, I have them come to my office and discuss the conditions and problems with which they are confronted in their particular districts. All salesmen have difficulties and problems, and often these problems are influenced by geographical considerations, a knowledge of which gives better understanding. My map furnishes convenient and time-saving reference.

A list of unshipped, released car-load orders is also kept under the glass top. This enables me to visualize and to explain the essential points pertaining to our business; it helps me to follow up shipments and prevent delays; in short, it assists me in seeing that our customers receive proper service.

I also keep under the glass top of my desk a slip showing: the orders billed the day before; the total sales for the current month of the previous year; the sales for the expired portion of the month of the current year, in comparison with the sales totals during the same periods in each of the two preceding years, and a statement of increase or decrease.

Thus my desk top is kept clear and ready for action.

Next, consider the article devoted to the problems that concern health, happiness, education, sports, recreation, beauty, clothes, interior decoration, business, catering, in fact all the intimate items on the day's domestic calendar.

These stories must be written intimately, almost confidentially. The reader must be put at his ease and made receptive; he must be awakened first to the fact of his own need, and then he must feel that the writer knows how it may be met. If a diet list is suggested the reasons for it must be given simply, so that lay readers unversed in chemistry and physiology will grasp its practicability.

Many stories for middle-class folk are written about beautiful estates, expensive cars, and troops of servants, all of which fire the readers' imagination, but have little practical worth. There must be some common ground if such stories are to be welcomed by a family in moderate circumstances. A writer must assume that a reader is really interested in the improvement of his home, his mind, and his health. While the tone of the article must be straightforward and simple, it should not be childlike in its appeal. The writing may be artistically done, more chatty than articles that present ideas, devices, and methods—but, of course, the details must be equally clear, so that the average reader can understand it and profit thereby.

Here is a good example:

(McCall's Magazine)

THE MAN'S OWN ROOM

BY RUBY ROSS GOODNOW

Usually the very suggestion of decorating a man's room throws him into a violent rage, but really, of all the rooms in the house none has less attention than the so-called den or bedroom which a man is condemned to occupy. When I begin the furnishing of a man's room I forget all the axioms of decoration, and try to lead him gently to choose his own furnishings. If he loves his old Morris chair covered in corduroy I try to make the room support this ugliness. It does not matter how shabby and worn a man's room is if it offers comfort. The pleasant thing about

working with heavy woods and leathers and coarse stuffs such as men like, is, the more you use them, the better they look.

A man's sleeping room is extremely easy to furnish. One we did lately had walls papered with a plain faun-colored ingrain paper with woodwork painted the same color, a Persian rug in which there was a lot of very dark red in a very small pattern, a three-quarter oak bed copied from an old English one, an oak chest of drawers, a large easy chair upholstered in faun-colored corduroy, with an iron standing lamp beside it.

Another delightful bedroom for a man is a corner room with two sides made up almost entirely of windows. The walls are rough plaster in a pale grayish color and there are no curtains. Instead, all the windows have wooden shutters stained dark brown like the large walnut bed, and these small shutters fold back against the wall and are closed at night to take the place of curtains. The bed in this room is enormous, because the man who owns it is very large. It is made of an extra size spring and mattress, and is covered with a bedspread of red damask that touches the floor on three sides. The head of the bed is an old walnut panel. There is a small bedside table also of heavy walnut, and a very heavy walnut chest of drawers on one wall with a small mirror hanging over it. There is no other furniture in the room. The floors are of tiles and there is a small mat beside the bed. There are no pictures, no curtains, no chairs—nothing except the bed and chest of drawers.

I have always believed that such bric-à-brac as one finds in a man's room may be traced to woman relatives, rather than to the man himself. A man buys things as he finds that he needs them, and he thus satisfies the requirements of tobacco jars, ash trays, fittings for his desk, and so on. He may buy a clock for his mantel shelf, but it is apt to be one selected for its mechanical excellence.

I recently had a very interesting mission which was to furnish a large golf and country club for men. Several of the founders of the club gave the furnishings of bedrooms and it was extremely interesting to find how definite and how different their tastes were. Their rooms in their own homes had been furnished by their wives, and they were eager to furnish these rooms exactly as they pleased.

Two men wanted their rooms done with old American yellow

maple furniture, dotted Swiss curtains, rag rugs and prints. Another man asked for dark blue walls and carpet, white paint, many etchings of ducks and quail and pheasants, a big sofa covered in black chintz covered in blue and white flowers, easy chair of the same, a four-post mahogany bed, chest of drawers, and writing table. A definite and admirable room?

Another man had rough plastered gray-white walls, woodwork waxed to a light oak color, a plain dark green rug, dark green corduroy chair and sofa coverings, a very narrow oak bed, several small oak tables, curtains of linen figured with red and green and hunting prints on the wall. He actually suggested that I use the tartan of his Scotch name—a red and green plaid—for a bedspread, which I thought was very good decoration for a man's room. A few large bowls for matches and pipes, a huge pewter tray for boxes of tobacco and cigarettes, small pewter plates for ash trays—and a fine room was done.

I have met only one American who liked French furniture in his room, and that is a man who had been an ambassador in a European country.

One secret of the excellence of men's taste—when they have any—is that when they buy chairs they sit in them. When they buy desks they try them for height and space.

A final group of practical guidance articles takes toll of a man's experiences and his philosophy of life and works them into a screed that will help other people to find happiness and success. Such a discussion may be autobiographical, the subject offering his life story under his own signature—or it may be written by a professional interviewer-reporter who hides himself in the background and produces a sympathetic, thought-provoking tale of the achievements of another man. In this work he may be guided by the instructions of the magazine editor who has commissioned him to do the article. In this case the manuscript should be submitted to the person concerned before the publication, so that every statement may be checked for its accuracy and necessary revisions inserted.

The story usually gravitates around the thesis announced

in the headlines, and in tone is colloquial and anecdotal, with abundant use of the words *you* and *I*. Some suggestive headlines:

DON'T GET WORRIED—GET BUSY.

WHICH IS *YOUR* FORM OF INTEMPERANCE?

THE DANGEROUS AGE—AND HOW TO GET PAST IT.

WHAT TO KNOW WHEN CHOOSING YOUR WALL PAPER.

LOOK OUT FOR THESE MISTAKES WHEN BUILDING A HOME.

IT COSTS YOU MONEY TO BE BLUE.

SEVEN WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR MEMORY.

ARE YOU GETTING NERVOUS? HERE ARE THE SIGNS.

WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD LEARN AT SCHOOL.

Apropos of this kind of inspirational article, Kenneth W. Payne, formerly editor of *Popular Science Monthly*, remarks:

We appreciate good personality stories about the type of men who have risen to a distinguished position after the kind of struggles and hard sledding which characterize the lives of all of us. The position must not seem to the average reader to be of unattainable eminence and the brisk, intimate story of how its incumbent "arrived" should be nearly parallel to the possible experiences of any average mechanic or office person.

"There is no one," suggests another authority, "who can puncture a faulty theory so quickly as the fellow who is engaged in the work discussed."

The mood of these stories should be genuinely friendly, not carping, nagging, or bragging. The writer must always think of the effect to be wrought on the other person, rather than allow himself to relapse into Pollyanna preachments on the rewards of hard work.

Here is a good specimen of this kind of story, written as it should be, and with all the details included that might serve as a guide to some other ambitious merchant. Note the underlying theme of the article as established in the opening sentences.

(*American Magazine*)

A GREAT STORE THAT WAS STARTED WITH \$300—AND AN IDEA

By FRED C. KELLY

On an early spring afternoon I stood at a busy Broadway corner watching the people who surged in and out of the largest New York department store. Crowds of shoppers are always a fascinating study; but here was something unique—a multitude of shoppers *all prepared to pay cash*.

This big store deals with no other class of customers. It is not only the largest store of its kind in New York, but is second in the United States in the amount of annual business. Yet not even the wife of the store's president, or the wife of the President of the United States, may buy so much as a paper of pins here, without immediately paying for it. Those who wish to shop here without cash or checks must carry a deposit in the store's banking department.

My interest was aroused; and the following forenoon I was back at that store with a letter of introduction to the president of the company, Mr. Jesse Isidor Straus.

A tall, slender greyhound-like man is Jesse Isidor Straus. Quiet, attentive, courteous, he rarely speaks until spoken to, and dotes on keeping in the background. Most of the store's thousands of customers never have heard of him. They know his store only as "Macy's."

I inquired why it is that he and other members of his family, which has long controlled this great institution, should have kept so completely out of the picture.

"Surely," he replied, "a big business enterprise ought to have character, and this character, if it is to endure permanently, must not be dependent upon the personality or name of the individual who happens to be at the head of the business at a particular time. Macy's has survived ten or twelve retirements and deaths, and still goes on under the same name, with the same general policy and reputation."

Mr. Straus went on to tell me a little about the founding of this store by Rowland H. Macy, a New Bedford whaling captain, with an original capital of less than three hundred dollars. Macy, a young man in his thirties, had given up the sea in order to be with his family. He went to New York without much mercantile experience or capital; but he did have an idea.

He believed that in a great city there must be a multitude of people who would be willing to pay cash, provided this would mean lower prices; and who would be glad to deal where all customers must pay exactly the same for the same article. In the old days nearly every retail transaction was a haggle over price, after the Oriental fashion. Instead of the selling price being plainly marked on an article, only the cost was indicated, by secret symbols; and it was the duty of the salesman to get as much more as he could.

Macy opened his modest little New York Store on Sixth Avenue, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, and announced that he would sell merchandise at one price to

all, with no discounts to anyone; and that he would not only sell for cash, but would buy for cash.

It is interesting to note one minor innovation. Those were the days before cash registers or penumatic cash tubes; and Macy adopted a plan to remove temptation from his clerks to juggle prices. He marked his goods, not in round sums but with such prices as \$1.99 or \$2.49—a system still in use and commonly supposed to be for the purpose of making prices look lower. However, Macy's purpose was to make it necessary for the clerk to go to the cashier's desk for change, so that the transaction would be recorded. Although he has now been dead more than forty-five years, his policies still persist.

In the early days of the store, one Lazarus Straus rented part of the basement from Macy for the sale of crockery. This little store-within-a-store grew in importance, and two sons of Lazarus Straus went into the business with their father. These sons, Isidor and Nathan, later became the owners of Macy's. Isidor and his wife were on the ill-fated *Titanic*; and the wonderful devotion of those two, who preferred drowning to separation, made the name imperishable. The three brothers who now own and conduct Macy's are sons of that heroic couple.

"The corner stone of our business," Mr. Straus told me, "is buying and selling for cash. Since the store opened, sixty-five years ago, we never have had a single charge account. The story is told that in the early days a friend of Mr. Macy's asked to be trusted until the next day. Mr. Macy told him that there was an inflexible rule against charge accounts; but he took out his pocketbook and offered to lend his friend the money. He was willing to do personally what the store could not do.

"If you were suddenly to let down the bars and give

credit on the same basis as other stores, wouldn't you get a good many new customers?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied, with a smile; "but we should doubtless *lose* a vast number of old ones, who believe with us that a store can do better by its customers when it sells for cash, and consequently is able to buy for cash.

"You must understand," he added, "that, while we follow a cash policy, we are by no means of the opinion that it is the *only* good business policy. Credit, of course, has its place in business. Moreover, competition is not limited merely to the question of price. There are many classes of consumers; and because we happen to aim at one class it does not follow that another merchant might not succeed by meeting the wants of an entirely different class.

"Consider the difference in the kind of appeal made by two stores: The first, let us say, is on Fifth Avenue. It has elaborate and costly fixtures, offers for sale only the most exclusive articles, sold by exquisitely gowned women or smartly dressed men. It gives highly personalized attention, knowing the name of the customer whenever possible, and making a study of his or her idiosyncrasies and special requirements.

"Now consider the other kind—maybe a chain grocery, a five-and-ten-cent store, or a self-service store—and you have the two extremes. Some offer credit and easy payment plans. Some offer entertainment, prizes, gifts, or flatter a shopper about his family history. Others know nothing about you and seemingly care less, but offer you wares within the range of your ability to pay. Some give your money back weeks after your purchase; others, like Macy's, make no refunds after seven days.

"A few deliver in luxurious limousines, at others you must carry your purchases with you. Some offer large and varied assortment; others offer small choice. Surely there is no

single road to success in retail distribution. The important thing is to have a *policy*, to know what that policy is, and to stick to it.

"The popular notion is that the chief losses to a merchant are from bad debts—from selling for credit and not being able to collect the money. That is the least of the difficulties. Such losses are usually less than one per cent. But a customer having a charge account is likely to buy more carelessly than one paying cash. If an article isn't quite what he wants, he says to himself, 'Oh, well, I'll have it sent home anyhow, and if I decide I don't want it, I can have it returned.' A woman frequently has similar articles sent home from two or three stores where she has charge accounts, knowing that she can keep only one.

"All this delivering and bringing back costs money. So does the wear and tear on the article thus carted back and forth. Nor is that all. While an article is out on approval at the home of a customer, who may eventually send it back, it can't be bought by another customer who might be exactly suited with it.

"Then, of course, when a store does a credit business it must charge to its cost of operation the interest on the money due from customers.

"Some years ago, as a convenience to customers, we opened a banking department. A person may make a deposit and have articles charged against this account, instead of taking the money out of his pocket or writing a check. This money is not invested in the business itself, but in quickly convertible securities; so that the entire amount now on deposit—roughly about three and one-half million dollars—could be paid out, if need be, within a day or two. The customer draws four per cent interest on the money thus left with us. At the time monthly bills would ordinarily be sent out, we

send the customer a statement of the amount he has to his credit."

While human nature is the same the world over, yet there must be a slight difference in the stock handled by a store selling for cash, as compared with one where credit is the rule. At Macy's, for example, it was found that it didn't pay to handle pianos, not for cash. They could sell a few, of course, but not enough to justify giving up the floor space which a stock of pianos would occupy. For years, the idea of paying for a piano by easy installments has been so drummed into people's heads that the average piano purchaser can't quite reconcile himself to a cash piano transaction.

Yet Macy's sells motor launches that cost far more than an ordinary piano. But the man who buys a motor launch is an entirely different type from the average piano customer. He knows the launch is a luxury, and that it should not be bought by anybody not prepared to pay for it promptly.

The piano, while also a luxury, is looked upon in many homes almost as a necessity.

One might think that furniture would be too costly for cash transactions. Yet Macy's has sold many thousands of dollars' worth of household furniture to one customer at one time. Last year they sold an average of one grandfather clock a day. About half the furniture sold is for new houses. Young folks buying furniture are most in evidence in the spring—probably because there are more marriages in the spring.

Even for purchases running into thousands of dollars, the customer sometimes pays, not by check, but with actual money. However, the crispness of the bills usually indicates that the money is fresh from the bank, presumably taken out for this very purpose. People nowadays, no matter how

prosperous they may be, rarely carry much money about with them, most of their purchases being paid for by check.

At Macy's, staple groceries are profitable, but fresh fruits were abandoned because they were not only perishable but were too bulky to be carried home. Selling jewelry is profitable. Likewise, they find it pays, in good will, to handle theater tickets, even at no more than box-office prices. It pays also to have a practice space, surrounded by nets, for selling golf clubs.

Whether a store bids for cash or credit customers, the arrangement of the floor space must be mapped out with scientific precision. Gloves, stockings, and umbrellas must be fairly near the front door. Shoppers seeking these articles may not want anything else, and will be unwilling to walk through the store, or take an elevator, to reach them.

Paradoxical as it may appear, a store must guard against too big a crowd. It advertises for crowds, but too many in the store at once would defeat the purpose of bringing them there, because it would be impossible for anybody to move about and get waited on. Hence, there is another reason for placing the articles that are in greatest demand where customers can buy and pass on out without adding to the crowds in the rest of the store.

However, near the main entrance one may see an elaborate display of silverware. This doesn't mean that silverware is among the articles most sought, but the display adds to the attractiveness of the establishment. In general also, the best-looking sales girls may be found on the ground floor, where they may be useful not only for selling but as "scenery." It would be a poorly managed store that would fail to have a comely girl dispensing beautifying preparations!

Likewise, one may feel reasonably certain of finding a beautiful young woman behind the veil counter. Veils are naturally more salable when seen on a face easy to look at.

Macy's, for years, had their millinery department on the ground floor. As an experiment it was moved up-stairs. The hat sales began to increase for the simple reason that there were fewer people there, and customers could try on hats more leisurely—and more inconspicuously.

This whole problem of crowds is one of striking a happy medium between too few people and too many. Either would keep customers away. One is reminded of the story of the chin-whiskered old man who walked up to a circus ticket wagon and asked for three tickets.

"All sold out," the ticket seller said.

"You mean to say you ain't got any seats left for this afternoon?"

"That's the situation."

"Well," declared the old man, "I call that derved *poor management!*"

While it is easier to shop in a store that lacks a crowd, the customer is likely to feel that something may be wrong with the prices there or else there *would* be a crowd. But too big a swarm of humanity to battle through is almost certain to repel many shoppers.

So much for the crowd inside the store. As to the crowd on the street near the store, the enterprising merchant trying to attract the great middle class will say that this crowd *can't* be too large.

"I wish every big department store in New York could be within a block of me!" Mr. Straus declared. "Shoppers like to go from one store to another and compare prices. They can do this more easily when the stores are close together. Thus, stores help one another."

"Do you follow the principle," I asked, "that the customer is always right?"

"That is an appealing business slogan," he replied. "And the customer usually *is* right. But if, on the rare

occasions that a customer is wrong, a store permitted itself to be imposed upon, by saying that he is right, then that store works a hardship on *all the rest of its customers*. If a woman returns a cloak that has been damaged and the store accepts it, the only way the store can make up that loss is to charge a little more for other cloaks. Of course a store should try to do the best it can for all its customers rather than for any one of them."

"If a man just setting out in life came to you," I said to Mr. Straus, "and asked for some rules that would help him establish himself in a profitable undertaking, what would you say to him?"

"There are eight rules," he replied, "which I have found invaluable:

"1. Have a policy. Know clearly what it is and stick to it.

"2. Regard yourself as the agent of the people to whom you sell your goods or your knowledge.

"3. Get the best location in town for your particular kind of business or profession. If you can't get that location at once, plan to get it later.

"4. Be over-careful rather than under-careful of the truth of every statement in your advertising, and of every statement you make, in writing or verbally, about what you can and will do.

"5. Know what your competitors are doing. Don't *guess* about it.

"6. Train your employees to grow with your business; let them know that promotions will be from the inside.

"7. Have every employee realize that the safest way to assure permanent profits is to sacrifice temporary profits whenever it is necessary for maintaining a principle.

"8. Make the good name of your business its greatest asset."

In conclusion: to find what the editor wants for his readers, look to his magazine. If writers would do this intelligently, there would be less grief in this business of writing. Lack of appreciation of what the magazine is trying to do is behind the little slips—"this is outside our field and must therefore be returned"—which so often discourage the potentially capable writer from realizing his gifts in free-lancing.

XIX

SYNDICATES AND SYNDICATING

THE old-fashioned newspaper was one in which straight news and political comment predominated. Its contents were made up of articles produced by its staff reporters, supplemented by out-of-town stories furnished by correspondents and press associations.

The newer type of newspaper does not neglect local news—far from it; but it recognizes the fact that readers of to-day are also mightily interested in informational articles, entertaining cartoons and feature stories, practical guidance suggestions, in a wide variety of stuff only remotely connected with the news of the moment, but very good reading just the same.

Some papers print a large percentage of this literature, notably the Chicago *Daily News*, the Kansas City *Star*, the *Christian Science Monitor*. Others use it in modified form. The present-day tendency is to utilize syndicate material to suit the territory served, and to give the paper a proper balance of information and entertainment. Since the Great War with its economies in white space and reading matter the syndicate has come into larger usefulness.

If one were looking for the father of the syndicate idea, that happy publishing arrangement whereby large and small papers print concurrently the productions of well-known writers and artists, he may be surprised to learn that the honor belongs to a distinguished American novelist, Irving

Bacheller. In a personal letter Mr. Bacheller thus comments on the genesis and expansion of his idea:

In 1883 I made my first effort in syndicate journalism. It was with a novel by Joseph Hatton, an English novelist, who came to America with Henry Irving to write the latter's impressions. The novel did not attract enough newspapers to the syndicate to enable me to make the purchase, but Mr. Hatton, on his return, wrote for me a series of interviews with John Ruskin, Miss Bradton, and other distinguished English writers, which were placed in the *Boston Herald*, *Chicago Daily News*, the *Washington Post* and other newspapers for simultaneous publication. That, I think, was the first successful newspaper syndicate enterprise in the United States.

In a short time I had letters from New York by Amos Cummings and from Washington from W. A. Croffot, which were also placed with the newspapers for publication each week on the same date. For fifteen years this enterprise was successfully conducted by me and in 1892 I issued an amount of literary material weekly equaling in volume a number of the *Century Magazine*; short stories by A. Conan Doyle, Kipling, Weyman, Miss Wilkins, and others were represented in this service, and special articles by Sir Edwin Arnold, Benjamin Harrison, and men of equal fame were features. I think at the time I was on the payroll of every great American newspaper except the *Baltimore Sun* and the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Syndicates seek to satisfy every requirement of the newspaper reader. The range of their offerings includes semi-news features, letters of travel, household hints, sports, fashions, advice on domestic problems, conservation of health, interesting personalities, seasonal articles—to say nothing of special articles written by famous men. Novels and short stories are supplied by the syndicates—likewise news photographs, comic strips, editorials, inspirational essays, interviews, poetry. The bulk of this reading matter comes to the editorial desk at regular intervals—generally a week's supply at a time—along with mats of illustrations—*i. e.*,

cardboard matrices into which molten metal is poured for the casting of plates.

All of this magazine stuff is designed to attract both the hurried lay reader and the man of special interests, whether he lives in Paris, Illinois, or Los Angeles, California. Most of it is arranged in short installments or chapters to be placed daily under a topic heading which may be kept intact from month to month. Walt Mason's "Prose Poems," Dr. W. A. Evans's "How to Keep Well," Irvin S. Cobb's "My Best Stories," O. O. McIntyre's "New York Day by Day," are examples of this method; indeed wide interest generally centers in a catchy title and in the name of a well-known author. Both lend themselves to advertising and prestige.

Editors prefer a feature of proven worth, one which has rung the bell for a succession of months, rather than a novelty which may soon be played out. Repetition and familiarity are necessary to put a feature in the popularity column.

Syndicates have their stars of major magnitude alongside lesser lights. The McClure Syndicate has long dealt in the work of first-rank story writers, in fact is probably the largest retailer of short stories and novels at present operating. The Frederic J. Haskin Service, headed by a capable reporter, furnishes many articles based on investigations made in governmental offices in Washington; David Lawrence and Mark Sullivan do a similar service in interpreting national policies, Science Service deals in scientific material given a non-technical slant; the King Feature Syndicate is one of the best known distributors of comic strips, sport articles, and Sunday magazine pages.

The value of syndicate articles is always enhanced by the use of photographs, diagrams, and drawings supplied with copy.

The advantages accruing to individual newspapers because of their use of syndicate stuff are all but obvious. The best

literary and artistic talent is placed at the disposal of papers that contract for the service, and as a result such papers have become less local, less gossipy, better written and illustrated. The range of general information has been immeasurably increased. The small-town newspaper, in particular, has been greatly enriched in its reading content by publication of syndicate material.

The advantages to authors are equally significant. By reason of its large clientele the syndicate is able to guarantee a larger sum to an artist or writer than any one paper could pay. When the expense is divided among the various clients who contract for the service—this payment dependent upon the circulation and news area of each paper—the expense is reduced.

The aim in syndicate writing, as in all other types of writing, is to give the best possible expression to the best possible available idea. For a writer deliberately to shape his material to the commercial demand involved in the syndicate method of distribution, for him to think constantly of how to reach seventy-five papers, would be ruinous both to the ideas and the writing.

One paper in each town is a possible customer for a syndicate. Each service is a unit in itself and is offered as an individual feature. Some services sell to ten or fifteen papers, others to seventy-five or a hundred. Syndicates supply papers all over the world, basing the prices on the size of the publication and the territory served.

The effectiveness of habit-forming features in expanding and stabilizing newspaper circulation is demonstrated in any kind of community. An interesting case of the regard publishers hold these features recently occurred when a publisher refused to buy a paper unless he could have the use of a certain comic strip.

It should also be noted, however, that excessive use of

syndicate material—especially “canned” editorials lacking pertinent application to a concrete community—results in standardization, so that papers tend to look and read alike. Luckily the zones of publication seldom overlap, so that readers do not encounter the same features in their local competitive newspapers.

One of the important services of the syndicate is to furnish the means of satisfying the universal demand for pictures. As a result of the great increase in pictorial matter used in newspapers in recent years, there have grown up forms of syndicates which deal exclusively in news photographs, such as Underwood & Underwood, Times-Wide World, International, Atlantic & Pacific, Keystone. All of these sell prints to metropolitan papers, equipped with their own cut plants. Other syndicates supply smaller papers with mats and cuts.

While it is probably true that the editor prefers to buy his feature material from a responsible syndicate, that does not mean that he will not consider stuff offered by individual authors. In fact, many writers find a ready market for their own wares through personal solicitation. Many successful syndicate “stars” started in this fashion, notably Fred C. Kelly, George Matthew Adams, O. O. McIntyre.

Syndicate managers are constantly on the lookout for new ideas and for old themes in novel costuming. The newspaper office is a training school for producers of this stuff. Many a bright young man honored by a by-line on the newspaper he serves, has been discovered and taken up by a syndicate and given the larger circle of a national audience.

The free-lance writer should first have enough grist to insure the preparation of a number of articles, like divisions of a serial story. Then let him begin writing them in compact form, for the long feature story is losing its popularity.

If he can find a paper that is willing to put his articles in type, to supply him proofs for the privilege of using his series, the author is ready to put his stuff on the market without heavy expense. He may then write a brief sales letter to managing editors in non-competitive news fields, submitting articles in proof, and rates for their use. He will earn considerably more money by selling at a low rate per word to a group of papers than if he sold his wares exclusively to one newspaper or magazine.

Sometimes syndicates pay their contributors flat salaries, dependent upon the salability of their work; another method of payment is a royalty with a definite guaranteed amount. Payment made by the syndicate to the author will be found to vary, but the customary rate is usually twenty per cent, in some instances fifty and sixty per cent of the gross business.

Here are the names and addresses of some of the better known syndicates to which the young writer may submit his manuscript and his ideas for articles:

George Matthew Adams Service, New York City.
 Central Press Association, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Haskin Syndicate, Washington, D. C.
 International Feature Service, New York City.
 International Syndicate, Baltimore, Md.
 Associated Press Features Service, New York City.
 King Feature Syndicate, New York City.
 Ledger Syndicate, Philadelphia, Pa.
 McClure Newspaper Syndicate, New York City.
 McNaught Syndicate, New York City.
 Science Service, Washington, D. C.
 Metropolitan Newspaper Service, New York City.
 Newspaper Enterprise Association, Cleveland, Ohio.
 United Feature Syndicate, New York City.
 Western Newspaper Union, Chicago.
 Associated Editors, Washington, D. C.
 Bell Syndicate, New York City.

Chicago Tribune Syndicate, Chicago.

The North American Newspaper Alliance, New York City.

Herewith are printed some short syndicate articles under credit lines of their producers. Each contribution is placed under a convenient label that indicates its general content.

1.

(NEA Service)

YOUR HEALTH

BY DR. C. C. ROBINSON

SLEEPING FOR HEALTH

Many minor cases of illness are clearly the result of lack of sleep. The doctor's bill may be materially reduced and your conservation of working power greatly enhanced by regular and sufficient sleep.

This means that if you neglect to sleep the proper number of hours, seven at least and nine as a maximum for adults, you are edging toward a breakdown. Sleep when you sleep so that when you wake up you will stay awake.

The health of children is determined by their sleep more markedly than by any other single factor. Often the excessive output of nervous energy by small children from five to eight years of age, either in its dynamic or emotional form, is so weakening that only deep natural sleep will bring back to the tired body the normal mental and physical poise.

Children should get more sleep in winter than in summer. Parents should take careful note of these requirements and watch their children to see that the program is carried out to secure the most healthful results.

Babies can profitably use from fifteen to eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. The sleeping period of babies

gradually grows less until the third year. At this time about twelve hours should be the maximum.

At six years of age the child is usually left to his own normal instincts and uses about ten hours.

Deep, profound, healthful sleep is best carried out in a darkened room. It has been proved by careful experiments that if a ray of light falls on the closed eyelids during sleep the respiration is at once perceptibly accelerated, without the awakening of the sleeper. With this increase in respiration, the heart begins to beat more rapidly, causing more blood to enter the cerebral regions and consequent restlessness and dreaming.

2.

(Newspaper Feature Service)

WHY CHURCHES HAVE BELLS

The association of bells with religion goes back to the remotest ages, for they are found in the history of the ancient Jews, of the Greeks and Romans, and of the Egyptians and Assyrians, while they have also a prominent part to-day in most of the creeds of the East.

In the Christian faith the first record of bells being used is found when persecutions ceased and services began to be held openly.

In ages when clocks and watches were unknown, church bells served a very real purpose in calling congregations not necessarily to church, but to prayer. In those times almost every hour had its appointed prayers, in which the people were expected to join, even though busy at the time at their ordinary work, exactly as even to-day in some countries laborers will pause for a moment to say the "Angelus." In short, religion played its part, not only in the service, but in every hour, and their passage in a watchless age was marked by the church bell.

To-day every one knows the time, and the church bell is only more or less a survival, though in some localities its use before morning and evening service is still enjoined, as a warning to the congregation.

3.

(King Features Syndicate)

A WORD ABOUT CHARM

DO YOU KNOW THIS SECRET OF THE POPULAR WOMAN?

BY MARY PARSONS

It is sometimes difficult for the unobservant person to understand why a certain woman is so overwhelmingly popular.

"She is not good-looking," they will say, or, "She really is not frightfully clever."

And yet she is popular. There is no denying the fact. People love to be with her and they are delighted to be the proud recipient of one of her invitations. What is the answer to the puzzle?

Study her more carefully. Watch her in a group of people. Perhaps it will throw some light on her secret. Can you see how she thinks of the comfort and happiness of everybody around her? She never absorbs the conversation. She gives each member of the group a chance to join the conversation. She prompts the shy one and leads the talk into channels in which he seems interested.

And yet all this is done gracefully and easily without a suggestion of strain. Because the woman in question is scarcely conscious of her natural kindliness and sympathy.

The woman who has the time to listen to her friends and rejoice in their joys and sorrow in their pain, is sure to be liked by everybody. She is not selfish, and so she

realizes that her troubles are not the only ones in the world nor the most important ones. Her own affairs do not loom so large in her own mind that she feels sure that every person she meets wants to hear about them. And so she never becomes a bore.

It is a foregone conclusion, too, that such a woman will be attractive. Beauty, in the last analysis, is pleasantness, and pleasantness consists largely in the expression of your face. If you are kindly, you are fairly certain to look kindly and this will draw people to you as surely as iron approaches a magnet.

Women whose beauty boasts no sweetness of expression soon seem insipid and tiresome. They may be very attractive for a short time and appear to outshine their quieter sisters, but they are eventually left behind in the race. The quieter charm may not "bowl you over," but its power lasts for a long time.

Make up your mind to curb your own selfishness and cultivate the sort of disposition that makes others love you. If you value beauty and popularity—and who does not?—you will find this the surest road to these desirable goals in a very short time.

4.

(McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. MCINTYRE

NEW YORK, Mar. 00.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Betimes up and read a merry epistle from H. Webster, the limner, who is in Florida, and then to the Beaux Arts for breakfast with William Johnston, the novelist, and a brave talk.

This day I cast my accounts and find myself not much

in debt but with little put by albeit I have grown weary of resolving to save. So at my stint until John Dorrance came and we mixed a lemon drink, very tasty.

In the afternoon came a rain and high wind and I in my galoshes to Central Park to plod through the gale and my head full of fine thoughts but getting home could remember not a thought and as surly as a curmudgeon.

In the evening to a party for Karl Kitchen, the journalist, who left on the early morning boat for Egypt, and all to the pier with him to say farewell. So to bed.

* * *

The man who gambled a huge fortune on a recent spectacular theatrical production—and won—tells me of his emotions at the first night of the play. He stood in the lobby unable to watch the unfolding of the drama. He knew the time for the first act to be over and watched his watch waiting for applause or “snake music,” as hissing is called. Ten, fifteen minutes went by over the time. There was not a handclap. He was bathed in a dew of cold perspiration and his throat was so dry he found he could not speak. The lobby swam before him and he was swooning when the thunderous applause revived him. He did not know that there had been a fifteen-minute delay of the curtain.

5.

(Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

THREE-MINUTE JOURNEYS

BY TEMPLE MANNING

THE MYSTERIOUS MONUMENTS OF A FAR-AWAY ISLAND

One of the mysteries that science has not yet solved is the origin of the monuments on Easter Island. Easter Is-

land lies in the South Pacific about 30 degrees south latitude and about two thousand miles west of the coast of Chile. Its area is about forty-five square miles.

The island is inhabited by about one hundred descendants of Polynesians who drifted to its shores from other islands centuries ago. At one time there were as many as two or three thousand of these natives. About a century ago a large proportion of them were captured by Peruvians and taken to work at the guano diggings on the Chincha island. Disease has removed most of the survivors.

It is not these poor people who make Easter Island interesting, but the presence here of some extraordinary works in stone. On the island are found immense platforms constructed of cut stones fitted together without cement. They are generally built upon headlands and slope toward the sea. The walls on the seaside are about thirty feet high and from 200 to 300 feet long, and thirty feet wide. On the land side of the platforms there are broad stone terraces with stone pedestals upon which stood huge images carved in the shape of a human trunk. On some of the platforms are lying images which have been thrown from their pedestals. The top of the heads of these images is cut flat to receive round crowns made of a reddish vesicular stuff found at a crater about eight miles distant from the quarry where the images were cut.

In one place on the island are remains of stone houses about one hundred feet long by twenty feet wide. They are built of large flat stones fitted without cement. The roofs are formed by placing slabs so that each overlaps the lower one until the opening becomes about five feet wide, when it is covered with flat slabs reaching from one side to the other.

There are evidences of a sign language made of images

and geometrical figures. Several generations of archæologists have tried in vain to decipher them. The inhabitants of the island know nothing, of course, regarding these huge works. Search of the island reveals no trace of the race of people who constructed them. They resemble nothing found anywhere else on earth, so that linking them up with other ancient races seems impossible.

On the other hand, it seems impossible that a race of people could have originated on what is practically a barren island with a degree of culture which their work seems to indicate. The weight of the images is enormous. One statue taken to England and placed in the British Museum weighs four tons. By what engines the stones were lifted and put in place; what gods these curious figures represented; what a race of people numerous enough to raise these monuments subsisted on, and where they vanished to without leaving a grave, a tomb or a single trace of their dead is a mystery that may never be solved.

6.

(NEA Service)

GRAMMAR

BY BERTON BRALEY

Be careful of your grammar,
 Don't let nobody find
 You ain't been taught how you had ought
 To speak what's in your mind.
 I never knowed no person
 What wouldn't find their speech
 Improved a lot by learning what
 The grammars has to teach.

Them grammar books will learn you
How English should be spoke,
So you won't make no bad mistake
Like crude uncultured folk.
Don't never talk like they does,
There ain't no reason why
You couldn't be as smart as me
And learn to talk like I.

Us educated people,
Wherever we have went,
Finds others whom fills us with gloom
Because they are content
To speak the English language
Without no kind of care,
Though if they looks, they's grammar books
To learn 'em everywhere!

7.

(Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

TOMORROW'S HOROSCOPE

BY GENEVIEVE KEMBLE

TUESDAY, MARCH 11

A very quiet day is the augury based upon an entire absence of lunar figures in this day's horoscope. Things may be expected to move along in the routine manner in a business way, but in social or affectional matters there may be very lively developments. It is urged that the utmost regard for the conventional order be preserved.

Those whose birthday it is may look for a routine year in business, but may have a lively state of affairs in other departments of life. Regard for the conventions is urged.

A child born on this day will have a rather quiet career unless otherwise by the hour of birth.

8.

(NEA Service)

YOUR GARDEN

SEEDS AND PLANTING

ARTICLE NO. 3

It is not advisable to plant too many kinds of vegetables in the small garden.

As a rule, cultivation of not more than ten or twelve varieties in the average sized plot measuring thirty by sixty feet should be undertaken.

The time to plant is immediately following the last killing frost.

Nature will guide you to some extent in determining this matter. For, generally speaking, budding time is planting time.

Watch for signs of life on the trees and plants about your home.

But, amateur gardeners, especially those who will make their first attempt this year, had best consult a neighbor who is posted on the proper time to set out seed.

Too much stress cannot be laid on this matter. For in the long run it largely determines the success of your garden.

By carefully planning your garden and utilizing every available foot of space, it is possible to grow an almost unbelievable amount of produce on even a very small plot.

However, don't make the mistake common to so many beginners who show a tendency to go in too heavy for lettuce and radishes to the neglect of everything else.

Try for a happy medium in your garden. Aim for an

assortment of standard produce that will be of practical value to the entire family and come within range of the various, individual appetites.

Beets, onions, lettuce, parsnips, carrots, turnips, radishes, tomatoes, asparagus and artichokes in mild climates are best adapted to the small garden. Spinach is good, too.

In a limited sized plot don't attempt the cultivation of such vegetables as corn, squash, pumpkins, melons and similar plants in any quantity, as they take up too much room.

Buy only the best seeds, as they are cheapest in the long run.

Be sure the seeds aren't too old for if they are, you are liable to reap nothing but disappointment. Old seeds often fail to reproduce.

Don't buy seeds in wasteful quantities. Enough is sufficient. Let it go at that. But if any are left over, put them in a ventilated tin or glass container until needed for later planting.

TO-MORROW: Speeding up

9.

(Associated Editors)

THE WHITE HOUSE CHINA

Nine sets of dishes to choose from for a dinner party—that is the number the wife of the President of the United States has. They have been bought by various mistresses of the White House and are all of a special design—usually a patriotic one. They were made specially to order and each set contains enough pieces so that a great dinner table may be completely laid with it.

The set ordered by Mrs. Lincoln has a rich crimson border with an eagle in the center. The one Mrs. Grant

selected has a buttercup border, showing that she departed from the usual custom of selecting a style suggestive of the national government. There are ivory, gold, and turquoise plates bought by Mrs. Cleveland. Mrs. Harrison, who was a particularly excellent judge of china, added one of the most beautiful sets to the collection. It has forty-four stars in a blue border with a wreath of corn in gilt upon the edge and the eagle and United States coat of arms in the center.

The Roosevelt china is simple white and gold with the national emblem on each piece. That selected by the second Mrs. Wilson is much like it in appearance. The cut-glass pieces have the arms of the United States engraved on them.

There are more than 1,200 pieces of silver belonging to the White House. A special machine is used to clean them. In the White House kitchen is a most unusual array of pots and pans, numbering more than 800.

10.

(King Features Syndicate)

FASHION FADS AND FANCIES

BY MILDRED ASL.

Stock-taking time is here, for every smart woman is taking to the strictly tailored type of neckwear that so strongly features white pique or tan rep stocks. Attached to Peter Pan collars, these stocks are tied in Ascot fashion and have a monogram motif embroidered upon the upper tie end.

This motif is repeated upon each of the deep cuffs that complete the set.

